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E. J. W. Newman

THE
LOUNGER'S
COMMON-PLACE BOOK,
OR,
MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

A
BIOGRAPHIC, POLITICAL, LITERARY, AND SATIRICAL
COMPILATION:

WHICH HE WHO RUNS MAY READ.

37

VOL. III.

*Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat, odit;
Hoc volo, nunc nobis carmina nostra placent.*

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37

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AS A SLENDER MEMORIAL OF LITERARY EXERTIONS,
TO THIS COUNTRY, AND AT THE PRESENT CRISIS,
OF THE MOST IMPORTANT SPECIES; THE FOLLOWING
PAGES ARE INSCRIBED

TO JOHN CLERK, ESQUIRE,

OF

ELDIN, IN NORTH BRITAIN,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETIES
OF SCOTLAND,

AND AUTHOR OF A SYSTEM OF NAVAL TACTICS;

TO WHICH, SECONDED BY THE GALLANTRY OF BRITISH
SEAMEN, GREAT BRITAIN IS INDEBTED FOR STILL
MAINTAINING HER EMPIRE ON THE SEA, AND OF
COURSE HER EXISTENCE AS AN INDEPENDENT KING-
DOM,

THAT HIS THEORY MAY BE LONG, AND EFFEC-
TUALLY PUT IN PRACTICE, BY THE PROMPT ENERGY
AND HEROIC CONTEMPT OF SUPERIOR NUMBERS, OF
EARL ST. VINCENT, AND THE COOL INTREPIDITY OF
VISCOUNT DUNCAN, IS THE WARM WISH, AND CONFID-
ENTIAL HOPE OF

HIS OBLIGED,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

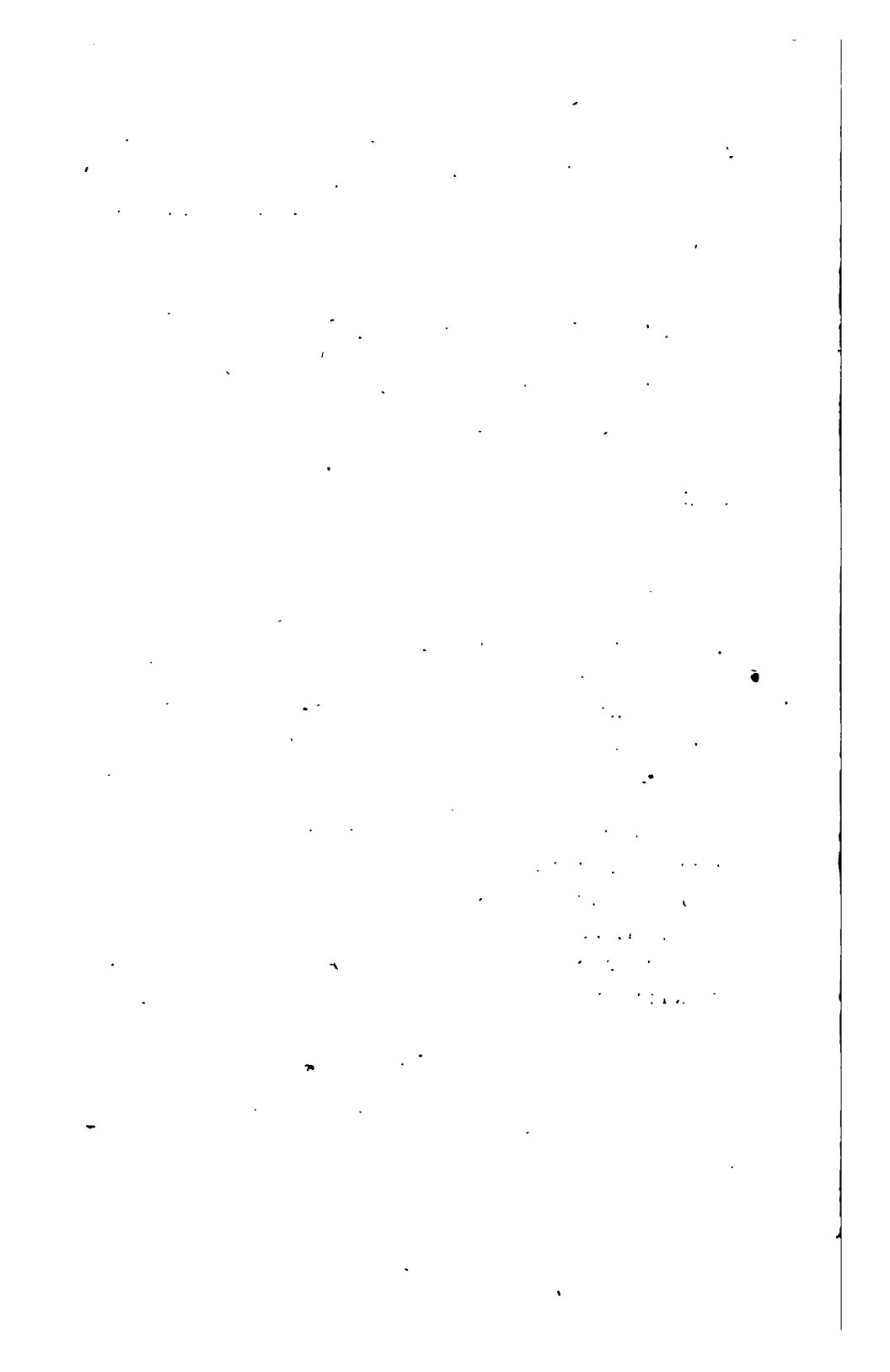


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produced in support
the propriety of Agur's

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uggested by humility
moderation, and pre-
by a great Monarch
instruction of future
the Book of Wif-
as been attacked by
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subtlety of reason-
a lively fancy.

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poor and steal"
so often pro-
so frequently
yet," says the
ote, "I cannot
this ejaculati-
row concep-
on



ALPHABETICAL ANECDOTES.

AGUR's PRAYER, the rational petition of a diffident and pious mind, generally considered as a safe standard, an effectual boundary to the desires of a good man, who, while he prays for deliverance from the infelicities of poverty, is far from being solicitous for superfluous wealth; convinced that the first might tempt him to invade the property of his neighbour, and that he might be enticed by the latter to a profuse and unfeeling misapplication of his own.

The strong, the scriptural, the oriental figure at which wealth and dignity have so often trembled, that it is easier for a Camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the king-

VOL. III.

dom of God, hath also been produced in support of the propriety of Agur's wish.

Yet this popular and impressive effusion, apparently suggested by humility and moderation, and preserved by a great Monarch for the instruction of future ages in the Book of Wisdom, has been attacked by a spirited writer, who unites peculiar subtlety of reasoning with a lively fancy.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, or be poor and steal" are the words so often produced, and so frequently praised; "yet," says the author I quote, "I cannot but consider this ejaculation as the narrow concep-

on.

B

AGUR'S PRAYER.

on of a selfish, unsocial, and frigid imagination, contented with safety, and the negative enjoyment of uninterrupted security, neither hoping for, or aspiring to the honor and happiness of diffusing the warm rays of benevolence and comfort beyond its own contracted circle.

“For, after all that envy can create, or commonplace collect, against pecuniary accumulation, the man who misapplies, and not he who acquires, is clearly the criminal agent. If to reward industry, alleviate distress, and support helpless indigence, are the great and most satisfactory duties of life, how can riches make salvation difficult? How can the same thing enable us to exercise the first of virtues, yet endanger its future rewards?”

“For this reason I cannot but consider *the very desire* of wealth, in a good man, as meritorious; he is endeavouring to qualify himself to act as the delegate of the Almighty, in diffusing good, and diminishing evil; he cannot, he will not forget that omnipotent Creator, who has graciously

placed so powerful an instrument in his hands, and planted in his breast sympathies, so admirably calculated to direct him in the application of it.

“Such a character may, and naturally will deprecate poverty, not merely because it subjects human infirmity to new temptations, but because it renders benevolence impotent, leaving him hourly a witness to distress he cannot relieve, and to resent wrongs it is not in his power to redress.”

Yet, in spite of all the sophistry, all the ingenuity, and all the refinement of this spirited writer, I cannot but consider the Prayer, which forms the subject of my present article, as admirably calculated for a creature like man, who, though confessedly a compound of reason as well as passion, is governed, ninety times in a hundred, by the impulse of the latter, rather than influenced by the suggestions of the former; and, although *GIVE ME RICHES*, may be justified as a proper prayer in the mouth of a good man, every day's experience
proves

AGUR'S PRAYER.

2

proves that immense wealth too generally leads to capricious dissipation, or the grossness of sensual indulgence.

I agree, that "a carnal minded man, who sees nothing in wealth but means for indulging irregular appetites, may well desire not to be rich;" and that so rare a species of self-denial, if not a meritorious, is at least "a prudent wish."

Such are the arguments of an author whom I *always* read with pleasure, and sometimes with conviction; yet, till this ingenious writer has proved, that the general conduct of *the majority* of the wealthier classes of mankind, in the same proportion that they are richer, is more correct than that of their poorer neighbours, I shall continue to join with Agur in his prayer, from a firm conviction, that the state of mediocrity to which it points, is most favorable to moral purity, external propriety, and internal peace.

"Thus Aglaus liv'd unknown—
When royal Gyges, impotent and great,

Presum'd at wife Apollo's Delphic seat,
Presum'd to ask, "O thou the whole world's eye,
Seest thou a man, who happier is than I?"

The God who scorn'd to flatter man reply'd,
"Aglaus happier is;" but Gyges cry'd,

In a proud rage, "Who can this Aglaus be,
I've heard as yet of no such king as he.

Is some old hero of this name alive,

Who his high race doth from the gods derive?

Is it some mighty gen'ral who hath done

Wonders in fight, and god-like honors won.

* * * * *

None, none of these, Who can this Aglaus be?"

After long toils, and vain enquiries past,

In a remote Arcadian vale at last

* * * * *

Near Sopho's town, which he but once had seen;

This mighty Aglaus, who monarch's envy drew,

Whose happiness the gods themselves stood witness to;

This

This mighty Aglaus was
lab'ring found,
With his own hand, in his
own little ground.

So, gracious God! if it
may lawful be,
Amongst those foolish gods
to mention thee;
So let me act on such a private stage,
The last dull scenes of my
declining age;
Of heavenly rest this earnest
to me lend,
Let my soul sleep and learn
to love her end."

ALARMIST, a term given to certain reasoners, who, from the commencement of the revolution in France, to the final establishment of that Republic, have constantly considered it, in all its ramifications, and in relation to the principles from which it sprung, as striking at the root of all *regular* governments, and an object in the highest degree formidable to the internal happiness and external prosperity of Great Britain; as well from geographical position, as from the electrical enthusiasm, and ardent passion for fraternization, which are

every where supposed to accompany it.

An alarmist of this description, I profess myself never to have been. If any circumstance in our situation, as a great maritime commercial nation, has at any time excited terror in my mind, it was our plunging into a war, by some thought injudicious, and by others unnecessary, on a scale of expenditure which rapidly reducing us to beggary and ruin, appears to be pregnant with evils equal to those which it was commenced to prevent; against an enemy too, mad with enthusiasm, intrenched in animating principles, proud with success, exasperated by external pressure, and internal irritation; a war in which every man, concerned against us, feels, or seems to feel, that he is in fact fighting *his own* battle, and with which the most humble individual is convinced that the interest and happiness of himself, his wife and children, is intimately blended; a war against a military republic, stimulated and upheld by such motives, I always thought it hazardous

ous and impolitic to rush into; whatever temporary defeats or obstructions may occasionally, and probably will occur; men thus roused, and thus supported, according to the unerring laws of cause and effect, must finally succeed.

But, altho' not an alarmist, according to the modern acceptation of the word, I should not have presumed to impeach the sincerity and designs of those who are, had not an unceasing, an insatiable thirst for salary, place and pension, so regularly seized every one, after the cold ague fit of terror, and the succeeding fever of political irritation; a thirst which the *aurum potabile* of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is alone able to quench.

As an Englishman, and a lover of my country, I agree that of two evils, unnecessary alarm, or torpid indifference, the first is by far the safest, and attended with inconveniencies more easily remedied.

Crying out before we are hurt, teasing ourselves, our friends, and half the country, by groundless ap-

prehensions, unfounded jealousies, and a half way system between espionage and coercion, is, it must be confessed, an unneighbourly and uncharitable office, a perplexing domestic grievance; but that careless negligence, that fatal unthinking apathy, which sees not, or will not see calamity till overwhelmed by it, and takes no precaution against an enemy, till his dagger is in our vitals, must end in irretrievable ruin.

It was not ill said by a Republican Alarmist, and I believe a member of the Gallican Convention, in reply to Legendre, who, while he acknowledged the warm patriotism of his associate, (I believe Benta-bole) could not help blaming his unceasing suspicions, and pusillanimous fears; "I tremble," replied Benta-bole to his friend, "I tremble for the Republic, as a lover for the object of his affections."

According to this theory, his Grace of Portland, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Loughborough, and Mr. Windham, are the fondest of swains; Mr. Burke, a ranting Romeo, and Messrs. Bowles

Bowles and Gifford, the most distracted of lovers.

: But whilst I am ready to make allowance for genuine unadulterated fear, produced by undeniable or probable danger; and bursting forth from an honest heart, I would severely reprobate that unchristian and uncandid spirit of irritability, which so frequently accompanies, and is often the offspring of ill design, that base suspicion of others, grounded on a conviction, that it means wickedly itself; that prurient tendency to watch-words, nicknames, and opprobrious epithets, which, during a late season of alarm, was so notoriously prevalent amongst us, and directed against every man who presumed to censure public men or public measures, or who ventured to hint, that any thing could be amended in the theory or practice of the English Constitution.

The delicate sensibility of those persons, who oppose reform in every shape, has been aptly compared to the Mosaic prohibition with respect to the ark, that ark *once* in the posses-

sion of the Children of Israel; "HE WHO TOUCHETH IT SHALL SURELY DIE."

I consider the conduct of such gentlemen as similar to the arts of a debauchee, when he seduces a virgin; he flatters and even defends her foibles, studies her weakness, and indulges every evil propensity; after imposing on her understanding, he finds it no difficult task to corrupt the purity of her heart, awakens her passions, triumphs over her chastity, and riots in her arms.

ASTLEY, JACK, the son of an apothecary, at Wem, in Shropshire, a well written sketch of whose life, has been given by a writer, often praised, and frequently censured in this collection.

From a country grammar school, and the tuition of Hudson, a painter, now only remembered as the first instructor of Sir Joshua Reynolds; he travelled to Rome, under the patronage of Lord Chesterfield: several excellent copies from Titian, and some good portraits in a neighbouring kingdom, preserved and valued by his friends, prove that

that he was no unsuccessful student of the great masters, in his profession.

Returning from Italy he visited Ireland, and though a young artist, as well as a young man, received more than two thousand guineas for portraits, during the eighteen months he passed in that kingdom.

To use a sailor's phrase, he worked his passage back, and painted his way to London, occasionally striking out of the direct road, as accident, inclination, or interest, led the way.

A natural, and in this instance a fortunate attachment to scenes, endeared by early habit and youthful impressions, tempted him to loiter a little in his old neighbourhood.

He probably was ambitious of convincing his former associates, that the time elapsed since he left them, had not been indolently or ineffectually spent.

His memory was stored with useful information, he had acquired ornamental accomplishment; his form and manners were improv'd, he had received the polish of polite intercourse, "that unbought grace of life;"

he had visited regions, and contemplated objects, of which, those who listened to him, had only read or heard; and, what was of no small importance in his own opinion, as well as in the eyes of others, he travelled in his own post-chaise, accompanied by a French valet, in jack boots, at that period a fashionable novelty.

To display ourselves to such advantage in situations where we have passed unnoticed, and liv'd unknown, or where we have been depressed by churlishness, traduced by envy, or persecuted by malignity, is one of the venial triumphs of human vanity, one of the few satisfactory compensations, that wealth and elevation have power to bestow; but it was not Astley's fate to devote his life to oil and canvass.

Entering the assembly room at Knutsford, Lady Duckenfield, the widow of Sir William, was instantly struck with his appearance; the affair has often been mentioned as an instance of sudden love; his fascinating manners completed a conquest, which the graces of his

his person had begun ; the lady sat for her picture the next morning, and gave him full possession of the original in ten days.

In a few years he lost his wife, whom he always spoke of with tenderness and regret ; her daughter, by Sir William Duckenfield, died soon after : these contingencies put into his possession the fee of a well conditioned estate of five thousand pounds a year.

With *such* an income, the taste of a connoisseur, the congenial passions of an amateur, quick sensibility, a full pulse and strong nerves ; idolized by the women, his company generally sought after by the men ; we may lament, but cannot wonder if he plunged into dissipation and voluptuousness.

Yet the vices of Astley did not exhibit the gross, indiscriminate sensuality of a foul-feeding epicure, he did not debase himself by grovelling in the muddy and filthy abominations of carnal vulgarity ; he could not quaff the polluted beverage of a parish pond. Although, in six years from the death of Lady Ducken-

field, he had spent forty thousand pounds ; yet after making large allowance for his prodigious, his prodigal sacrifices to the loves and graces, his expenditure in building, planting and improving, was considerable.

From his professional studies and residence at Rome, he had acquired a taste for architectural proportion, and picturesque disposition, uniting with them what are not always united, domestic accommodation in its highest perfection, social comfort, and practical utility.

He found a good house at Duckenfield Lodge, and left it evidently better than he found it ; his improvements there and at Tabley, were remarked for chasteness of conception and correctness of design.

He lived a short time in St. James's-street, where he was succeeded by Bardana Hill, but purchasing an old family residence of Lord Holderness, in Pall-mall, next to Christie's auction room, he built on the spot three good town houses, living in the centre himself, where he has been since followed by Cofway and Dr. Graham ; the next house has

has been made classical ground, by the residence of the incomparable Gainsborough, who enriched our saloons with the wild beauties of forest scenery, and decorated our apartments with well selected portraits of trees.

The whole was planned and executed by Astley himself, who while he was obliged to yield a little to the prevalent taste of those days, for ornamental foliage, pilasters, and deep cornices, never lost sight of that expressive English term, snug comfort.

The attic story, and a saloon afterwards occupied by the GODDESS OF HEALTH, were at the time much admired: he who is desirous of contrasting the different fashions of building of two periods, and the gradual advance of the present day, to simple grace and technical precision, may compare Mr. Astley's front, with the well finished banking house of Mr. Hammersley, lately erected near it, next the gate-way of his Grace of Marlborough.

Yet our lucky painter loved, and avowed his love for the pleasures of the ta-

ble, *he gave good dinners*, and enjoyed them, but always rendered wine and eating, subservient to his passion for women, a point in which he was a culpable latitudinarian; temperate on the principle of preserving his relish for pleasure, and active almost against inclination, for the sake of health, to enjoy it. For after all the boasts of philosophy and forbearance, he only can be said really to practice self denial, who rushes from the couch of sensuality, or quits pleasant company, *before* his constitution or his fortune are irrecoverably impaired.

"I have no objection," said an old associate of Astley's, on a *very* particular occasion, "I have no objection to a man, placed exactly and precisely as Astley was, as to fortune, age, taste, and constitution, I have no objection to such a person pronouncing on *poor Jack's* demerits, but I have neither temper nor patience to hear exhausted rakes, and sapless disciplinarians, damsels with, and philosophers without a beard, bookworms without fortune, and nabobs without souls,

souls, stoics without passion, pulse, taste or common sense, I have not patience to hear *such creatures*, abusing a man who possessed them all in so eminent and superior a degree; a man whom I passionately loved, and whose society I enjoyed far, very far beyond that of any one alive."

As a companion, Astley was mild, chearful, and pleasant, he did not forget an essential part of good manners, in a particular, which our best talkers are apt to neglect; HE GAVE OTHER PEOPLE AN OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK; without this little accommodating pliancy, unless we can occasionally prevail on ourselves to listen to those, by whom we are neither interested or pleased, the strong intellect and impressive precept of Dr. Johnson would be tyrannical, the copious anecdote of Monsey fatiguing, the overflowing redundancy of Mr. Fox, perplexing, and the flowery digressions of Mr. Burke, with all his matchless graces, declamatory rhapsody.

Astley was not without whim, he possessed a considerable portion of facetious

vivacity; in readiness and apt expression, he was happy, exhibiting a facility of extemporaneous reply, in which men who have read more and seen less, are frequently deficient; his conversation, take it all in all, was fascinating, but pronounced by one, who had deservedly suffered from his resentment, "more entertaining than instructive, more merry than wife."

As a father, he is said by his biographer, to have grossly failed, though were it not for giving pain, where I would wish to communicate only pleasure and delight, it would be an easy task to exculpate him from the charge, which is singularly worded by his accuser; "he had neither the cautious strictness of a good man, nor the over-strained indulgence of a bad one." If those have been described as fools, who in avoiding any fault, fly into its opposite extreme, these words may be construed into a compliment to Astley's hitting the happy medium, but I *must not* enlarge on the subject.

"He encouraged," says the

the same writer, "he encouraged folly, yet punished it with inexorable severity;" the charge of *inexorable* severity, I think, with submission, was unfounded, and I believe few fathers would submit to be checked in correcting a child, because they had once erred themselves; if faultless parents only are to hold the rod, puerile wantonness might be left to its own discretion, and unbounded scope be given to youthful audacity; for where alas is the man, who has never gone astray?

"His death" says the same writer, speaking of Astley, "was well timed, for his three youngest children, as it is more than probable, that he would have bred them in the worst way possible; in the ignorance and looseness of a French convent; he would have exposed them to error, and perhaps never have forgiven their yielding to the temptation, in which he had placed them; such was Astley, he owed his fortune to his form, and his follies to his fortune."

He has been produced in proof of what has been

sometimes asserted, of men professionally educated, but who have attained independence early, and not wholly in official perquisite, or the direct routine of profitable business; it has been said that such men are often more desirable as associates, than those who have lineally and indolently awakened to the certain and *expected* succession of great estates, or those who have procured wealth by successful commercial exertion. The independence of such persons being too often embittered by the drawbacks of age, infirmity, and habitual incapacity for enjoyment; from neglect, or the absorption of other pursuits, they have not attained that first of arts, the art of embellishing the blank superficies of private life; the art of setting off, improving, and creating an artificial importance, of giving a zest to the various, the apparently unimportant trifles, which form the sum total of human felicity.

Astley has often been heard to confess, that the first hundred pounds his pencil produced, gave him more substantial heart-felt pleasure,

pleasure, as the fair produce of honest exertion, and derived from intellectual energy, than all the splendor, and all the wealth of his subsequent elevation: *nil virtuti sed debuit omnia formæ*, was frequently applied to him by a surly moralist.

Yet great as was his success, and eminent as were his accomplishments, he had neglected the one thing needful, he had not prepared for that awful, that last journey, which we all must take; his retrospect in declining life, was neither comfortable nor satisfactory; and he expressed repeated and earnest wishes, to a friend, who soothed the languor of his last moments, that he could be permitted to live over his life again; "How different a man would I be," said Astley, again, an unavailing wish, which those persons placed in similar circumstances, and *some of his relatives*, would do well to recollect and apply, before the fair sunshine of time and opportunity is passed away, and the dark cloud of everlasting night closes

on them and their prospects for ever.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT; what writer is it, who in a strain of figurative licentiousness, speaks in the following manner, of this successful General.

"In the luxurious effeminacy of Persia, Alexander forgot Macedon, the place of his birth, the nursery of himself and his heroes; and this heroic conqueror, who wept for new worlds, was at last fully satisfied with the snowy globes of Statira."

I know not if this be a passage from Nathaniel Lee, a writer, whose genius so nearly approaching to, or actually exhibiting insanity, affords such frequent instances of the ludicrous, and the sublime.

AMESBURY, an old, but pleasant seat of the Dukes of Queensberry, the scene of many a noon-tide chat, and evening contemplation, of Gay and his intrepid patroness; but now abandoned by its proprietor, and occupied by a society of nuns from Vienna, who have converted this
abode

abode of antient hospitality, into a convent, where I sincerely wish them a safe and tranquil refuge from the world, its cares and temptations. I hope and trust that the bank, from which they derive their support, after narrowly escaping the thunders of Buona-parte, will not be sapped by the more gradual, but equally destructive progress of an imperial edict.

Requiescant in pace, is my wish, but as I have been accused of throwing out random charges, and exaggerated accusations against popish priestcraft, I have selected the Amesbury devotees, as one of several instances, in support of what I have frequently said of the industrious alacrity of *even modern catholics*, in the holy work of proselytism and conversion.

I could produce several weak minded people, seduced by the *well applied* rhetoric of this sisterhood, or its patrons, from the protestant faith, and others, who have had the fortitude to resist; I could mention some of the *very rational means* made use of, and which would have been still em-

ployed, had not a formal and official communication been made to them, that they must desist from so flagrant a violation of decency, as well as gratitude, in a country, which had, perhaps with a culpable liberality, tolerated this unnatural remnant of hateful superstition and fanatic seclusion, in spots, where in times not far remote, bishops, pastors, and holy men, women and children, have been consigned, alive, to the devouring flames, by catholic hell-hounds, and blood-thirsty emissaries, from the whore of Babylon.

Notwithstanding these, and other more sonorous outcries of intolerant zeal, I am of opinion, that the whole of the transaction, from the first female importation, to their late mild reprehension, does honor to the English government; first, for granting liberty of conscience and ritual celebration, to the professors of a faith, which hath shed such torrents of English blood; and secondly, for moderately restraining the vicious propensity of an exiled, and I hope shortly, an

an eradicated superstition, from the face of God's earth, which, for purposes best known to Omnipotence and Omniscience, hath been permitted for so many centuries, to debase and torment mankind.

AUSTRIAN PEASANT, reply of one employed on the entrenchments, raised by the Imperial army on the Rhine.

Being asked which party he wished might prove victorious in the war, "which party," said the fellow, scratching his head, and looking about him, with an arch look, and half suppressed smile, "I should like to see all the French drowned in this river, and all the Austrian officers laughing at them *'till they burst.*"

BAGGS, MAJOR, an individual well known on the turf, and at the gaming table, who united the well-formed habits of a gentleman, with an irresistible passion for deep play, which he indulged to the utmost pitch of its bent.

If I may rely on the assertions of one *who had paid for his knowledge*, the Major, notwithstanding the general

prejudice against him, did not have recourse to those iniquitous manœuvres of fraudulent finesse, which thorough-paced gamblers think themselves authorized to employ; yet he was successful, almost without exception; and I have seen a list of names, some of them allied to our first families, compleatly stripped and exiled by the superior luck, or ruinous dexterity of Baggs.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE THAT A MAN CAN PLAY FAIR WHO ALWAYS WINS, was the passionate exclamation of one he had plucked to his last feather; this assertion, the vanquished player was obliged to defend at the risque of his life; for, whatever the Major said or did, he was eager rather than willing to defend by personal rencounter; the pidgeon, in this instance, escaped, only wing-broken and ruined.

On books, men, manners, and foreign countries, having visited various parts of Europe and Asia, he was well qualified to speak; and when play or Fitzgerald was out of the question, was considered as a pleasant

fant converser. At table, his general success sometimes imperceptibly became the topic of the moment; he would not invite, but never avoided the discussion; "referring good fortune at the gaming table, indiscriminately, and in every instance, to foul play," said the subject of our present article on a very memorable occasion, "is foolish and insolent, the weak resource of impotent anger, the unavailing and dishonorable solace of vanquished ignorance, reviling superior capacity.

"The man who makes play the great business of his life, who never eats, drinks, sleeps, acts, or even thinks without an eye to the *occupation of the night*; who makes every pursuit, women, wine, pleasure, and business, subservient to the master passion, such a rigid disciplinarian in diet, and the common habits of life; who, from caution and corrected appetites, teaches even his pulse to beat, and his eyes to move in mechanical obedience and unison, may be said to subject fortune to his controul, to re-

duce even chance to certainty.

"With such an antagonist, a raw, headstrong, overfed young man, with furious passions, and of ungarded temper, rushes to almost certain defeat; to attribute victory over a foe like this, to any other cause than the natural triumph of cool preparation and subdued sensibility, over untutored ignorance and rash indiscretion, is unworthy a man of sense and a gentleman; such deduction, whenever intentionally and personally pointed, (for I have no objection to the *general* discussion of any subject) it is my duty and determination to punish by every means in my power. I never have played, I never will play with a drunken man; but in every other instance, I consider myself as fully justified in seizing every advantage which skill and good luck may place within my reach.

"At a gaming house, we meet professedly to combine amusement with profit; and I think myself, on every principle, justified in emptying the pockets of
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men who assemble for the express purpose of plundering mine. As to deducing proofs of unfairness from the difference of mens' abilities; at play as in war, he who draws the sword, commits himself at once to all the chances of the field. If I were to decline accepting a challenge on the ground of being more expert in hitting a mark, or because I was a more compleat master of the small sword than my antagonist, I should be deservedly laughed at for my moderation, and kicked out of company for a poltroon, who disguised cowardice under a mask of punctilio and affectation."

This frank confession, which may be considered by some as unanswerable argument, and by others as a downright avowal of unquestionable and illicit advantage, may be perused with advantage by certain young friends of the Editor, of full health and in strong spirits, who think their night badly spent, and their day ill-finished, which does not conclude with *Faro* or *Rouge et Noir*.

On the subject of gaming, at which so many, and such great fortunes are, and have been sunk, a short, a natural question has often been asked: To what oblivious unfathomable abyfs does such a vast mass of ready money descend? for, compared to the numbers who are ruined, how very few have the luck, or the prudence to secure independence?

The magnificent structures which are rising on every side around us, vying with royal magnificence and oriental splendor, while their fortunate proprietors collect pictures, and purchase boroughs, is a full and sufficient answer to the question.

To this another circumstance may be added, the life of a gamester, who moves in circles where sums worth winning alone can circulate, *must* be expensive, his equipage brilliant, and his appendages ample; he must occasionally visit Bath, the sea side, and other places of fashionable resort, objects not within the reach of moderate finances, and which, without

without a constant and adequate return, will not fail to impoverish the wealthiest of individuals.

But whatever the vicissitudes of gamblers, however miraculous their elevation, or sudden their depression, the proprietors of those houses where they assemble, play a safe and certain game; notwithstanding their lavish expenditure on decoys, male as well as female, and the unpropitious interruption of false brethren; in spite of fines and imprisonment, these triumphant adventurers, *who were never born to be drowned*, march the turnpike road to affluence and independence; whilst suicide, public justice, famine or disease, are crushing and treading down into oblivion and perdition, the miserable victims by whom they have been enriched.

Dick England, with all his high tide of success, and many valuable qualities, not often to be met with in a gambler, suffered some of the heaviest penalties, though he ultimately escaped the sentence of the law, for shooting a man of

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violence and thirst for blood, who richly deserved his fate; and Major Baggs, respected by the brother of his sovereign, and protected by an Italian king, perished from the effects of disgraceful confinement, in the nauseous recesses of a watch-house!

BARRE, ISAAC, a Colonel in the army, an intrepid whig, and a patriotic Member of Parliament, prepared on every necessary occasion to defend the cause of general liberty against the incroachments of privilege, that most dangerous of all usurpations, which uniting, what ought never to be united, executive with legislative functions, and wielding the power of the people against themselves, ends in the most absolute despotism.

The essence of our English constitution, if I understand that which my forefathers purchased with their blood, and which I will not hesitate defending at the same price, the essence of the English constitution is, that each of the bodies of which it is composed, can act *separately*
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only within their own walls, but *jointly* over the whole state.

The king, on whose prerogatives Mr. Reeves prates, with the borrowed eloquence of a Filmer; the king, except in his own palaces and precincts, where he acts rather as the master of his family, than a public functionary; the will of the king, in every other case, can only be executed by the magistrates, civil officers, and public courts of justice, acting under the known and established law of the land.

Yet various inroads have been made on this great, this glorious first principle, so admirably calculated to prevent personal oppression, public anarchy, and private injustice; kings, instead of acting by judges, courts, and juries, have taken a shorter path, by privy councils, by proclamations, by messengers; the office of a secretary of state has been often converted into an inquisition, or a court of star chamber.

The house of lords appears to have preserved its proper scale and rank in

the constitution, more scrupulously than either of its illustrious associates; tho' the circumstance of the chancellor and the judges sitting there, and its being a court of appeal, would seem to have best entitled it, in certain emergencies, to have acted like Mr. Windham, *with a vigor beyond the law*.

But the powers of the house of commons, have been pronounced by a hot headed orator, undefinable, (a dreadful, a terrible word, a tyranny to which, if his description be correct, the fiat of a Persian Cadi is far preferable.) The same gentleman calls it criminal, to pretend only to enumerate the various instances in which that supreme law, the *salus populi*, might call them forth.

The utility of such a power, in many cases, cannot be denied; but it is of the highest importance accurately to define it; to mark out, and, if possible, place impassable fences and barriers against a formidable enemy, which has often attacked those from whom it derives its existence.

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Its unconstitutional luxury has, at different times, been happily corrected; by the revolution of 1688, by a more minute attention to the *lex et consuetudo parliamenti*, by the accurate discernment, and precise discrimination of modern times; and, lastly, by the salutary conflicts of ministerial and opposition struggles.

The Statute Book, and Parliamentary Debates, are no bad histories of the tendency, manners, crimes, and pursuits of the age; every period has its bugbear, in morals as well as politics. The Speaker's warrant was a giant which roused, and roused with reason, the terrors and resentment of a great part of the nation, in the early part of the present reign, and provoked much animated discussion among the first characters of the day.

It was contended, that whatever power the Speaker enjoyed, it could only be given him, to regulate the assembly over which he presided, that they might perform their functions without interruption; he was of course enabled, in

the discussion of private and public acts, to bring before the house persons and papers, that both sides of a question might be examined, that partial and unjust bills might not be obtruded on them; in these cases, it was of the first importance that the warrant of a Speaker should be respected. He is also supposed to be armed with legal powers to punish printing the debates, or ridiculing the characters of the members, upon the wholesome principle, that whatever we despise, and render contemptible, we shall soon learn to disobey; but it has been doubted by many, whether the assumed custom of conducting the debates of an English house of commons in secret, or *foribus clausis*, is any part of the constitution.

In answer to what has been frequently and strongly urged against the illegal and oppressive exertion of privilege or of prerogative, it has been said that the subject has little to dread, while our courts of law, and our juries, are ready to hear, to redress, and to compensate; that if we tie

up the hands of public functionaries too closely, we cripple them on occasions and emergencies; when vigorous and prompt measures are absolutely necessary for the salvation of the state.

There is reason and justice in the reply; yet I fear it has been too often used as a cloak for abuse, or an instrument of party malice; and, notwithstanding my supposed democratic tendencies, I would rather be levelled to the ground by the staff of a constable, or even a king's messenger, than be crushed by the weight of the serjeant's mace; I should prefer being dispatched at once, under the weight of Mr. Reeves's royal trunk, than have my head broke every session, by one of the crabbed branches; let me be killed at once by the lion, rather than be kicked to death by *another animal*, that has purloined and wrapped itself in his royal skin.

After giving the subject as cool an investigation as a rapid and superficial thinker is able, it appears that privileges originally

given or assumed by the house of commons, were evidently for the purpose of guarding it against regal incroachment, or the pretensions of the house of peers, but that in the mode of exerting them against the subject, they have never been accurately defined, and for a very obvious and natural reason. It was never supposed that a representative of the people would rebel against his creator; so unnatural, and whilst the constitution was purely administered, so impolitic a struggle, was neither thought of nor provided against.

The certain remedy, *if not attended with more serious mischief*, would be shorter parliaments, and more frequent elections.

The following animated invective, was pronounced by Colonel Barré, during the never to be forgotten debates, on committing the City Magistrates to the Tower; it roused the Minister from his slumbers, profligate venality trembled, and was confounded.

"Since I had the honor, or rather dishonor, of sitting in this house, I have been

been witness to many strange, many shameful transactions; but since I could call myself a member of the British senate, never were my ears shocked with such an abominable proposal, as that which now disgraces this assembly. A representative of the first city of the empire, or, perhaps, in the world, is to be treated as a state criminal, for supporting the general rights of the nation, and the peculiar privilege of his fellow citizens. It has been proved, to a demonstration, that your claim of privilege was meant as a bulwark against the encroachments of the crown, and not a check upon your constituents. It has been clearly shewn, that you have acted contrary to *magna charta*, and that the arraigned magistrates have adhered to the law of the land.

“ You have been convicted of invading the peculiar franchises of the city, and of trampling on numerous statutes made in its favor; while the objects of your impotent malice, have only acted according to the dictates of consci-

ence, and in obedience to their oath. You will punish them, because they would not betray their trust, and be guilty of perjury. What can be your intention in such an attack upon all honor and virtue? Do you mean to bring all men to a level with yourselves, and to extirpate all honesty and independence? — Perhaps you imagine that a vote will settle the whole controversy? Alas, you are not aware that the manner in which your vote is procured, remains a secret to no man. Listen—for if you are not totally callous, if your consciences are not seared, I will speak daggers to your souls.

“ Whence did this motion take its rise? Where was the scheme concerted? Did it originate in this house? Is it the legitimate offspring of this assembly? No; it is the abortion of five wretched clerks, who, though a disgrace to this house, have the management, I beg pardon, the mismanagement of all national affairs. These pitiful drudges brought the treasury into the scheme; the treasury is directed by the

thejuntō of Carlton-house; Carlton-house sets all the administration in motion; and the administration issued their mandates to the machines that compose the majority. Thus are you played off like puppets, by the management of the magicians who act behind the curtain. Do you not blush at such infamy? Do not your cheeks burn with conscious shame at being mere machines, or like oxen in a stall, fed by the hand of your master, and forced to draw in his yoke? By heaven, I had rather not exist than drag such a heavy, such a galling, such a detestable chain. There are, indeed, those of whose commands I should be proud, because their service is perfect freedom. The instruction of your constituents, you should be always ready to obey. But you have inverted the maxim of the gospel, and made the servant greater than his master. You, who are only deputies of factors, have usurped a power not only superior to that of your creators, but destructive of the very rights by which they exist

as freemen. In the gulph of your privileges, you have swallowed up the birthright of the people, who are ultimately paramount to all the three branches of the legislature. Had you been as tenacious of your duty as of your interest, you would have first provided for the safety of the peoples' rights, and then entered into a discussion of your own privileges.

"It is the privilege of the people to be tried by the law of the land, and to see the course of justice free and uninterrupted; you have flagrantly violated both, and opened a door for anarchy and confusion. But where is the wonder that you act in this arbitrary manner, when you would not allow mention to be made of that traiterous member who declared, in the face of day, that he hoped to see his Majesty as absolute as the King of Prussia; and that he had bought his constituents, and made use of their instructions for a purpose not fit to be named. Had you been true representatives, you would have immediately

immediately dropped every other subject, and blushed to determine any national affair, 'till you had removed from among you such an accursed thing, such an abomination to all honor and honesty. But you love to protect such culprits, because of such is your kingdom composed. How then can you imagine, that the people will tamely acquiesce in injuries received from men of your stamp? How can you imagine, that Britons will endure an act of tyranny, as alarming as any practised by the despot of France? Louis, the *well beloved*, erases the acts of his parliaments, and our *beloved* House of Commons erases the legal proceedings of our courts of record.

"The violence of Charles the First, when he entered this house in person, and seized the five members, was not a matter of such pernicious example. You have struck at the very root of all law and justice, and endeavoured, at one blow, to annihilate all our liberties.

"The consequence is natural. After having assumed an arbitrary domi-

nion over truth and justice, you issue orders, warrants, and proclamations, against every opponent, and send prisoners to your bastile, all those who have the virtue and courage to defend the expiring freedom of their country, but it is in vain that you hope by fear and terror to extinguish every spark of the ancient fire of this isle. The more sacrifices, the more martyrs you make, the more numerous the sons of liberty will become. They will multiply like the Hydra's head, and hurl vengeance at your devoted heads. Let others act as they will; while I have a tongue or an arm, they shall be free. And that I may not be a witness of this monstrous proceeding, I will leave the house; nor do I doubt but every independent, every honest man, every friend to England, will follow me."

BELKNAP, SIR RICHARD, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in the reign of Richard the second.

This eminent lawyer, like others of his profession in other times, saw, and confessed that he saw, the path of

of duty, but wanted fortitude and resolution to persevere in it, during that turbulent period of feudal, ecclesiastic, and military despotism.

To this Judge, and the rest of his brethren, the king had sent ten queries for their consideration: the purport of them was to ask if the sovereign, by his own regal power, could revoke an act of parliament; they gave for answer, *that the king was above law*; THE VENERABLE SKIPWITH, I believe a Baron of the Exchequer, was the only man on the bench, honest and bold enough to avow a different opinion.

Yet Belknap did not give way, without considerable and painful struggles; for when he was desired by the Earl of Suffolk, and other messengers from the king, with drawn swords and menacing looks, to give his sentiments on the subject in writing; after signing and sealing the disgraceful scroll, he delivered it to the Earl, with the following remarkable words; "I now want nothing but a horse, a hurdle and a halter, to convey me to the punish-

ment I deserve. Yet, if I had not complied, I should have been slain by your hands; and now I have gratified the king's pleasure, I merit more than death; for thus violating my conscience, and being guilty of the blackest treason to my country."

For this direliction of duty and decorum, the guilty and pusillanimous lawyers were degraded and banished in the after part of the same reign; Tresilian and Bramber, who had more actively engaged in the unwarrantable business, were both put to death; thus leaving a memorable proof, that the life of the most submissive tools is considered of small account, by the very tyrants they have served, whenever the necessity of the times, demands a sacrifice to popular resentment.

If Belknap, with such strong convictions as he evinced, had acted up to the principles he avowed, and boldly faced the consequences, with what pleasure and admiration should I have recorded the circumstance: Is there any thing in human life, its permanent

permanent pains, and evanescent pleasures, is there any thing that can excuse a man for refusing *such* a call to resign it?

At certain moments, when nothing but the restraining hand of a Saviour, and "cannon planted by the Almighty," could have saved me from the gulph of everlasting perdition; at those unhappy moments, how eagerly would I have embraced the alternative he declined. Stimulated at once by patriotism and strong propensity, I would cheerfully have ascended the scaffold, and considering the tyrant's mandate as a kind release from vanity and vexation of spirit, I would have endured the agonies of death without a groan.

BOISSY, D'ANGLAIS, part of his speech on presenting the French constitution, for which I am indebted to a person who heard it delivered, with an assurance, (such was the mute attention with which it was heard) that not a syllable was lost; the good sense and moderation which pervade it, have induced me to make an extract, and

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indeed give it a fair claim to a place in this volume.

"A great nation," said Boissy, who with all his moderation, all his candor, and a thousand good qualities, has been banished from his country, since I prepared the present article; "a great nation is like a great man, while the world re-echoes his praises, *he* is often sighing for repose; thus France having achieved the greatest of its labours, wishes to enjoy the fruit of them in peace.

"The destiny of twenty-five millions of men is in our hands; it remains with the present generation to determine, if order shall succeed to anarchy, and liberty to licentiousness; our efforts have hitherto been only to destroy, let us now begin to establish.

"And we may now be thankful that we are able to look around us without terror; I can now face an assembly of national representatives, without fear of seeing a miscreant, polluted with the blood of a fellow citizen, without my eye being shocked by a sight of the assassin of a parent, a brother or a sister; and what

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is of no small account, the decency of a legislative body is no longer violated by the tumultuous howlings, and coarse language of exasperated demagogues.

“ I do not say that passion is extinguished, nor do I wish to say it; for the same energy which stimulated us to commence, and enabled us thus far to persevere, in our glorious course, is still necessary towards finishing the great work of political regeneration; but the majority of the people tired with repeated revolutionary shocks, demand a constitution which may guarantee personal safety, inviolability of opinion, and security of property.

“ Our revolution *was not* the work of a few obscure individuals, but a fiat of the general will; for the secession or refusal of the perverse and the self-interested, on such important occasions, cannot be attended to, either according to the laws of numbers, morality, or general happiness. It is however, not to be denied, that we were gradually prepared for the blessings we are to enjoy,

by those philosophers, for ever dear to every Frenchman, whose names will mark the eighteenth century, as a new and interesting æra, in the history of the world; they pronounced those magic words, LIBERTY AND EQUALITY; the noblesse were instantly panic-struck, and the clergy terrified; in spite of all their efforts, the fabric of privilege and superstition, which had been erecting for so many centuries, contrived with so much art, and alas cemented with so much blood, the fabric was happily upset from its foundation.

“ On the 14th of July, the people gained a great victory, and the constituent assembly nobly seconded their efforts; but, like a traveller, who has still a wide extent of country to traverse, and which he dreads to look forward to, they were seduced by their feelings, and the force of antient prescription; their optics were not sufficiently powerful to take a full view of the republican sun, which blazed on their sight; they had not fortitude and strength of mind to proclaim a republic, which it

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was their duty immediately to have done; for they could not but see that the good of the people is, or ought to be the foundation of all governments, and paramount to every other object.

“ But the servile duplicity of Louis the sixteenth, and the unconquerable, intriguing spirit of his wife, happily forwarded the great work, which honest timidity prevented the assembly from undertaking; HIS THRONE WAS SUBVERTED BY HIS OWN ARTS, AND HIS UNMANLY SUBMISSION TO HIS WIFE; in all the commotions which have shaken us, in all the storms we have experienced, the Fœderalists and Jacobins were greater enemies, to the revolution they *seemed* to assist, than the most inveterate Royalist, or irritated Aristocrate.

“ Then succeeded the Constitution of 1793; that it consisted of many useful and many excellent parts, or *detached pieces*, cannot be denied; but *as a great whole*, as a machine designed for administering to the peace and the wants of more than twenty millions of men, it

was radically deficient; consistency, firmness and uniformity were wanting; it contained within itself the opposite seeds of anarchy and despotism. Our liberties would either have been sacrificed to a few plausible, ambitious men, or by forming the people at once into a deliberative and executive assembly, we should inevitably have been precipitated into the ruinous abyss of democratic turbulence; I speak of those articles in the Constitution of 1793, which organized insurrection, and which also appointed an executive council of twenty-four.

“ It is attempted, in the Constitution which is now presented to you, it is attempted to divide, but by no means to weaken the power of those, in whom the framing of laws is vested; civil equality, so far as regards universal public contribution, and every man alike enjoying the protection of the laws, and his own property will be irrevocably confirmed. WE HAVE NOT ATTEMPTED, NOR SHALL WE ENDEAVOR TO ESTABLISH ABSOLUTE EQUALITY;

EQUALITY; the whole of THAT DELUSIVE THEORY IS A CHIMERA.

“ To conduct the government of a great people is an arduous task, it requires a union of talents and good intentions; these will be best applied, by those who are most interested in the public welfare, and are guided by the most laudable motives; men of property, and of sound morality.

“ To be eligible to the legislative body, it will be necessary to possess some property, the *quantum* you must fix yourselves; instead of being a restraint, this will secure to electors, the means of making a better choice. We will not propose to you the same measure for determining the rank of citizens; all have fought for liberty, all have the same right to its advantages; we will not again expose our country to vain, but invidious distinctions.

“ We propose dividing the legislative body into two councils, both to be named by the people, and at the same time; one to propose laws, THE COUN-

CIL OF FIVE HUNDRED; the consent of the other to be necessary before they can be put in force, THE COUNCIL OF ANTIENTS; one half of the legislative body to be renewed every two years.

“ The galleries in the halls where the councils sit, shall be public, but they shall not contain, in any case, nor at any time, more than half the number of individuals who compose the assembly.

“ We further propose to you, to establish an executive power, composed of five members, appointed by the two sections of the legislative body, who shall have power to accuse, but never to dismiss them. This executive power shall be called the Directory, one of the five members shall be renewed annually; they shall have no fixed president, but each of the five members shall preside during three months.

BOUVART, a French physician, in good practice, and a member of the Academy of Sciences, to which he made several communications, on professional and other subjects.
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He first introduced the Seneka root at Paris, and is said to have pronounced it a specific in dropsies; yet in spite of Bouvart or the Academy, have we one *well authenticated* case of recovery from a confirmed dropsy, notwithstanding the mercenary audacity, and unbridled effrontery of modern empiricism; such is the fatality or the fashion of new remedies, at first industriously proclaimed, and supported by error or fraud:

Who, on reading Dr. Storck's pamphlets a few years since, his unqualified declarations, and apparently his well authenticated cases, who could have doubted but that in hemlock, we possessed a safe and certain remedy for one of the most cruel and inveterate diseases, which afflict mankind?

Yet, supported by the first and most respectable medical evidence, and without supposing that the hemlock of Vienna, is at all different from, or superior to that of England, I venture to affirm, that in a confirmed cancer, no remedy remains but the knife; and that the radical efficacy

of that can only be assured, by applying it in the earliest and most inert stage of the disease. It is therefore a fact, which cannot be too deeply impressed, or too widely diffused, that THERE IS NO CURE FOR A CONFIRMED CANCER, WHEN FIXED TO THE PART WHERE IT IS SEATED, OR WHEN THE SKIN IS BROKEN.

It is not improbable but that I may be condemned, for thus giving utterance to a melancholy truth; I may be told that it is cruel and unfeeling, to communicate unavailing information, and thus deprive the patient of hope, however fallacious, that last solace of the wretched. Yet, it is surely of importance, to rescue the uninformed and the unfortunate, from the useless tortures and fraudulent impositions of quackery, by communicating, however unwelcome the task, wholesome advice; which, if I ever should find myself placed in their unhappy situation, I am resolved to follow myself.

The moment I had reason to fear that any complaint I laboured under, was cancerous, neither pains
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nor expence should be spared, in positively ascertaining the fact, and in procuring the best advice from those, properly qualified by early education and appropriate study; I would submit, without reluctance, and I hope without shrinking, to whatever severities, sound judgment and practical dexterity should advise; perhaps I should submit to internal medicines with the most reluctance.

But, once convinced, from the circumstances before mentioned, that the hour for manual operation, and external application was passed, I would submit quietly to my fate, and convert the mortal affliction, into a wholesome preparative for death; devoting the remainder of my days to the solaces of religion and friendship, I would endeavour to abate the pangs of disease, by large and frequent doses of opium, which diminishing by degrees, nervous sensibility, and gradually lulling me to repose, I should at last sink into everlasting sleep.

I have been seduced by a melancholy, but interesting subject, a subject, in which the stoutest man among us, we know not how soon, may be directly or collaterally concerned; I have been seduced from the original purpose, for which I introduced the name of Bouvart; it was to relate a short conversation which passed between the physician, and a French Marquis, whom he had attended, during a long and severe indisposition. As he entered the chamber on a certain occasion, he was thus addressed by his patient; "Good day to you, Mr. Bouvart; I feel quite in spirits, and think my fever has left me." "I am sure of it," replied the doctor; "the very first expression you used, convinces me of it." "Pray explain yourself." Nothing more easy; in the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your *dearest friend*; as you began to get better, I was your *good Bouvart*, and now I am Mr. Bouvart; depend on it you are quite recovered.

The Marquis laughed,
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and acknowledged the justice of his observation; it was grounded on a knowledge of human nature, and supported by every day's experience; but on this point, a physician, whose motto is, *accipe dum dolet*, in other words, *I deal only for ready money*; a physician has the advantage of those more subordinate, but more laborious branches of his profession, whose bills are presented, when the impressions of fear, hope and gratitude, are almost effaced, and are often paid with indifference and hesitation, reluctance or reproach.

BUNYAN, JOHN, a Bedfordshire tinker of obscure birth, and profligate life; who, after passing his earlier years in the indulgence of every evil propensity, and taking an active part as a private soldier in the civil war of 1645, was roused to a sense of his perilous condition, by several providential hair-breadth escapes from imminent danger, at the siege of Leicester, where he served in the parliamentary army.

Thus happily awakened from the dreams of thoughtlessness, and the stupor of sensuality, he gradually weaned himself from wicked habits and profane swearing, for which he was shamefully notorious, and had been reproached by his reprobate companions; being thus reprov'd for wickedness by sin, was the first salutary shock his conscience received.

As the great work of grace is seldom at a stand in serious minds, particularly in those endued with a more than ordinary share of sensibility, and as SPIRITS ARE TOUCHED TO DIFFERENT ISSUES; the pangs of repentance, in the case of Mr. Bunyan, acting on strong feelings, and a fervid imagination, were attended with considerable energy and emphasis.

But, unfortunately, the flights of his fancy were not restrained, nor his judgment matured by any previous intercourse with well informed circles; having few opportunities of procuring books, he was not enlightened by literary improvement; and, as might be

be naturally expected, he was precipitated into the torrents and whirlpools of enthusiastic fanaticism, which, at times, so wonderfully and irresistibly seizes the untaught multitude, and sometimes well cultivated understandings.

He mistook the rapid flashes of internal conviction, acting on a nervous system peculiarly irritable, for divine inspiration; the depression of despair, and the elevation of hope, he took for celestial intercourse; what, in fact, was only *self-communion*, he interpreted, understood, and insisted, was a voice or voices heard; and ideas which, early and late, sleeping or waking, were never absent from his mind's eye, he considered and described as objects actually presented to his sight; so natural is it to give to the impressions of imagination and strong impulse, a substance and a form.

The anatomist, or the metaphysician, must decide on the difference of operation, and on the effects produced on the nervous fibre, by material or imma-

terial *stimuli*; perhaps, in the instance of the Bedfordshire divine, for he afterwards officiated in that capacity, during a long and useful life, perhaps, in his case, a strong cordial, a dose of laudanum, or a few ounces of blood taken from the arm, would have shewn him his mistake.

That such declarations, or such delusions, are often cloaks for the worst species of hypocrisy, and made use of to forward the purposes of interest and ambition, past experience, and present example, leave us no room to doubt; but, from the previous habits of Bunyan, and afterwards his useful exertions; from the steady unsubdued fortitude with which he suffered religious persecution, I am persuaded that the conduct of our Bedfordshire enthusiast, was founded on strong conviction, on honest but mistaken zeal.

These struggles of the flesh with the spirit, these *experiences*, in a word, these effects of hope and fear on a susceptible mind, were frequent; and Bunyan, as
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was the fashion of the day, published a copious narrative of them, under the title of *Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners*.

But whatever was his *faith*, he was not deficient in *works*; he became a *new man*, shook off his loose companions; and to protect himself against the assaults of a temptation to which he had been inordinately devoted, he took to himself a wife; thus effectually providing for human frailty, legal gratification.

To this excellent woman, who had been religiously educated, Bunyan attributed, under the direction of a kind Providence, the salvation of his soul. Her marriage portion was very small, but she opened to him the treasures of everlasting life, as contained in the holy scriptures; and, by means of a small, but well selected collection of the best Calvinistic writers, compleated his religious education. She made it an express ante-matrimonial condition, that he should amend his life and conversation; and, previous to the ceremony at the altar,

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firmly declared, that if he did not persist in his pious resolutions, she would, tho' a wife, relinquish his society, and abandon her husband.

After narrowly escaping the delusions of the Ranters, an odious and despicable class of Antinomians, whose doctrines and lives would have injured and disgraced any religion but that which was revealed from Heaven, he continued to fulfill his duty as a minister of the gospel; and at length produced a work, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which, if literary labors are to be estimated by the benefits they confer, and the great truths they diffuse, cannot be rated too highly; when I consider the millions who have profitted from this popular production; millions, who probably would neither have been interested or awakened by a work written in a more elaborate, or indeed in any other form, I cannot help declaring, that I had rather be the author of it, than of the *Iliad*, or *Paradise Lost*.

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BUSSY,

BUSSY, DE LA RABUTIN, a French Count, and an accomplished courtier, in the early part of the seventeenth century; a military man, and an agreeable, but occasionally an indelicate and licentious writer, nearly related to Madam de Sevigny, but banished from Court, and dismissed the service, for his amorous History of the Gauls, in which he justly, but satirically, delineated the character of the Grand Monarch, and many distinguished persons of that day; a proceeding in which the king did not act with the magnanimity of the unhappy Louis XVI. who, on being shewed a severe attack on himself, in a work of Diderot's, is said to have exclaimed, "I will excuse the personality on myself, on account of the number of excellent passages I have met with in other parts of the book."

Rabutin is one of the numerous instances of the advantages of misfortune; and the book he wrote in the high tide of blood and prosperity, which was eagerly sought after in its day,

and for which he was disgraced, but which, after several efforts, from its uninteresting flimsiness, I found myself unable to read, probably derived its original, its chief value, from the characters it exhibits, being portraits of persons generally known, and actually drawn from the life.

But the productions of his more sober hours, in addition to a lively description of men, and manners, possess much solidity, considerable depth of thought, and useful application to the purposes of life, that indispensable requisite in every literary production. He exhibits a naiveté of diction and sentiment, an interesting simplicity of style, not easily conveyed through the medium of an English translation.

"It is the fashion for good people sitting by a comfortable fire side," says the agreeable Count, "to tremble at the thoughts of an engagement, to wonder how it is possible for any one to escape amidst a shower of musket balls; for my
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own part, I have been in many actions, 'tis true, I felt at first an *unpleasant sensation*; but, in the hurry and bustle of the business, this was soon dissipated; and such is the force of habit, that I acquired a kind of artificial security, arising from having never been wounded, and, at last, became wholly a stranger to fear; *my* misfortunes, alas, proceeded from another source."

"But to diminish your alarms," continues Rabutin, in a letter to a female friend, if I mistake not, Madam de Sevigny, "to diminish your alarms on the subject, let me beg of you to recollect, that many campaigns are often made without drawing a sword; that one is often in battle without seeing an enemy; it is frequently a mere affair of position; a dancing the hays, a struggle for posts, a trial of skill in extending fronts, turning wings, and securing defiles."

"For instance, in the battle of Dunes, (query Dunkirk) in 1658, the matter was entirely settled by the dragoons; I was in a

distant quarter wholly unconcerned, and in my own opinion and feelings, as safe as if I had been chatting with you in your little alcove.

"But it is common for women, and *men like women*, to be hurried by hopes and fears, into misconception and exaggeration. Romantic girls think a lover always ready, *en etat*, and parsons, that a soldier is perpetually fighting, sword in hand.

"I heard you were ill," says the Count in another letter to the same lady, "and talked with a neighbour of mine, an able physician, on your case. He tells me, that women of full habits like you, and who continue *really* widows, from the constant struggles between their passions and discretion, are commonly subject to lowness of spirits.

"My apprehensions of a more serious malady were instantly dissipated; and as the time is not yet come for you to be quite tired of life, and the remedy is within your reach, I flatter myself you will not long hesitate between an emetic and a gallant." It is scarcely

ly necessary to say, that the patient, a woman of virtue, rank, and literary eminence, did not follow the indecorous prescription, which would have added vice to disease.

With all the ease of a well bred lady, but the good principles of a christian matron, she thus replied to Bussy: "The *remedy* you mention is worse than the complaint; it has often been recommended to me, but the same reasons which prevented my using the medicine *as a preventive*, hinder me also from adopting it by way of cure."

It is thus that reason and religion happily step in to guard us against the attacks of sin, which softened by licentiousness into the less offensive term gallantry, wraps up wicked actions in harmless words, and too often paints guilty pleasure in alluring colors.

"Wit calls the Graces the chaste zone to loose,
Nor less than a plump god
to fill the bowl."

Swift, in one of his letters, finds fault with the

Count De la Rabutin, because he was perpetually sighing to be restored to favor, and censures his want of philosophy, in not making himself happy, and even preferring literary retirement, to the splendid bustle, and suppressed feelings of a Court; yet, if I understand the Dean's character, he was the last man who had a right to make the observation.

He was himself a banished courtier, exasperated by disappointment, a political common place croaker for more than half his life. Had he been rewarded, with what he called *bread and cheese in England* (meaning, of course, Durham or Winchester) few specimens would have remained of his venomous invective and party malignity.—Crowned with ecclesiastical laurels, and basking in the warm sun-shine of clerical honors and preferment, one considerable source of his peculiar misanthropy and irritability, would not have existed, he might have gradually sunk into ease and oblivion; a placid consumer of port wine, turtle, beef, and pudding; a chuckler

ekler in lawn sleeves, with little or nothing to disturb his slumbers, but an occasional dream of a rich commendam, a *Congé d'Elire*, or the renewal of a lease. Sleeping through life in gentle inactivity, and shaking *his* head at men with less prudence than himself, *he* would have had no reason to

"Pray heartily for some new gift,"

nor would *others* have had occasion

"To shake their heads at Dr. Swift."

CANCER, for an important fact relative to this dreadful disease, see the article Bouvart, in this volume.

CARNARVON, Earl of, a Peer in the reign of King Charles the Second, and deliverer of a singular speech in the House of Lords, preserved by Torbuck, in his parliamentary debates; it was indeed singular, not only from the circumstances by which it was preceded, its composition, and mode of delivery, but in the literal meaning of the word, for it was the

only time this noble Lord ever addressed the house.

Having dined with the Duke of Buckingham, and other bon vivants, who circulated the bottle briskly; in the buoyancy of high spirits, or the restless rashness of intoxication, Lord Carnarvon made a considerable bet with the favorite, that he would speak, in an important debate, which was expected to come on that very afternoon in the House of Lords, on the subject of a proposed impeachment of the Earl of Danby, an ancestor of the present Duke of Leeds.

The wager was confirmed by half pint bumpers of Burgundy, and the party repaired to the scene of action, but the debate had commenced before their arrival; the noble Lord, however, catching the Chancellor's eye soon after a Peer sat down, who had concluded with a latin quotation, he thus began:

"I understand little of Latin, my Lords, but a good deal of English, and a little of English history, from which I have learned the mischiefs of such prosecutions

secutions as these, and the ill fate of all persecutors.

"I could bring many instances, and those very ancient, but I shall go no further back, my Lords, than Queen Elizabeth's reign; at which time, the Earl of Essex was run down by Sir Walter Raleigh, and your Lordships know what became of Sir Walter Raleigh; Lord Bacon ran him down, and your Lordships know what became of my Lord Bacon; the Duke of Buckingham ran him down, and your Lordships know what happened to the Duke of Buckingham.

"The Earl of Strafford ran down the Duke, and we all know what became of him; Sir Henry Vane ran down the Earl of Strafford, and your Lordships know what became of Sir Henry Vane; Chancellor Hyde ran down Sir Henry Vane, and your Lordships know what became of the Chancellor; Sir Thomas Osborne, now Earl of Danby, ran down Chancellor Hyde, but what will become of the Earl of Danby, your Lordships best can tell."

As soon as the orator sat down, the surprized and somewhat disappointed Buckingham, (for he wished rather to ridicule than serve Lord Danby) stepped towards him, and patting him on the back, exclaimed "The man's inspired, I have lost my money, my claret has done the business."

This anecdote serves to confirm an axiom of a teacher of oratory, during a late reign; he insisted that no man would ever make a figure, as a public speaker, unless he considered all who heard him, as so many cabbage stalks.—Wine produced in Lord Carnarvon, this temporary delusion, this imaginary superiority, and the effect it produced was compleatly successful.

CARTHAGE, the capital of a warlike kingdom, co-temporary with Rome in her meridian splendor; a powerful and formidable rival of the mistresses of the world, by whom, after long repeated, and bloody struggles, this pride of Africa was subverted, her warriors and citizens exterminated

exterminated or dispersed, her treasures plundered, and her walls levelled with the dust.

Yet how little do we know of the internal policy, and external relations of this great military and commercial people, whose fleets once covered the Mediterranean; and conducted by the intrepid Hanno, planted numerous colonies, on a long extent of coast, from the streights of Gibraltar, to several hundred leagues eastward of Senegal, and the modern settlement of Sierra Leona?

To this question, a short, but satisfactory answer may be given; the few historical facts we possess, relating to them, have for the most part been handed down, by the suspicious conveyance of a prejudiced and inveterate foe, jealous of a power, which for several centuries set bounds to their ambition, and envious of a glory, which made so near approaches to their own; a people who far excelled their conquerors in the arts of peace, and laid the foundations of empire rather on the honorable basis of hu-

man industry and ingenuity, than on carnage, plunder, and lawless domination.

The remains of Carthaginian history appearing so very scanty, has induced the learned Dodwell to suppose, that a nation which had attained such eminence as a maritime power, and forced even their vanquishers to confess, that if Carthage existed, Rome could not; he has been induced to think, that they did not possess any public records, that they had no writers capable of relating, and preserving their domestic, naval and military history.

But this circumstance, which has inclined so good a writer to consider even the *Periplus* of Hanno as fabulous, may be easily and naturally accounted for, from the characteristic supercilious indifference of the Greeks, and the malignant envy of the Romans, neither of whom had generosity or strength of mind to confess the merits of a people, whom they hated and feared, and comprehended indiscriminately with all other nations of the globe;

globe, under the insolent and often inapplicable title of barbarians.

At a period so remotely anterior to printing, when to produce literary works for the public eye, was a tedious and laborious operation, and to multiply or diffuse them, attended with difficulty and expence; when the burning half a dozen copies was tantamount to suppression, we have good reason to think that every species of historical evidence, in favor of a people whom they detested and destroyed, was eagerly annihilated by the vindictive industry of a triumphant enemy.

To those, who in matters of controversy, are influenced by the weight of names, it may be sufficient to observe, that on the subject of the authenticity of the *Periplus*, and other fragments, which would establish beyond a doubt, the well founded claims of the Carthaginians, to glory and renown; it may be sufficient to observe, that to the learned scepticism of Dodwell, may be opposed the scrupulous accuracy of Mons^r Bougainville, bro-

ther of the celebrated voyager, the critical depth, and sound judgment of the president Montesquieu.

By what means, and from what causes, a great commercial nation, neither inferior in courage, nor deficient in the sinews of war, at length was subjugated by the Romans, would afford a curious and useful object of enquiry, to the patriot, the philosopher and historian.

It hath been said in reply, that Carthage did not possess an extent of territory and population, equal to her spirit of colonization; that her principal defenders were mercenary troops, neither endeared to their allies, nor attached to the people for whom they fought; that they were strangers to that strong enthusiastic spirit, which so eminently distinguished the Romans, which has burst forth so ardently in the modern Gallic Republicans, who wholly occupied by the *amor patriæ*, equally despised difficulty, danger and death; that inordinate wealth, and its inseparable offspring, luxury and vice, had not yet entirely sapped the

the principles of the Romans, with whom a *certain portion* of virtue and public spirit still remained; that the Italian citizens, while the popular forms continued, were parties concerned in the government they defended; in a word, had a country to lose.

Without entering deeply into the question of the comparative state of morals of the two countries, or wishing to overturn so useful and honorable a theory, I may be permitted to observe, that some of the greatest victories upon record, have been gained by men, converted by the habits of rigid discipline, into mere mechanical machines; and with respect to reasoning and reflection, very little, if at all superior to the weapons in their hands; the memory of my readers will on this occasion, naturally recur to the decisive battle of Arbela, which crushed the power of Darius, and the modern, but not less splendid victory of Frederick, near the village of Rosbach.

In contemplating the protracted wars, the armed

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conditions of peace, by neither meant to be observed, (for I consider the *fides Romana* equally perjured and prostituted with the *Punica*) of these implacable rivals, who alternately desolated, re-peopled, improved and corrupted the world; it is natural for an Englishman, interested in the welfare of friends he loves, and of a constitution to which, notwithstanding its easily removed blemishes, he is warmly attached, it is natural for an Englishman, to cast an anxious eye on the present contest between Great Britain and the French Republic, with respect to its present effects, and its probable future consequences.

If after a long and bloody struggle between these powerful rivals, peace should at length be restored, the eyes of the world will be fixed on what I consider a great and memorable experiment, an experiment, in the event of which the universe is interested. The French people oppressed for ages by regal despotism, nobility and the church, without constitution, representation, or any intermediate

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diate barrier between the monarch and his subjects, at length (to use an expression of Mr. Burke's) *will'd* a constitution, in the formation of which, they have endeavoured to avoid, or provide against the evils, under which their country groaned for so many centuries, and to procure as many advantages, as the present improved state of human knowledge would afford.

After a long contest, in which they excited resistance and ineffectual combination, and in which, with regard to Great Britain, I will not attempt to decide, who were the first, and who the secondary aggressors, they have in a great measure attained the object of their wishes, and augmented their territories, to a degree, I fear inconsistent with the safety and independence of Europe, and incompatible with the commercial interests of this country,

The durability of the ground work, on which their fabric is raised, the conveniences and utility of their superstructure, remain to be proved; if

however, after sufficient experience, (of at least a century) the happiness, prosperity, and morals of the people of France, shall be meliorated, as well as her general intercourse with other nations, for the interest and well being of her neighbours, must never be out of the question, as an EGOTIST REPUBLIC, will never be of long duration; if after such a trial, France shall be evidently improved, both as to internal policy, and external intercourse, the force and effect of the French Revolution, and the principles on which it proceeded, must and will be generally felt, and in case of the event proving prosperous, generally diffused; or the cities, towns, ports and villages of an unaccommodating world, will be gradually deserted, and the new Republic, extending its outstretched arms, and wide extended domain, to the borders of every civilized nation in Europe, will be crowded by *emigrants from other states*, impatient to taste the blessings, and share those comforts, of which they are deprived at home.

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On the contrary, should the professed mother and patroness of liberty, ultimately prove her greatest and most inveterate enemy, and subverting salutary laws, systems, and institutions, without replacing them by adequate substitutes; should she in one hand hold forth fraternization, while with the other she prepares to plant a deadly poignard in our vitals; should she disguise, under the mask of democracy, the lawless ambition and subjugating spirit of Louis XIV, and revolutionize the world only to blast the prospects, and exhaust the resources of a commercial rival; should it be found that her laws, her habits, her theory and her practice, are neither calculated to make men happy, or to keep them so; the eyes of mankind will be opened, and however for a time, her warriors and her legislators may have dazzled us by enthusiastic energy, and brilliant exploit, she will afford a warning beacon to future ages, an illustrious example of ingenuity misapplied, and heroic valor ill direct-

ed, of what ought to be avoided rather than imitated, an impressive instance of blessings or of calamities, purchased too dearly; an æra in history, at which succeeding generations will tremble or exult.

CHEYNE, GEORGE, a North Briton, a physician, and a man of religion and virtue, who enforced the doctrines he taught, by the efficacious example of a life devoted to the service of God and man.

Treading in the footsteps of nature, Hippocrates and Sydenham, he addressed himself to valetudinarians, to the sedentary and voluptuous; he may be stiled the physician of chronic disease, who laying his axe to those productive roots of human malady, indolence and luxury, combated the most alluring of our pleasures, and waged war with vicious passions.

This conduct created a host of enemies, who attacked, but never defeated their intrepid antagonist, with ridicule, sarcasm, misrepresentation, and false reasoning; he was a butt for the arrows of the humorist

morist and *bon vivant*, and virulently abused in rhyme.

One of the most malignant and personal of his opponents, was the ancestor of a learned friend, who has occasionally condescended to favor this collection with an indulgent eye; I am induced by a grateful partiality, I cannot resist, but for which I own myself culpable, I am induced to suppress his name, and shall abstain from bestowing on his conduct its proper epithet.

In the course of these attacks on Cheyne, as in too many other instances, wit and humor were leagued against morality and moderation; for had the system of the medical man been generally adopted, what a blank would life have been to the herd of sensualists and triflers.

The attention of Cheyne to diet and regimen, was first powerfully roused by the deplorable state of his own health, of which he has left an interesting and impressive narrative, which every reader, of every description, ought to peruse; if I may trust to the powers of memory, after a ten

years absence from the book, an interval alternately occupied by business, folly, sickness, and dissipation, I think it occurs in his *English Malady*, a work in which he professes that, after having successfully tried his system on himself, he thought himself not only justified, but felt impelled by duty, to recommend it to others.

The rules he inculcates, like those of other men, led by strong, perhaps enthusiastic conviction, must be followed with due allowance for peculiarity of constitution, weakness of stomach, and delicacy of frame; neglecting or concealing these necessary, these indispensable precautions, his enemies accused him of recommending an impracticable regimen, and producing a system incompatible with the human constitution; but time and truth have established the character, and set a proper value on the life and writings of Dr. Cheyne, whose name is never mentioned by the editor of the present article, without emotions of gratitude and veneration, as he considers himself

self indebted to him for much practical, that most useful of all knowledge, for much of solid comfort, and in all human probability, for the present duration of his life.

He who hath been misled by vicious association, or been tempted by a dainty palate, to inordinate indulgence, and discovers his error happily before it is too late; or he who from hereditary predisposition, bad nursing, a tender constitution, or from unfaithful medical treatment, is compelled to live by line and rule, will read Cheyne's book with considerable advantage.

Taking prudence and discretion for his hand-maids, to point the necessary adaptation of the physician's doctrines, to his peculiar habit, the valetudinarian will, in a great measure, be able to pick his way through the unpleasant paths of precautionary regimen; though, at intervals he may, and probably will require the salutary aid of medical skill and dexterity, he will not be given up hand-cuffed, and blindfolded, to an ignorant or a

treacherous guide; he will, in most instances, be qualified to detect solemn imposture, or to reject the parading jargon of ignorance.

The subject of our present article, appears to have been a sincere Christian, as well as an honest man, who, disdaining to accommodate himself to the evil propensities and whims of his patients, addresses himself at once to their reason and their interest. Combining, and usefully combining, in a certain degree, the two-fold, but not incompatible characters of physician and divine, he insists on the solid advantages of a good conscience, and a mind at ease in forwarding recovery from sickness.

CHIMNEY SWEEPING, an odious and unhealthy occupation, which devoting a considerable number of unhappy infants and wretched out-casts to danger and disease, and cloathing the human countenance in an impenetrable mask of filthy grime, imposes on children a labor of the worst species, before they have acquired adequate strength, while it places,

places, in a great measure out of their reach, comfort, vigor, wholesome recreation, and undisturbed repose.

For it is an indisputable fact, that the general effect of their business is, either to induce premature old age, by impeding the organs of breathing, to affect their eye-sight, or, lastly, to bring on a complaint, painful and without a name, which erodes the springs of life.

Of a class of beings, who may be said to have their cup overflowing with the bitter afflictions, unaccompanied by the soothing solaces of life, little new can be said; their wretchedness has interested the professional acuteness of Mr. Pott, the well applied humanity of Mrs. Montague, and the honest philanthropy of Jonas Hanway. The legislature has also been stimulated to a useful interference in their favor.

It is not my wish to deny, that these and other merciful regulations have diminished the evils of a destructive and hateful employment; BUT THE TRADE OF A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER,

AS IT IS NOW CARRIED ON; OUGHT, ON EVERY PRINCIPLE OF POLICY AND FEELING, TO BE INSTANTLY ABOLISHED; it is wholly incompatible with the health and happiness of those who pursue it; and I know not any right we have, either to pleasure or conveniency, purchased at so unwarrantable a price.

"Am I never to have my chimney swept, Mr. Reformer," cries the industrious housewife, "is my house to be set on fire, and all my nice mahogany furniture to be spoiled, for the sake of your nonsense about little nasty foot boys. *Why, what else are they good for?*"

"By no means, Ma'am, neither you nor your nice mahogany tables, which shine almost as bright as your nose, nor your fine polished grates, which I heartily wish were oftener disfigured by a good blazing fire, not an inch of them, or your ruby of a nose, shall be injured.

"A safe, easy, and expeditious method of cleaning chimnies, has been invented; it does not require a person to ascend them,

them, and is equally creditable to the head and heart of the projector.—The King's Patent hath been procured; and if you, or any other reader of this article, persist in employing chimney sweepers in the usual but cruel mode, I shall set down every woman of you, with all your tender hearts and fine feelings, as wilful inflictors of a heavy and unnecessary punishment, on those who never injured you in their lives."

If the public ceases to employ them, the business as now carried on, must be ultimately suppressed; other more safe and healthy sources of labor may be easily found out and supplied. To those who may object to the expence of the patent invention, I offer the cheap and easy expedient of ordering a bundle of straw or brambles, adapted to the size of their chimnies, to be dragged from top to bottom by means of a long rope, and for a sufficient time; but, at all events, and whatever the consequence, were I an absolute monarch, I would forbid infants and striplings

ascending the infernal sooty recesses of a chimney, on pain of death to the proprietor of the house, and the master of the boy.

CHURCHILL, CHARLES, a poet, and a man of genius, with more vigor than correctness, more energy than truth; rendering his muse too often subservient to the keen resentments of political warfare; his friends are gods, and his enemies devils of the blackest hue.

This guilty prostitution of talent, I mean not to venality, but to the exasperated recriminating spirit of party fury, and to the defence and praise of characters *not very immaculate*, clouded his real merits, and considerably lowered him in the esteem of men of judgment and candour; to this last word he appeared to have a constitutional antipathy, he repeatedly, and keenly attacked it in different parts of his works, and in conversation; it never failed rousing him to passionate and outrageous expression.

Yet candour, (one may now venture to repeat the word) that soothing and companionable

companionable quality, candour, which proud, vehement, unaccommodating spirits, are so apt to despise, *but so perpetually stand in need of themselves*, this same apparently trifling ingredient, would have contributed largely to the happiness of poor Churchill in private life, and have essentially advanced his reputation as a poet.

His name is introduced in this place, for the purpose of recommending an erasure from an inscription to his memory, at Mr. Wilkes's cottage, in the Isle of Wight; a charming spot, where classic simplicity, and the correctness of good taste are united.

Surrounded by weeping willows, cypresses, yews, and laurels, a well proportioned but broken fluted pillar appears, apparently ten feet high; to this a tablet is fixed, with the following tribute to the deceased friend and companion of the alderman:

CAROLO CHURCHILL,
DIVINÆ POETÆ,
AMICO JUCUNDO,
CIVI OPTIME DE PATRIA
MERITO.

I cannot think the word *divinæ* appropriate to Churchill, nor exactly decent, when applied by a man who was the constant object of the flattery of this poetic Drawcanfir; for Charles *could* flatter as well as *cut up*.

The *optime de patria merito*, I also consider as a glaring violation of truth and moral equity; for in what respect could a man be said to deserve well of his country, whose life reflected discredit on a religion he *once* professed, and whose example contradicted its great precepts; a literary adventurer, who did not scruple confessing, that Flexney's half crowns were his most attractive objects, and most soothing rewards, as an author.

Should the worthy Chamberlain ever think proper to alter the inscription:

CAROLO CHURCHILL,
POETÆ
ET AMICO

would not be inconsistent with real fact, and would be doing more real service to the fame of his friend; for when we describe those
whom

whom we love or respect in overstrained and exaggerating expression, or load them with epithets notoriously inapplicable and false, we only provoke the severity of critical discussion, and tempt mankind to deny the real merits they possess.

“Praise undeserv’d, is satire in disguise.”

Though the time is fast approaching, when much of Churchill will be obscure, unintelligible, or uninteresting, it cannot be denied that he exhibits many brilliant passages, a considerable portion of strong sense, terse, metre, and vigorous expression.

The following lines, which I quote from memory, exhibit in a high degree these different qualities; they are applied by the satirist to certain mellifluous well-known writers of his day, who were in the habit of borrowing the thoughts of their predecessors without acknowledgment, but to prevent detection, garbled and disguised them; or for the purposes of harmony and rhyme, refined, weakened, and polished down

the rough sterling sense of others, to the elaborate inanity of their own productions:

“Italian fathers thus with
barb’rous rage,
Prepare their helpless offspring
for the stage;
Deaf to the voice of nature,
manhood wound,
And murder vigor for the
sake of sound.”

This and other passages I could give, prove, that if he had not debased himself by virulence and malignity, and written on the spur or necessity of the moment, he might have attained considerable excellence, and have made near approaches to the reputation of Dryden and Pope. But I doubt, if in that case, his writings would have been sought after with such general eagerness, or have proved so advantageous to the finances of the poet; for, in their treatment of the writers of satire and invective, mankind imitate the conduct of an unprincipled coquette towards her ravisher, whom she alternately *incites, abuses, and enjoys*.

I have heard Dr. Johnson censured for not admitting the subject of my present article into *his* temple of poetic fame; could our great moralist have happily conquered resentment, smoothed asperity, and acquired candour, almost the only defects in *his* character, it would have been an honorable monument of philosophy and greatness of mind; but to examine the life, and criticise the productions of one against whom we imagine we have just cause for enmity, requires so much subjection of passion and temper, to judgment and equity, that it may indeed be said to be walking over ashes, under which fire is concealed; I have, besides, good reasons for thinking, that certain political biases of the *Rambler*, which, if displayed at that time, would have materially injured his prospects in a certain quarter, was another cause for not inserting the name of Churchill among his English Poets, a distinction to which, in spite of his sarcastic answer on the subject; the satirist was undoubtedly entitled.

CIBBER, COLLEY, an actor, a dramatic writer, and poet laureat, during the reign of George the First. In the two first pursuits he enjoyed, and is said to have deserved the applause of his contemporaries; but, in that singular species of stipendiary poetry, which annually regales the ears of royalty with new year odes and birth-day panegyric, he proved himself grossly deficient.

The memory of Cibber has been consigned to everlasting ridicule, by the matchless powers of Pope, his inveterate personal enemy, whose resentments are said to have been exasperated, if not originally produced by the actor's glancing at an unsuccessful dramatic piece, called *Three Hours after Marriage*, the joint effort of Arbuthnot, Gay, and Pope. Yet, with all his satirical acumen, and metrical harmony, the attack of our great master of English Poetry upon Cibber, as "the son of dullness," was palpably inapplicable; with much of whimsical folly, and much of superficial vicious absurdity, the laureat was a
prating

prating pragmatical impudent coxcomb, and, on many accounts, a fair object for satire; but his character was as distant from dullness, as that of the translator of Homer himself.

The offence given to the irritable bard, and for which he determined to make Colley the hero of the *Dunciad*, was, during his performance of Bays, in the *Rehearsal*, a part in which every actor, from Cibber to Foot, has considered himself authorized licentiously to introduce a little impromptu of his own, on any occurrence which occupied public attention.—The piece of Pope and his associates, which had been very lately condemned, exhibited a scene, in which two gallants, for the purpose of forwarding their attempts on the chastity of a virtuoso's wife, had procured themselves to be introduced into his museum, one in the disguise of an Egyptian Mummy, the other in that of a Crocodile. The circumstance did not escape Bayes, who, speaking of the mode in which he meant to have brought on his two Kings of Brent-

ford, said, "I intended to have introduced them differently, in the shape of a Mummy or of a Crocodile, but some of our wits hearing of my intentions, stole the thought, and made use of it before me."

This tame and insipid allusion, neither remarkable for point, nor culpable for virulence, was received with considerable applause by the audience, but highly offended Pope, who was present at the representation. The moment the play was over he hurried behind the scenes; and, in a transport of rage, and the coarsest language, attacked Bayes, demanding, in a loud voice, how he durst treat a gentleman in so unjustifiable a manner; indeed, so violent was his passion, that interfering friends could scarcely prevent his collaring Cibber, notwithstanding the disparity of their powers, his misshapen frame, and tender constitution.

The actor, considerably and justly irritated by such behaviour, assured his assailant, that he would readily have suppressed the words in question, had he
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addressed him in the language of pacific remonstrance; but, as he could not help considering him as "a wit out of his senses," (Cibber's own words) by way of punishment for his preposterous and unwarrantable conduct, he was resolved to introduce the exceptionable passage, whenever the play was performed.

To this altercation, Cibber, the correctness of whose narration I will not pretend to vouch for, to this altercation he generally attributed the enmity of Pope, an enmity probably embittered by mutual recrimination, and which ceased only with their lives.

The translator of Homer could never endure, with patience, the successful run of the *Nonjuror*, a play altered by Cibber, from the *Tartuffe* of Moliere; this lamentation of a want of taste in the public, or this ebullition of envy in the bard, bursts forth frequently in his letters. As every description of men are said to have their peculiar pains, perhaps it may be one of the punishments of genius, to find itself deposited in

regions not sensible of its pre-eminent value, or to see bounty and applause showered down on the undeserving, whilst virtue and intellectual merit, must be satisfied with their own rewards.

Pope, like Addison, whom he lashed for the same fault, could not endure, with patience, any thing like a rival or a pretender to the poetic throne; yet the expectations of a man so generally admired, must have been high, as the produce of his version of Homer, on the score of fame as well as emolument, would have been considered by most men, as ample remuneration; he was, nevertheless, querulous and discontented for more than half his life.

Cibber could not submit, without reply, to the imputation of his adversary, conveyed in the following line:

And has not Colley still his
lord, and whore?

"As Mr. Pope has so particularly picked me out of the number of sinners," says the laureat, "why may
may

may not I take the same liberty with him?—As he has shewn no mercy, so unprovoked an aggressor has no right to expect any, and the virulence of his attack must excuse my publishing the secrets of a confidential conversation.

“So long ago as when Button’s coffee-house was in vogue, and when Mr. Pope had not translated more than the first book of Homer, there was a young nobleman, possessing a good deal of wicked humor, who frequented that house, and on a certain evening, fancying that the poet was in higher spirits than usual, he had the address to entice him, in company with myself, and another gentleman still living, to a certain house, not of the most creditable description, near the Hay-market.

“His lordship’s frolic was, to slip “his little Homer,” as he called him, at a girl of the game, to see what sort of a figure a man of his size of body and vigorous intellect, would make in the unguarded moments of love. The noble wag so far succeeded, that the

smirking damsel, who served us with tea, seduced the man of rhyme into the next room, to the infinite glee of the peer, from whom I understood, the moment the door was shut, that he would probably receive a favor of a kind, not very desirable.

“While my lord was titillating at the thoughts of the meditated mischief, I rushed without ceremony, into the room, to which the fond couple had retired, and interrupting them in a pretty close *tete a tete*, whispered in Mr. Pope’s ear, the peril of his situation. He immediately quitted the damsel, and whenever we met for several years, professed himself much obliged to me; I appeal to my readers, whether my rescuing him from so serious an evil, merited the treatment I have met with at his hands, or if *he*, of all men living, had any right to tax *me* with wenching?

CONVERSATION,
between a Refractory
and a Constitutional Priest,
copied from a French journal,

Refractory Priest.—What
have

have you done; do you not dread divine indignation?

Constitutional Priest.—For what?

Ref. Pr.—You have married, and can you ask such a question?

Con. Pr.—Patriotism and morality induced me to fulfil the first command of God, and the great law of nature; I could not reconcile myself to a practice, generally adopted by those who have no wives of their own, to make use of those of my neighbours.

Ref. Pr.—You are a schismatic.

Con. Pr.—That is impossible, for I side with the majority.

Ref. Pr.—You are unworthy of being a priest; if each of us were to do as you do, who would pray for the faithful, who would confess, who would say mass?

Con. Pr.—There is not a word of mass in any part of the Bible or Testament; as to praying and confessing, mankind must perform those duties, as they did in the primitive ages, for themselves.

Ref. Pr.—Who would marry?

Con. Pr.—The magistrate.

Ref. Pr.—Who would baptize?

Con. Pr.—The first christian that came in the way, as the church empowers every christian to do.

Ref. Pr.—According to your account, people might do without priests; you would reduce religion to mere morality.

Con. Pr.—To love and to serve our country; to fear God, and to keep his commandments; to do to others as we would they should do unto us, is the whole of the law and the gospel.

Ref. Pr.—You are an innovator.

Con. Pr.—By no means, my opinion was the same, when we had Cardinals and Grand Almoners.

Ref. Pr.—God will punish you.

Con. Pr.—He has the power, but I think too highly of Him to fear that He will.

Ref. Pr.—Impious wretch! what no more priests?

Con. Pr.—I do not say that we will have no more priests,

priests, I only say that we can do without them.

Ref. Pr.—This is precisely what ought not to be said, for if people once believe they *can* do without priests, they *will* do without them; you are an Atheist, and will repent that you have contributed to make the French unhappy in the world to come.

Con. Pr.—I will console myself, with doing my part in rendering them free and happy in their present state of existence.

CONVERTS, a holy zeal for making, often noticed, and sometimes censured in this work.

On this subject the following anecdote used to be related by General Oglethorpe, a military veteran in the reign of George the First.

An industrious missionary had taken great pains to impart a knowledge of the Christian religion to an American savage, and exulted in the probable hope of success; he persuaded himself that the assent of this untutored child of nature, was the effect of rational conviction, and

thought it his duty to confirm the good work, by administering the sacrament.

After receiving it, the good father, in the honest triumph of his heart, asked the proselyte, if he did not receive a mental comfort, an inward refreshment from the holy cup? "Yes," said the poor fellow innocently, "it was very good, but I like rum better."

CORONER, an officer of justice, chosen by the freeholders of a county, appointed by law to inspect, and assisted by a jury, to decide on the circumstances, condition, and mode of interment of persons, whose death has been attended with violence, suspicion of violence, or uncertainty; and to detain for trial, such offenders as shall appear to have been instrumental in violating the law.

This short article was occasioned by my being accidentally present, at a public discussion of a county rate, which greatly exceeding its usual amount, excited general attention. After inspecting the various articles of public expenditure,

ture, the Coroner's bill was found to occasion the increased expence.

It was in a maritime county, and after a season remarkably tempestuous and destructive; on one day thirty-two dead bodies had been thrown on shore, and submitted to the Coroner's inquest; for executing this part of his duty, twenty shillings was charged for every shipwrecked man, an expenditure which amounted in a few months to a considerable sum. After some altercation, and ineffectual opposition, the charge was at length allowed.

Coroners have been further accused of acting on mercenary and corrupt principles with respect to suicides; of evading the law in all wealthy families, by regularly producing a verdict of lunacy, which secures to the deceased, christian burial, whilst the monilefs and friendless *solo de se*, is consigned to a hole dug in the highway, with other disgusting circumstances of indecency and disgrace.

The law which deprives

the descendants of a suicide of their property, was enacted with the best intentions, but with little knowledge of the human heart; like other punishments which excite more horror than the crime they were meant to prevent, it is generally evaded, and is one of the numerous instances, in which nature and reason step in to correct legislative error. But if this regulation is found to militate so strongly against humanity and expediency, why not at once expunge it from the statute book? Suspend (as has been recommended by some) the body of a self murderer in chains, on a gibbet, and not thus expose Coroners and their associates, to the temptation of bribery and perjury, or the still more powerful appeal of the widow and the orphan.

The more I consider the subject of suicide, and I have had weighty reasons for reflecting upon it, I am daily and hourly convinced that in nine instances out of ten, it does not originate from madness. It has been in most of the instances I have witnessed, the effect
of

of a regular chain of reasoning, rightly, and on every logical deduction, soundly conducted, but founded on depraved and impious principles; the conduct of a modern suicide may be thus exemplified:

There is no state of existence after this life.

I have formed habits, and enjoyed indulgences, which render it impossible for me to live happy, but in one particular mode.

By folly and by vice, I have exhausted those resources, by which alone I was able to support myself in that particular way.

I therefore prefer a state of annihilation, to a life of mean expedients, penury, and distress.

It is by such a chain of argument only, that I have been able to account for the conduct of certain late self-destroyers, though it is contradictory to a statement which I have noticed in the article assigned to Mrs. Inchbald, in this volume.

COWPER, WILLIAM, author of that best of modern poems, the Task, and Translator of Homer into blank verse.

In the latter instance it
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cannot be denied, that with a few exceptions, he has closely, and sometimes to modern taste, offensively adhered to the sterling simplicity of his rugged original; that he has given the English reader, a Polygraphic resemblance, a good *fac simile* of that correct, that interesting picture, of ancient life, religion, and manners.

“The matter found in my book,” says Mr. Cowper, “whether the English reader like it or not, is to be found in Homer; I have omitted nothing, I have invented nothing.” Yet, were the version of his rhyming predecessor, to be placed on the same shelf with Mr. Cowper’s Translation, I fear that the fascinating volumes of Pope would be oftener perused by the majority; indeed it hath been said, that if the Mæonian bard himself were to revisit the earth, he would think his fame more securely extended, by the splendid and elaborate superstructure of Pope, than by the rough counterpart of the late translator; yet, as fidelity is the essence of translation, this praise cannot

not be denied to the author of the *Talk*.

It is to be lamented, that the subject of our present article, one of the few poets who has, in every instance, controuled imagination by duty, and rendered his muse subservient to the cause of virtue and religion; it is to be lamented, that such a man has been occasionally lost to his friends and the world, through mental depression, and poignancy of feelings, occasioned, as I have been informed, in one instance, by surveying men and things, our present state, and our probable future condition, through the melancholy and hopeless medium of the Calvinistic system.

Had I rendered to mankind one hundredth part of the service Mr. Cowper has done, by well directed literary exertion, and what is still more effectual, by the example of a blameless life, I should be ready to meet my Creator, either *here*, in devotional intercourse, or in the world of spirits, with the calm confidence of humble hope.

Superior intellect, and

very acute feelings, have been compared to a keen knife, which though admirably calculated for those purposes which require a delicate edge, is easily injured by rough usage, and sometimes cuts through the case in which it is enclosed.

I never repeat the following passage from our author's favorite poem, without joining hand and heart in the sentiment:

" 'Tis pleasant through the
loop-holes of retreat
To view the world——
To see the stir, but not to
feel the crowd,
To sigh, but never tremble
at the sound;
To run in fancy the great
circuit——
——and be still at home;
In scenes so thorny, and
where none
Find happiness unblighted,
It seems the part of wisdom,
and no sin
Against the law of love, to
measure lots
With less distinguished persons
than ourselves,
——To bear with patience
moderated ills,
And sympathize with those
who suffer more.

Mr.

Mr. Cowper appears to have aptly described his own genuine benevolence, his characteristic unassuming plainness of manners, in the following couplet :

An honest heart close button'd to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within.

DAILY ADVERTISER, singular notice in, which appeared after a gentleman's house in Stanhope-street, had been broke open.

" Mr. R——, of Stanhope-street, presents his most respectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honor of eating a couple of roasted chicken, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of old Madeira, at his house, on Monday night.

In their haste they took away the tankard, to which they are heartily welcome; to the table spoons and the light guineas which were in an old red Morocco pocket book, they are also *heartily welcome*; but in the said pocket book there were several loose papers, which consisting of private me-

morandums, receipts, &c. can be of no use to his *kind* and *friendly* visitors, but are important to him; he therefore hopes and trusts they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them.

For an old family watch, which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if any could be pointed out, by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser.

W. R.

A few nights after, a packet, with the following letter enclosed, was dropped into the area of his house.

Sir,

You are quite a gemman. Not being used to your Madeira, it got into our upper works, or we never should have cribbed your papers; they be all marched back again with the red book.

" Your ale was mortal good; the tankard and spoons were made into a *white soup*, in Duke's Place, two hours before day lite. The old family watch cases were at the same time made into

into a *brown gravy*, and the *guts new christened*, are on their voyage to Holland.

If they had not been *transported*, you should have them again, for you are quite the gemman; but you know, as they have been christened, and got a new name, they would no longer be of your *old* family. And soe Sir, we have nothing more to say, but that we are much obligated to you, and shall be glad to *farve* and visit you by nite or by day, and are your humble servants to command.

DIVINE VENGEANCE, a term too often prostituted by short-sighted mortals, to the base purposes of party malice and private revenge.

A striking instance of the perverse misapplication of these words by James the Second, when Duke of York, and of the emphatic reproof he received, is worth repeating, for the salutary purpose of inculcating mildness and moderation, in our treatment of those, towards whom we *might* be justified in exercising a *certain degree* of

wholsome severity and correction.

This odious and absurd character, thought proper, soon after the Restoration, to visit the author of *Paradise Lost*, in company with his brother, King Charles the Second. They wished to see, and were eager to reproach the hoary Republican, who in his controversy with Salmasius, had o'erleaped the bounds of decency, and treated the moral and political character of their father with acrimonious and unjustifiable virulence.

Milton was now become a helpless, blind old man, a circumstance which would have been considered by a generous mind, as a sufficient reason for overlooking, if not forgiving the violence of inordinate zeal, exasperated by the spirit of the times, and by the fury of political controversy. But the princes chose rather to attack the enemy of kingly government with his own weapons, and to imitate the most censurable part of the poet's conduct. They insulted him in various ways, and concluded a long

long string of coarse abuse, with the following words: "You are now suffering the just reward of your crimes, you old ruffian; DIVINE VENGEANCE has at length overtaken you, and put out both your eyes."

"I cannot say," replied Milton, calm and undisturbed, "I cannot say whether it has pleased the Almighty to punish me with blindness on account of my sins; but if *my* sufferings are to be attributed to this cause, THINK WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE CRIMES OF YOUR FATHER, WHOM THE SAME PROVIDENCE PUNISHED WITH DEATH." The Catholic bully baffled, and severely mortified, instantly retired, he was not able to utter a syllable, in reply to this appeal to his feelings as well as his reason, in argument so strong, in moral equity and fair deduction, so unanswerably applicable and convincing.

EPISCOPAL Revenues of England and Ireland, estimated on a very low valuation, at ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THOUSAND POUNDS a year; a sum applied for the sup-

port of forty eight persons, while such numbers of the inferior clergy are starving on forty pounds a year!—Yet Mr. Burke persisted to the last, in asserting, that *WE* (i.e. the English nation) that *WE GLORY* in giving the Archbishop of Canterbury ten thousand pounds a year!!!

If a reasonable disinterested man, would prove that any injury, personal or political, could arise from confining the income of future Bishops to one thousand pounds a year, (preserving to the bench, now living, their present salaries) and diffusing, as they dropped, the vast superfluity of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds a year, among the officiating, and, sad to say, the indigent clergy, so that none might starve, and none wallow in superabundance; I would, in that case, cease to lament so preposterous and partial a distribution of church revenue.

EXPEDIENCY, the touchstone of all human inventions, the unerring criterion by which every religious institution, and every political contrivance

vance must be tried; the paramount law which statesmen, divines, and philosophers, must willingly obey, or ultimately and reluctantly submit to.

I am aware that *justitia fiat ruat cælum*, is a favorite doctrine with certain late writers, and *some* of my readers; who, seizing abstract plausible positions, and hurried on by the enthusiasm of honest, but often impracticable intention, consider, reason, and act upon the maxims they avow, wholly independent of every concomitant circumstance, or any future effect they may produce.

I will not refuse to these gentlemen the praise of an heroic, if not a philosophic contempt of consequences; yet these intrepid reasoners, standing erect and undismayed on the strong holds of first principles, whilst contending elements, shake the very ground on which they tread; these rapid, these undaunted deciders on subjects where eminent sages, and great legislators, have trembled and paused, would do well to consider whether *some* of the favorite objects they

pursue, might not be attained by gentler means than those they wish to employ; and if they should not be able, *in their own time, and exactly in their own way*, to eradicate imperfection, remove evil, and redress grievance, to the full extent their sanguine hopes first taught them to expect, they would do well to consider, whether making a few sacrifices to general safety and public security, will not prove some compensation for failure, some satisfaction to soothe the pangs of disappointment.

To ride on whirlwinds and direct a storm, has been described as the awful and melancholy employment of a rank of beings, guided by omnipotence and wisdom, superior to, and free from, the infirmities and mistakes to which mortals are subject. Indeed such a post requires a union of calm intrepidity, self-possession, and firmness of nerve, which falls to the lot of few sublunary creatures.

The sagacious reader need not be told, that these preliminary reflections are directed to revolutionary measures; for it is almost
next

next to an impossibility that any revolution should take place, without inflicting punishment on some individual, and, for a time, augmenting calamity in certain quarters; a government without malversation, and a country without oppression, require not reform.

To demolish ancient institutions, and free mankind from superstitions, consolidated by the attrition of fifteen centuries; to deprive powerful bodies of men of their influence, revenue, and veneration; by diffusing truth and information to disband at once two thirds of three learned, wealthy, and respectable professions; cannot be performed without exciting the struggles of opposition, and the efforts of self-preservation.

He who, for more than half his life, has been looked up to and revered, as the instructor and benefactor of his fellow-citizens, as the reliever of their calamities, the soother of their pains, or the protector of their property, who fairing sumptuously, and cloathed in purple and fine linen, hath been conveyed

from place to place in luxurious splendor, will not be easily persuaded to descend from his triumphal car, to tread the pavement, and encounter the promiscuous bustle of common life; with his luxuries and comforts, from whatever quarter they may be derived, he loses his relish for existence; the attainment of personal merit, he finds *too painful an endeavour* for one, who hath long been reposing in the lap of ease; he is by nature, inclination, and almost by necessity anti-revolutionary, and falls in the bloody conflict.

Yet I have sometimes felt inclined to doubt, if there can be reason or morality in that stern justice, which is not tempered by prudence and mercy, I have hesitated in deciding, whether even melioration be desirable, if the means employed are incompatible with practical utility.

The English Revolution, of 1688, has been mentioned, but I think not correctly, as an instance of political transmutation, tranquil and unstained with blood; a vagrant monarch driven from his throne, the pensionary

onary court of St. Germans, the mendicants of the vatican, the civil wars and confiscations of 1715 and 45, clearly arose from, and were intimately connected with that transaction; such is the price at which the blessings we enjoy, have been purchased.

Were I disposed, or could I prevail on myself, to set out like a certain animated writer, whose principles would sometimes carry him further than *he says* he meant to go. Were I to set out like him, with an exasperated multitude, on a reforming expedition to Windsor, I should certainly approve of, and join in his prudent resolution, *to halt at Staines*; but it is a point worthy consideration, a point which travellers, on *such* journies, ought never to forget, coolly to consider, and, *previous* to joining our associates, (for, on these occasions, afterthought and repentance are unavailing) coolly to consider and determine, whether those whom we had accompanied so far, would permit us to stop on the road.

Should such a step ever be in contemplation, I would myself anticipate the purpose of, and, if possible, prevent the visit; presenting myself, with all possible expedition, to the august inhabitants of those turrets, whose gothic battlements frown at, but might be shaken to their foundations by democratic visitors; I would boldly announce myself the zealous avant-courier of humanity, policy, duty and common sense; I would earnestly intreat the illustrious family, in all its collateral branches, to respect public opinion, and in every possible channel to diminish superfluous expence; to consider the administration of the executive power as a trust for which they will, and must be answerable; and public happiness, as the great and first purpose for which power was bestowed.

Were my suggestions happily attended to, and after I had received unequivocal proofs, that they would be instantly, rigidly, and practically enforced, flying on the wings of honesty

nest hope and rational exultation, I would return to my impatient friends, dissipate, in a moment, anxiety and care, and enjoy the satisfactory triumph of having been a successful, but humble instrument, in procuring peaceable reform, and a redress of grievance, without impairing the forms of our well-poised constitution, or shedding one drop of English blood.

FALSTAFF, SIR JOHN, a character of Shakespeare's, concerning which, the following words of a dramatic critic accidentally caught my eye.

"In Falstaff, you have humour supported by wit; all is nature, all is jovial, all is gay; his self-sufficiency heightens your relish for his disasters; his unwieldy bulk prepares the mind for laughing, at his setting himself up for an enterprizing active gallant. *It is impossible not to love Falstaff; he has nothing to disgust, and every thing to give satisfaction; it is impossible to be tired of his company.*"

I will not deny the justice of many observations made by the gentleman, whom I have quoted; but

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to some of his assertions, more particularly to those printed in Italicks, I beg leave to enter an unqualified negative. How is it possible to *love* a liar, a glutton, a debauchee, an adulterer, a coward, and an unfavoury epicure, rank with crudities; we may tolerate a man of such a description for the sake of his humour; but it cannot be reconciled either to nature or to good taste, that we can contemplate such a character without disgust.

FANATICISM, a strong persuasion, founded on conviction or false reasoning, that the spirit of God acts upon us in an immediate and supernatural way; frequently assumed for the base purposes of interest and spiritual dominion, but often the natural effect of honest zeal, operating on violent passions, and a heated imagination.

Those involuntary external strugglings, and internal feelings, which have sometimes been appealed to as decisive testimonies of celestial inspiration, and sometimes of ridiculous extravagance, are clearly to be accounted for, and deducible

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ducible from nervous irritation, convulsive spasm, and hysteric affection.

How far, and how strongly the powerful principle, which is the subject of our present article, will stimulate the human mind, to act or to suffer; to rise superior to all opposition, to exile, chains, and death, has been exhibited at different periods of the world: In the conquests of Mahomet, the progress of the disciples of Zinzendorf, the multiplied followers of Fox, and the wide spread diffusion of the doctrines of the modern Methodists.

I have been accused of pleading the cause of this last religious persuasion; I have been reproached for being instrumental, as far as lay in my power, in degrading true religion, by speaking well of Enthusiasts and Ranters, who banish from it reason and good sense; and expose it to laughter and contempt, by substituting faith for good works, and thus, in effect, laying open a convenient door to every species of vice and impiety.

The charge is a serious

one; and any man, on whom it could be clearly proved, would deserve the hatred of his fellow-creatures, and lose that first of consolations, which arises from a consciousness, that we have exerted to the utmost, our powers, whatever they may be, for the benefit and happiness of mankind.

I appeal to every unprejudiced reader, if any deduction, direct or by implication, can be made to this purport from any part of the present collection, I have acknowledged, that Methodism had many evils, and some absurdities. (Vol. II. p. 258). I have called the preachers of its doctrines, blind guides; yet I have not thought myself justified in denying their real and actual merits, in purifying the vulgar, and amending the mob, who, in all countries, and at all periods, have required motives and instruments more powerful than reason and common sense, to stimulate their hopes and fears; in a word, I asserted, and again assert, that any tranquil method, not contradictory to sound morality, and capable

pable of producing such salutary effects, was highly laudable.

I will not refuse to my adversary, whom in another place I have called a coxcomb without taste, and a pedant without learning, I will not deny him the credit of dexterity, in his endeavours to fix a stigma of infidelity on all who venture to look boldly in the face of, and point out errors and impositions in that establishment, to which this gentleman and his associates adhere with such *disinterested* perseverance.

Such men, in all ages, have been the worst enemies of christianity; they scrupulously support, and defend, without a blush, the degrading corruptions, the awkward incumbrances, and tawdry superstructures which have been placed and grafted on the purest and simplest of all religions, by fraudulent craft; while the industrious of advocates of Deism, rejoice at such a union of hypocrisy and guilt, which so rapidly forwards *their* insidious purpose.

FAVART, MONSIEUR, a successful dramatic wri-

ter, author of several pieces, which although they do not exactly come under the description of legitimate and regular comedies, were well received in the middle of the present century, and became extremely popular at Paris.

It would be ungrateful in an Englishman, to treat with disrespect a writer, who has discovered in several of his productions, a strong partiality in favor of the natives of Great Britain; compliments them on the open plainness and honest bluntness of their manners, their inflexible courage and general character, while he rallies in a pleasant manner, and without acrimony or ill nature, their *supposed* gravity and gloom, their want of politeness, and their proneness to national prejudice.

I mention Monsieur Favart for the sake of recording a curious passage in an advertisement, prefixed to one of his *petites pieces*, I believe *Le petit Maître Malgre lui*.

“The following dramatic trifle has had many difficulties to encounter, which, however laughable and ridiculous

diculous they may appear in telling, are melancholy circumstances for an author.

"After writing it, and getting it received and rehearsed, not without much trouble, the day for its performance was announced, but on the instant of the curtain drawing up, the principal performer running across the stage with thoughtless eagerness, met with the head of a candle snuffer, making his way in an opposite direction, full speed; the concussion stunned and laid both parties prostrate on the floor; they were much hurt, and of course the business of the evening was postponed.

"It was advertised for a second time a fortnight after, when the chief female performer became so intoxicated with a famous cordial liqueur, called *Parfaite Amour*, which had been recommended by an attendant at the theatre, for a stomach complaint, that she was neither able to stand or speak.

"On attempting a third representation, things at the commencement seemed to proceed smoothly, but in an interesting scene be-

tween a lover and his mistress, the actors of which had in fact been once the very characters they represented; the hero in a transport of passion, inflamed by the part he played, and probably stimulated by a recollection of his former attachment, ventured on a rapturous kiss, and a gentle pressure of that lawn, which rendered still more tempting the beauties it did *not* conceal: the heroine disgusted at former inconsistency, or his present want of delicacy, repaid the insult with a box on the ear. Private animosity getting the better of public decorum, they abused each other in gross terms, in the face of the audience; after considerable delay and confusion, and an apology from the parties, the piece was suffered to proceed, had a good run, and put a handsome sum into the pocket of the author."

It has been remarked by a respectable critic, that the comedies of the French, though they are the liveliest and gayest people in the world, are for the most part of a more solemn cast than those of the *grave* English; that

that they are in fact rather conversation pieces than dramas, approaching to what we term genteel sentimental comedy, and somewhat paradoxically called *la comédie larmoyante*.

“ The levity of our pieces would not be endured at Paris, where the general run of their stage compositions, are more chaste, regular, decent and natural; containing little, if any, of that *broad farce*, which produces in London, such thunders of applause and bursts of laughter: the English productions are more humorous and diverting, but less delicate, and I fear less moral.”

I know not if this observation, made more than twenty years ago, be applicable to the present taste of Republican France, where theatric exhibition is said to flourish with renewed vigor and boundless expence, beyond the example of former times, so much as to have provoked the application of *panem et circenses*, to the Parisian populace.

On this subject it hath been suggested, that motives of policy have induced the

Directory to endeavor to entice their *active citizens*, by splendor, music, spectacle, and dance, from the irritation of political discussion, and the dangerous effects of revolutionary propensities; a kid for the lion to dandle, a tub thrown out for a whale.

FOULON, an unpopular individual, sacrificed early in the French Revolution, to popular fury, whose death has been pathetically described, and malignantly dwelt on, with a design of stigmatizing the cause of liberty. Yet it was observed, that his execution was celebrated with bonfires, and other public demonstrations of joy, at Hanau, the territory of an absolute prince, the Landgrave of Hesse.

This proceeding excited surprise in a traveller, who was accidentally passing at the time; but his wonder, and if he felt any, his concern ceased, on being informed that Foulon, in the year 1759, was intendant of the French army, and raised contributions in this unfortunate country, at that time the theatre of war.

Irritated

Irritated by some opposition to his oppressions, he seized ninety-three persons of the regency, noblesse, municipality, and principal inhabitants, and confined them for three days and two nights in a small dungeon, where they were so closely pent together, that they could only remain in an erect posture, during the whole of the time. On the evening of the third day, having endured the suffocating miseries of the black hole at Calcutta, they were indulged with a small allowance of bread and water. After exhibiting this proof of the merits of Foulon, I can scarcely prevail on myself to lament his being conducted *a la lanterne*.

FRANCE, our present war with, attributed to the following various causes.

First—To the personal resentments of the sovereigns of Europe, who considered the efforts made in favor of Louis XVI. as a common cause.

Secondly—To the systematic plunder and partition of the treaty of Pilnitz.

Thirdly--To the invasion of Holland, and the opening the Scheldt.

Fourthly--The preservation of religion and order.

Fifthly—To protect the British Constitution in church and state, against Jacobin doctrines.

Sixthly--The restoration of the Netherlands to the Emperor.

But since Lord Malmesbury's return from his second diplomatic journey, the circumstances between the two countries appear to have taken a new face; passion and personal malignity have added new stimuli to national hatred and political hostility; according to the rash and unjustifiable language of some, we are actually involved in a *bellum internecinum*; we must destroy the enemy, or perish ourselves.

If, while the English ambassador was treating for peace at Lisle, it can be incontestibly proved, that the emissaries of his employers were actually fomenting discord, and *purchasing* a conspiracy, to overturn the Gallic Republic; such duplicity cannot be too strongly reprobated, nor can we blame the peremptory language, and indignant

dignant demeanor of the Directory.

If, on the contrary, it can be proved, that our enemies listened to pacific overtures, without really wishing to attain the object proposed; that the more we grant, the more they will demand; if it shall be evident, that their great point, from first to last, has been under a Republican mask, to effect the universal monarchy of one of their old despots; it only remains for every Englishman to unite hand and heart, to resist and expel them; relying on those means, which God and nature have so copiously placed in our hands; we must in that case consider their cant of liberty, equality, and fraternization, as only the hollow instruments of vengeance, envy, and deceit, played off against our Constitution, our commerce, our independence, and our happiness.

FRANKING, a privilege enjoyed by peers of the realm, members of parliament, and many persons employed by government, which, on the supposition that their correspondence

relates to public business, exempts them from paying the postage of letters; and it is a fact, not very creditable to some of our wealthiest commoners, that Mr. Pitt's proposed regulations for curtailing this injurious exemption, with a laudable intention of increasing the national revenue, met with a longer, and more determined opposition than any measure since the Revolution.

An Irish peer, who was one of the earliest and most earnest, in offering to lay down his life and fortune, towards prosecuting the present war, and a well-known banker, to whom the freedom from postage was worth eight hundred pounds a year, these independent and public spirited gentlemen, vociferously opposed the salutary bill, and such was their disinterested zeal, actually divided the house against the minister.

It appeared in evidence, that the post office, in consequence of franking, had been a regular conveyance for silk stockings, taylor's, haberdasher's, and milliner's patterns; for periodic publications of every kind and description;

description; for bookseller's catalogues, and that a well known individual, in a certain public office, who had an allowance of *extra weight* for *state papers*, had actually sent, under two franked covers of his own directing, the two folio volumes of Johnson's Dictionary!!

GAY, JOHN, a silk mercer, and a pleasing poet, patronized in opposition to the minister of the day, by the Dutchess of Queensberry, who sacrificed the favor and fascinating splendor of a court, objects to a woman of rank, of some importance, to her disinterested friendship for the author of the Beggar's Opera.

It is not my purpose, in this place, to record the unexampled and unmerited success of that once fashionable, but indecorous drama, which, to say no worse of it, certainly paints in alluring colors, the adventures of vicious audacity. The present short article is introduced, to point out, and reprobate the following couplet, produced, and I think designed by Gay, for his monumental inscription:

This world's a jest, and all things shew it,
I thought so once, but now
I know it.

A sentiment in theory more false, and in practical influence more injurious, it is not easy to conceive; and I consider it of the highest importance to the interest of society, and to the impressing serious truths on the minds of our rising generation, to resist, with the energy of truth, and the firmness of strong conviction, a doctrine, which threatens to be more destructive, as it is conveyed in an apparently harmless axiom, and as the settled and last opinion of a man, respected in his day, for amiable manners and inoffensive life.

THIS WORLD IS NOT A JEST; he who travels with pain and anxiety, the rugged road, who wakes to labor, and sleeps without refreshment, or even the more fortunate man, whose paths are apparently covered with flowers, but ultimately and invariably planted with thorns, will tell us another tale. All things above, all things around,
and

and all underneath us, confirm a different opinion; they feelingly tell us, that the present is a scene of trial, toil, and preparation, an awful and momentous portion of existence, on the well or ill employing of which, and on the motives by which we are influenced, the happiness or the misery of ten thousand times ten thousand years depends.

To represent as trifling and unimportant, so arduous a struggle between passion and reason, between resolution and infirmity, I cannot but consider as unchristian, in expedient, and criminal; it is like supposing the ocean wrought into tempest, or the raging elements set in an uproar, merely to waft the bulk of a feather, or to drown the dimensions of a fly.

GORDIER, JOHN ANDREW, a respectable and wealthy inhabitant of Jersey, in the early part of the present century, whose death excited considerable surprize and alarm in the island where he resided, and was followed by circumstances so peculiarly melancholy and affecting,

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that they have afforded materials to the muse of Mr. Jephson, in his splendid and elaborate tragedy of the Italian Lover.

The subject of our present article had, for several years, paid his addresses to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, a native of the island of Guernsey; and having surmounted the usual difficulties and delays of love, which always increase the value of the object in pursuit, the happy day for leading his mistress to the altar, at length was fixed.

After giving the necessary orders for the reception of his intended wife, Gordier, at the time appointed, in full health and high spirits, sailed for Guernsey. The impatience of a lover on such a voyage, need not be described; hours were years, and a narrow channel between the islands, ten thousand leagues. The land of promise at length appears, he leaps on the beach, and, without waiting for refreshment, or his servant, whom he left with his baggage, sets out alone, and on foot, for the house he had so often visited,

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ed, which was only a few miles from the port.

The servant, who soon followed, was surprized to find his master not arrived; repeated messengers were sent to search and enquire, in vain. Having waited, in anxious expectation, 'till midnight, the apprehensions of the lady and her family were proportionate to the urgency of their feelings, and the circumstances of the case; the next morning, at break of day, the appearance of a near relation of the missing man, was not calculated to diminish their fears; with evident marks of distress, fatigue, and dejection, he came to inform them, that he had passed the whole of the night in minutely examining, and in every direction, the environs of the road by which Gordier generally passed.

After days of dreadful suspense, and nights of unavailing anxiety, the corpse of the unfortunate lover was at length discovered in a cavity among the rocks, disfigured with many wounds; but no circumstance occurred on which to ground suspicion, or even to

hazard conjecture concerning the perpetrator of so foul a murder.

The regret of both families for a good young man thus cut off in the meridian of life and expectation, by a cruel assassin, was increased by the mystery and mode of his death. The grief of the young lady not being of that species, which relieves itself by external effusion, and loud lamentation, was for that very reason the more poignant and heart-felt; she never shed a tear, "but let concealment, like a worm i'the bud, feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought; and, with a green and yellow melancholy, she sat like patience on a monument."

Her virtues and her beauty having attracted general admiration, the family, after a few years, was prevailed on to permit Mr. Galliard, a merchant and a native of the island, to become her suitor, hoping that a second lover might gradually withdraw her attention from brooding in hopeless silence over the catastrophe of her first.

In submission to the wishes of her parents, but with

with repeated and energetic declarations, that she never would marry, Galliard was occasionally admitted; but the unhappy lady found it difficult to suppress a certain involuntary antipathy, which, declaring herself, at the same time, unable to account for it, she always felt whenever he approached.

This singular, but well authenticated circumstance, was often remarked long before the fatal, the bloody secret was revealed; it was a more than mental aversion, and was said to bear a near resemblance to that tremulous horror and shivering, which seizes certain persons of keen sensibility and delicate feelings, at the sight of a spider, an adder, or a toad. But such was the ardor of passion, or such the fascinating magic of her charms, repulse only increased desire, and Galliard persisted in his unwelcome visits, some times endeavouring to prevail on the unfortunate young woman to accept a present from his hands.

Her friends remarked, that he was particularly urgent to present her with a

beautiful trinket, of expensive workmanship, and valuable materials, which she positively and firmly refused; adding, with a correctness of sentiment, and propriety of conduct, not always imitated by her sex, that it was base, dishonorable, and mean, to encourage attentions, and receive favors from a man, who excited in her mind sensations, far more violent than indifference, and whose offers no motive of any kind could ever prevail on her to accept.

But Galliard, by the earnestness of his addresses, by his assiduities, and by *exciting pity*, the common resource of artful men, had won over the mother of the lady to second his wishes; in her desire to forward his suit, she had taken an opportunity, during the night, to fix the trinket in question, to her daughter's watch chain, and forbade her, on pain of maternal displeasure, to remove this token of unaccepted affection.

The health of the lovely mourner suffered in the conflict; and the mother of the murdered man, who

had ever regarded her intended daughter-in-law with tenderness and affection, crossed the sea, which divides Jersey from Guernsey, to visit her, to offer every consolation in her power; and what, in such cases is always the most soothing consolation, to mingle tears with hers.

The sight of one so nearly related to her first, her only love, naturally called forth ten thousand melancholy ideas in her mind. She seemed to take pleasure, in recounting to the old lady, many little incidents which lovers only consider as important. Mrs. Gordier was also fond of enquiring into, and listening to every minute particular which related to the last interview of her son with his mistress.

It was on one of these occasions, that their conversation reverted, as usual, to the melancholy topic; and the sad retrospect, so powerfully affected the young lady, whose health was already very much impaired, that she sunk, in convulsions, on the floor. During the alarm of the unhappy family, who were conveying her to bed, their

terror was considerably increased, by observing, that the eyes of Mrs. Gordier, were instantaneously caught by the glittering appendage to the lady's watch; that well known token of her son's affection, which, with a loud voice, and altered countenance, she declared he *had purchased as a gift for his mistress*, previous to his leaving Guernsey.

With a dreadful look in which horror, indignation, wonder and suspicion, were mingled, she repeated the extraordinary circumstance, as well as the agitated state of her mind would permit, to the unhappy lady, during the interval of a short recovery.

The moment the poor sufferer understood that the jewel, she had hitherto so much despised, was originally in the possession of Gordier, the intelligence seemed to pour a flood of new horror on her mind; she made a last effort to press the appendage to her heart; her eyes, for a moment, exhibited the wild stare of madness, flung to its highest pitch, by the invenomed dart of horrible con-

conviction; and crying out, "Oh, murderous villain," she expired in the arms of her attendants.

It is hardly necessary, further to unfold the circumstances of this mysterious assassination; Gordier, in his way from the port to his mistress's house, had been clearly way-laid by Galliard, murdered, and plundered of the trinket; in the hope, that after his death, he might succeed to the possession of a jewel far more precious.

Galliard, on being charged with the crime, boldly denied it, but with evident confusion and equivocation; and while the injured family were sending for the officers of justice, he confirmed all their suspicions by suicide, and an impious letter left in his apartment, in which he imputed his abominable conduct to the fury of ungovernable passion; and concluded, with calling on the Almighty, *who had implanted such strong desires in him*, to forgive the rash, unwarrantable, and desperate act he was about to commit.

Improbe amor, quid non
mortalia pectora cogis?

Mr. Jephson, in common with most of our modern writers of tragedy, has been accused, by a severe dramatic critic, of introducing into his drama, persons who, without at all forwarding the business of the piece, appear to be brought in, merely to say fine things; and, instead of rousing attention by strokes of nature, and interesting incident, of sickening the ear, by pompous and sentimental dialogue, by *strut, whisker, and gold fringe*.

There may be a degree of truth in the observation; yet after the tragic mines have been for ages so industriously ransacked; he who has afforded Mrs. Siddons, for whom I understand it was professedly written, and Mr. Kemble, an opportunity of working so powerfully on our feelings, (which I confess was the case with me) is entitled, as a successful treacher in the footsteps of Shakespeare, to a degree of praise.

After Mentevoli, the murderer of the drama, has been vainly paying his court to the heroine of the piece, and she has expressed,

fed the most inveterate hatred against him, Mentevoli replies,

You hate me then?

Julia.—Hate thee — the term's too weak, 'tis vital horror;

The helpless dove views not the rav'nous kite,

With more instinctive dread and detestation,

Than I do thee.

Hence—thy fight is deadly to me.

Men.—O thou unthankful beauty,

How envy'd, but for thee, had been my lot;

My youth had glided down life's easy stream.

But since the hour I saw thy fatal charms,

My bosom has been hell;

All my neglected duties of the world,

Friends, parents, int'rest, country, cry against me,

And find all bartered for thy hate and scorn.

Julia.—I never gave thee hope; I play'd no hypocrite;

My heart at once, spoke through my eyes

Rooted averſion, coldness and disdain.

GOTHIC ARCHITECT, part of a late poetical address to.

“ Had Wren but liv'd to see thy blessed work,

To see Pilasters scor'd like loins of pork,

To see the orders in confusion move,

Scrolls fix'd below, and pedestals above;

To see defiance hurl'd at Rome and Greece,

Sir Christopher had never left the world in peace;

Look where I will, above, around is shewn

A new *disorder'd order* of thy own;

Where lines and circles curiously unite,

A strange compound of all, the compound composite:

Which Stuart reprobates, which Dance derides,

While tasteful Wyatt holds his aching sides.

It hath been observed, with regard to certain lapidary eccentricities of the gentleman in question, that he ought not to be made responsible for the whims of other people; that, in the instances alluded to, he,

he, by no means, followed his own inclinations, but the orders and plans of those who fancied they understood the science better than the man they employed.

GOVERNMENT, a strong one.

In the present age of popular discontent, when it has been thought, and prudently thought, necessary to strengthen the hands of government, it may be useful to hear the opinion of an able writer on the subject, Sir William Temple.

“The safety and firmness of any frame of government, may be best judged of by the rules of architecture, which teach us that the pyramid, of all figures, is the firmest, and least likely to be shaken or overthrown; that it grows still the firmer, the broader the bottom, and the sharper the point.

“THE GROUND UPON WHICH ALL GOVERNMENT STANDS, IS THE CONSENT OF THE PEOPLE; and that government which alienates the affections, oppresses the opinions, and crosses the interests of the people,

may be said to narrow its bottom; if this be done to serve the ambition, humour the passions, or advance the wealth of a few individuals who administer the executive power, the top of the pyramid may be said to grow broader, in proportion as the bottom is narrowed.

“This, of course, if carried to any extreme, will be a pyramid reversed, which, if balanced with skill, and supported by perpetual care, may stand for a while on its point, provided the elements be calm and untroubled; indeed, if the point should be very hard, the soil yielding and soft, it may gradually pierce still farther into the ground, and grow firmer the longer it stands. But this cannot happen if the top of the pyramid be weak and soft, or the soil into which it is meant to penetrate, be *hard and tough*.”

But to quit the figurative comparison, and apt allegory of Sir William, every reasonable man must agree with him, that general consent was originally the foundation, and that popular confidence is an essential ingredient

ingredient, in all well conducted governments; yet it is of importance to determine in civil dissensions, whether the dissatisfaction be well founded, whether it be a dissatisfaction of the majority, and whether the grievance in question be one which can be removed without altering, melting down, and destroying the form and fabric of the Constitution.

Should this prove actually the case, firmness to resist, and energy to correct, will be highly requisite; as a good father moderates the impetuous transports of a youthful son, or in the hour of sickness, administers, even against his will, nauseous, but salutary medicines.

I would in these trying instances, adopt a conduct similar to that which I pursue, when I occasionally wrap myself in an old family roquelaire, which has protected my father, my grandfather, and probably my grandmother, from the pelting of many a storm. When I occasionally issue forth, wrapt in this venerable remnant of antiquity, it is sure to attract the no-

tice and censure of the populace; one finds fault with its form, another with its weight, its color, and its texture; a third observes what a deal of camblet there is cut to waste, enough to make a cloak for his wife; I march on silent and unmoved, convinced that there is not a man among them, who would not eagerly exchange his smart, perhaps his thread-bare coat for the rugged, but comfortable covering; it might I allow, be easily cut and altered to the trim of modern fashion, but I fear that I should lose a proportionate share of the warmth and protection it affords.

The system of Sir William Temple, the rational system of governing a country, by the mild influence of mutual confidence and attachment, has been contrasted by the *disciplinarian* plan of Machiavel, which unites ministerial adroitness with a vigor beyond the law.

“The man who drives the political machine,” says the cunning Italian, “must take care that his hooks and staples be driven home, and see that his chains are strong.”

strong. Let his horses be in well tried *harnesfs*, and in each of their mouths, a *ckrb*; freely using his *whip*, holding a *tight rein*, and keeping a firm seat, he may go where he will, and at what rate he pleases.

"It is not at all necessary that the cattle under his management, should know by what point of the compass he is steering; only promise them good provender, and if you *cunningly manage* them, you may do with them whatever you please.

GUILLOTINE, addition to the article under this title, in my first volume.

The following trifle, written by Duchatelet, a few days before his execution, is strongly expressive of philosophy or of French levity, under circumstances which would have disqualified most men from turning a stanza.

La guillotine est un bijou
Aujourd'hui des plus à la
mode,
J'en veux en bois d'acajou
Pour mettre dessus ma com-
mode

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Je peffarai chaque matin,
A fin que n'étant plus no-
vice,
Je serais pret le lendemain,
Si j'allois etre de service.

TRANSLATION.

Since in our age of ever-
varying taste,
The guillotine's a toy quite
a la mode,
I'll have a model made in
costly wood,
For ornament upon my toi-
lette laid.
Each morn the curious in-
strument I'll try,
'Till grown at length pro-
ficient in the trade,
To-morrow, should our ru-
lers ask my head,
With graceful ease and ele-
gance I'll die.

HAIR POWDER, a material prepared by a tedious process, from wheat, and become a considerable source of public revenue, as well as a fashionable ornament of the head.

This custom of scattering a white substance on the hair, and giving indiscriminately to youth and to beauty, the hoary appearance of age; this habit, which

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which in a savage people, we should enumerate among their absurdities, is said to have originated from the extravagant freaks of certain ballad singers, at the fair of St. Germaine, in the beginning of the present century; they imagined, that by adding to their unnatural and grotesque appearance, it would occasion general merriment.

That which was first adopted to render the users of it ridiculous, is gradually become a necessary appendage to courtiers, and the indispensable decoration of every well-dressed gentleman; it is also an important object of finance in the national treasury, the distinctive mark of a GUINEA PIE, and has put a thousand pounds into the pocket of a theatric tax projector; an ample, a splendid reward, for the easy effort of a lucky thought.

During the late real or artificial scarcity, I perused much serious declamation, and much of laughable satire against the folly of wasting on the outside of the head, the indispensable means of subsistence, of dissipating in the powdering

room, what should support the cottager and his family; and I agree, that in case of an unproductive season, it would be highly cruel and impolitic, not to put a stop to superfluous consumption during the urgent moments of pressure and calamity, *but not a second longer.*

For it is a self evident proposition, confirmed by experience and common sense, that the greater the demand for any article, the more numerous and the more tempting the avenues to consumption, in the same proportion will the growers of it, turn their attention to providing a greater quantity for the market; no surer means of calling down a famine on our heads, could be imagined, than to diminish the various modes of consumption, except the fixing a certain price, beyond which the farmer, the grazier and corn-factor, should not be permitted to sell.

Should a wealthy individual, from caprice, madness, or any other cause, resolve to purchase every year of his life, thirty thousand quarters of wheat, and order the whole to be annually thrown into the sea,

sea, such extravagance and waste, in a moral view, would be highly culpable, he would probably fall a sacrifice to the resentments of the more indigent classes of society, but I am convinced, he would be a considerable benefactor to his country, to more than ten times the amount of the sum expended; he would advance the general interests of agriculture, by such a lavish expenditure, more than all our drawbacks, all our bounties, and all our prohibitions; he would be more instrumental in improving our waste lands, than a thousand societies, with Sir John Sinclair, or even Arthur Young at their head.

I conclude the present article with relating a little anecdote, on the authority of one of the parties concerned, leaving my readers to apply it in their own way.

The magistrate of a little town on the sea coast, a few years since, and I believe with the best intentions, interfered in the conveyance of fish by land carriage, from the place, over whose police he presided.

He could not behold with patience, cargoes of fish, of the first quality and size, consigned, wholesale, by the rapid conveyance of post horses, to an overfed and overgrown metropolis; whilst in the town where they were landed, none could be procured, but at a great price, and for the most part the refuse of the market.

I will not exactly describe what he said or what he did, but his object, apparently no very unreasonable one, was, that occasionally a basket of fish, not selected, but taken at random, should be disposed of at a fair market price on the quay. This proposal was acceded to, but mark the event, the fishing smacks one and all quitted the place, the shore is avoided as a quicksand, or an infected spot, and though the regulation in question, has been long dropped, the worthy magistrate, if disposed to treat his friends, orders fish from London, by the coach, and pays an enormous price.

HARRISON, JOHN, an eminent mechanic, raised to fame and independence

dence by his celebrated time-piece, which he produced to the world, as an unerring instrument for finding the longitude.

“ The longitude of any place is its distance east or west from any other given point, and what we want, is a method of finding out at sea, how far we are got to the eastward or westward of the place from which we sailed.

“ The application of a time keeper to this discovery, is founded upon the following principles: The surface of the earth is divided; for the purpose of calculation, into 360 equal parts, (by imaginary lines drawn from north to south) which are called degrees of longitude, and the daily revolution of the earth, eastward, round its own axis, is performed in twenty-four hours; consequently in that period, each of those imaginary lines or degrees becomes successively opposite to the sun, which makes the noon, or precise middle of the day, at each of those degrees. It must follow, that from the time any one of those lines passes the sun, 'till the next

passes, must be exactly four minutes; for the number of minutes contained, in twenty-four hours, being divided by 360, will give precisely that quantity; so that for every degree of longitude that we sail westward, it will be noon with us, four minutes later, and for every degree eastward, four minutes sooner, and so in proportion for any greater or less quantity.

“ Now the exact time of the day at the place where we are, can be ascertained by well known and easy observations of the sun, if visible for a few minutes, at almost any period of his progress; provided it is ten degrees above the place of his rising or setting, or not within an hour of its meridian. If therefore, at any time when such observation is made, a time-keeper tells what o'clock it is at the place we sailed from, our longitude is clearly discovered.

“ To do this, it is not necessary that a watch should perform its revolutions precisely in that space of time, which the earth takes to perform hers; it is only required that it should invariably

variably perform it, and with regularity, *in some known time.*"

Such were the avowed claims, and such the reputed merits of Mr. Harrison's time-piece; but impelled by duty, vanity, or inclination, he could not be content without attempting to display his literary qualifications. Deaf to the intreaties of friendship and affection, and apparently stimulated by a jealous fear that others might, or would assume the merit of his ingenuity, he published his book on the Mensuration of Time; a work, which, at once technically obscure, grammatically erroneous, and elaborately unintelligible, exposed its author, otherwise a very respectable character, to ridicule and reprehension.

Many *admired*, but none could read the book; his family sighed, and his patrons blushed; they saw, with concern, that Mr. Harrison, with all his undoubted merits, was incapable of committing his ideas to paper, that he was not able to explain his own inventions; the critics attempted *a translation*, but finding

the task attended with considerable difficulty, some of them, in a jocular or an irritated moment, accused him of wilfully, and from selfish motives, wrapping up in mystery and darkness, important communications, which he felt the public had a right to expect, as a small return for the splendid reward he had received.

From what I personally knew of him, and have heard from good authority, I cannot but acquit from so heavy a charge, a man, whose general conduct was not tainted by pecuniary obliquity, and whose principal errors originated from constitutional irritability, an attachment to his own opinion, and a harmless overvaluing of his labours, the natural, and not uncommon effect of having succeeded in pursuits, where such numbers have failed.

The national compensation he received was TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS; whether the benefits produced by the perfection of his time-keepers, were adequate to such a reward, I am not qualified to determine; yet, so elevated were his

his expectations, so well founded his claims, or so teasing the official forms required, to ascertain the justice of his pretensions, Mr. Harrison and the Board appointed to decide on his merits, parted with mutual dissatisfaction and distrust.

After listening to one of his long and tedious harangues, full of complaints and invective against a certain royal favorite, the clergy, and the two universities, whose professors he could never forgive, for differing from him in opinion; one of his friends and patrons, and a member of the Church of England, offended at his ill humor, which was often inconsistent, and always ill-timed, suddenly quitted the room, with the following short reply:

“I have ever been ready, as you well know, to do justice to the superiority of your skill, and the correctness of your inventions, but permit me to say, you have little reason to make *parsons* so perpetually the burthen of your song, and I can never be prevailed on to think a man *very ill*

used, who has received, at different times, twenty thousand pounds of the public money.”

I am informed by a friend, engaged in similar pursuits, that the time-pieces of Harrison were carried to the highest pitch of mechanic dexterity, that his *escapements* were incomparable; but from the intentional or accidental obscurity of his explanatory communications, he adds, that general science, and practical utility, have been very little, if at all meliorated by this singular instance of private ingenuity and public munificence.

The following observations on the same subject, were made by a gentleman, eminently qualified to decide on such points, and although a man of science, and on one occasion, a rival of the subject of our present article, remarkable for candor and sound judgment.

“By a series of observations made, from May, 1766, to April, 1767, with all possible attention to accuracy, fairness, and collateral evidence, (one of whom I believe was Capt.

Baillie,

Baillie, the subject of an article in a former volume) it appears that Mr. Harrison's time-piece gained 20 seconds per day; that in a West India voyage of six weeks, it cannot be depended on to keep the longitude within a degree; and that even *with* that allowance, it must be kept in a place where the thermometer is always some degrees above freezing; I nevertheless am free to acknowledge that his watch is a useful and valuable auxiliary, and *assisted by observations on the distance of the moon from the sun and fixed stars*, (a man may venture to write the words in Italics, now Harrison is dead, for during his life, they always exasperated him) they may be of considerable use to navigation."

HASTINGS, WARREN, a zealous and able servant of the East India Company, by whom he hath been amply and munificently rewarded.

The name of this gentleman is not introduced for the purpose of displaying his eminent, his indisputable merits, or to blazon forth the obvious, the ac-

knowledged faults of his administration; faults which appear to have originated from an oppressive, but consistent system of policy, and from his considering the interests of his Leadenhall Sovereigns, and the official emoluments of himself and his adherents, paramount, in many instances, to the calls of justice, reason, and humanity.

Yet, whatever were his motives, or whatever his means, it cannot be denied, that he employed them with efficacy and spirit, and at a most awful crisis, when thick clouds, and impending ruin, hung over our oriental prospects; it cannot be denied, that the effects of his superintendence, have considerably tended to the firm establishment and improvement of the revenues of our East India possessions; and that he has been enabled to retire with a splendid independence.

For, to this opinion, I still adhere, notwithstanding the frowns, the shrugs, and the solemn avowals of the intrepid Major; indeed, had any additional proof been wanting to confirm my former assertions

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on this subject, they have recently been placed beyond a doubt, by certain unwelcome discoveries, made in consequence of the derangements of a considerable foreign banking house :

“Magna est veritas et prevalebit.”

But the business of my present page must not be forgot ; it is to ask, in as calm and temperate a manner as I am able, the various defenders of Mr. Hastings, from his acute persevering advocates in bands and tye-wigs, and his indefatigable military partizan, down to those more humble diurnal light troops, who, at a certain period, were so assiduous in letting off their literary crackers, squibs, and diurnal paragraphs, not forgetting his unwearied champion in *Ansteyan Rhyme* ; I would with coolly to ask them, in the name of truth, decency, and common sense, which they so often violated, and so industriously set at defiance ; I wish to ask, what there was either hard, oppressive, unreason-

able, or unjustifiable, in the impeachment of Mr. Hastings.

I rejoice, in common with thousands, at the issue of his trial ; I see, with pleasure, a highly endowed public functionary, a munificent patron of arts and learning, restored, with unsullied honor, to public opinion, and enjoying the fruits of a considerable portion of his life, which he had devoted to the military and civil services of his country.

Yet, that he *was* tried, is a source of considerable comfort to every reflecting *disinterested* man ; for, after all the whining pathos, mercenary cant, and outrageous invective, with which every literary avenue *but one*, at a certain time, was crowded and overcharged ; it is evidently palpable, that there was strong, ample, and sufficient cause for investigating the conduct of the Governor General of Bengal, and submitting it to a public tribunal. Whatever difference of opinion on the whole aggregate of facts, or the degree of *malus animus* which led to them, several of the
articles

articles were incontestably proved, and, as such, publicly and solemnly declared by the present Chancellor, and several other noble Lords; these are facts upon record, and cannot be denied.

I hope hereafter to hear no more of the *cruel* and *injurious* treatment of Mr. Hastings: his proceedings were of a suspicious, and some of a violent tendency; he was tried, has been acquitted, and enjoys a *princely revenue—vivat et valeat.*

I confess there was something peculiarly harrassing to a man of spirit, who had once filled an exalted post, to be chained down for many hours, many days, and many years, without being permitted to reply, resent or refute, the animated invective, and flowery misrepresentations of Mr. Burke, the high-wrought delusive, but fatiguing pathos of Mr. Sheridan, and the unvaried monotony of Mr. Anstruther: but against such puny attacks, the sword and buckler of integrity, talents, and brilliant success, was fully sufficient to support, and ultimately to ex-

tricate him from all his difficulties.

HOCHE, LAZARUS, a General in the French service, and commander of an expedition against Ireland, for whose failure of success, we are wholly and solely indebted to a tempestuous ocean.

The following is part of the address of this gallant officer, to his troops, previous to embarking:—

“From friendship, duty, and honor, you will respect the persons and property of the country to which we are going; the armed soldier is the only object of your attack; citizens, peasants, manufacturers and artisans, as long as they are inoffensive, must be protected.

“As I have endeavoured, by every means in my power, to provide for all your wants; and as I consider the reputation of the army committed to my charge, of the highest importance, I shall severely punish every departure from duty and discipline; laurels and glory shall be the lot of the Republican soldier;” (continued the general, forgetting his depend-

ence on winds and waves) "death and disgrace shall be the price of violation and pillage. You have known me long enough to be assured, that I will not, for the first time, forfeit my word; I have given you a fair warning, recollect it."

The author of this animated appeal, to the hopes as well as the fears of his companions in arms, seems to have taken some pains to guard against the almost inevitable excesses and evils of war; with what justice or propriety he hath been called a monster, with other opprobrious names, by the Chancellor of Ireland; or, in what single instance of his life, he hath given just occasion for such gross abuse, I feel myself at a loss to conceive.

I hope and trust, that in case of a Gallic invasion, I should not be less active in opposing our foes, than the noble Lord; but unfounded obloquy; irritating epithet, and foul-mouthed abuse, even against an enemy, I consider as injurious and unlawful, more particularly in the advocate of social order and regular governments; calculated

only to embitter national warfare by personal malignity, and unworthy a peer, a great law officer, and a gentleman!!

HUMANE SOCIETY, a benevolent and valuable institution, which has been the happy means of rescuing many a father and many a husband from a wat'ry grave.

I would wish to do justice to the industrious alacrity of Dr. Hawes, the practical philanthropy of Dr. Lettsom, and his coadjutors, to his munificent encouragement of this and other highly useful establishments. But while we pay this just tribute to patriotic exertion, Dr. Lettsom, in his annual commemorations, his medals, his octavo edition of cases, and his speeches, should not lose sight of that impartial justice, which it is the duty of a medical historian, and a citizen of the world, to observe.

I will not deny to the humane, and if the doctor is more gratified with the appellation, the Royal Humane Society, the well earned merit of apt application, and skilful contrivance,

ance, in cases of *suspended animation*, I agree, that considerable *improvements* have been made in this important branch of medical science; but it cannot escape the doctor's memory, that the professed purpose of the society, which is the subject of the present article, was carried into effect, by a company of merchants in Holland, and by the municipality of Paris, many years before it was so generously patronized in England.

It is also well known, that the first introducer and promoter of *resuscitation* in England, was Dr. Alexander Johnson, who addressed a letter to the President and Fellows of the Royal Society, which was publicly read, and for which, thanks were returned to him.

Dr. Johnson, with a modesty and diffidence, the general attendants of good sense, was far from arrogating to himself *the merit of invention*; he called himself only an importer of useful knowledge, from our continental neighbours; he did not, in the language of Dr. Lettsom, "*felicitate his country on possessing men, sufficiently bold and elevated in*

their views, to imitate the power of the Deity, in restoring to life apparently dead matter."

I take this opportunity of calling on Dr. Lettsom, as a professional man and a christian, to retract some of his unfounded assertions in a late speech, in which he considered, and called *his* society, the authors and inventors of the process in question; I intreat him, as one not blind to many of his good qualities, to moderate florid exaggeration, retrench the fabulous luxury of his panegyric; and, as he is not a very young man, to array himself in the sober language of unassuming simplicity and truth.

If he shall happily prevail on himself, on some future occasion, to do justice to the industry of Dr. Johnson, to whom I am wholly a stranger, but who, many years before the Humane Society was instituted, printed and distributed, at some expence and trouble, many thousand copies of instructions for recovering persons *apparently dead by drowning*; I shall not have labored in vain; and Dr. Lettsom will add, to the virtues

... of ... and ... the character ... of a ... of ... and ...

HUTTON, ULRIC. a ... of ... a ... of ... in the ... of the ... and the ... of ... through they ... to be the work of ... and have ... by ... to ... of ... to ... himself, the ... and ... of ... in ... that they were the ... of the ... if any ... is to be ... the ... of ... of ... com- ...

... seems to have ... a ... of ... the ... he ... of ... as a ... of ... in the ... of ... and ... of ... and ... of ... and ...

panegyrists have thought proper to place him.

Having discovered acuteness and energy in the course of his studies, he was persuaded to bury himself in monastic seclusion; but being constitutionally restless, he served as a private soldier several campaigns in the army of Maximilian the First, Emperor of Germany, the original persecutor of Luther. At the siege of Padua, he received a wound from an enemy more dreadful than any Italian foe he encountered; a wound, the scourge of illicit love, for which, at that period, no remedy was known; and to which, after a long and painful course of unavailing palliatives, he ultimately fell a sacrifice.

By the anguish he endured, and the natural desire he felt to seek relief, his attention was powerfully excited, and he thought himself experimentally qualified to write his *Treatise De Morbo Gallico*, which is still extant; but much of his theory, much of his practice, and his great sheet anchor, (*Guaiacum*) are superseded

perfected by modern art, and a certain omnipotent specific, extracted from the bowels of the earth.

His unfortunate condition did not escape the ridicule and sarcasm of his enemies, of whom his violent spirit, and his rude attacks on established opinions, had created him a host.

It cannot be denied, that the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* possess much laughable humor and just satire, that the Latinity of Hochstraten and other *poor scholars*, is admirably hit off, and the weapons of ridicule and irony handled in a masterly manner; but they are too often disgraced by obscenity and profaneness, and the name of the Almighty is introduced on every trivial occasion, with indecent wantonness.

Yet with all their faults, the publication of these letters in Germany, is said to have eminently assisted the Protestant cause, and ultimately to have forwarded the Reformation. This probably was the case, but I have sometimes been tempted to think, that the spirit in which they are

written, and their occasionally treating the most important and awful of all subjects, with coarse merriment, or indecorous levity, tended to injure the great truths of christianity, invalidated gospel precepts, and promoted the progress of infidelity.

Every thing directly or remotely connected with revelation, with our peace here, and our everlasting happiness hereafter, should neither be spoken or thought of, but in a serious and devout state of mind.

These circumstances, the exasperated spirit of Hutton, and his tendency to personal violence, considerably diminished the esteem which Luther and Erasmus once entertained for him; the former, in reply to his sanguinary threats against Pope Leo Xth, thus addressed him: "I hope and believe, that your zeal is founded on good motives, but the cause of the gospel is not to be forwarded by fire and sword;" Luther, like other popular leaders, had excited a spirit, which he found it difficult to moderate and cool.

The

The pacific remonstrances of Erasmus only increased his resentments; he attacked his former friend in rude invective, and after wearing out the patience of all his acquaintance, died miserable, and wretchedly poor, in the cottage of a hospitable curate, to whom he was almost a stranger, near Zurich.

For several years before his death, he appears to have arrived at that unhappy state of morbid, nervous irritability, in which, like the dog in the manger, he could neither be easy himself, nor suffer others to be so; a state somewhat similar to that of the *philosopher* Rousseau, during his stay in England, in consequence of the invitation of David Hume, and his patron.—If such are the evils attendant on superior faculties, if such the penalties attached to the acquisition of eminent attainment, the humble man may look up, with thankfulness to Providence, for blessing him with content; the ignorant may also cease to lament the absence of those dangerous qualifications, which so often render lear-

ned men troublesome to their neighbours, dissatisfied with, and uncomfortable in themselves.

IMPERIAL GERMAN ETIQUETTE, which it is not easy to relate without a smile or a sigh.

It is scarcely necessary to give a narrative of the battle of Vienna, in 1683; most general readers know, that under the walls of that city, John Sobieski, king of Poland, with an army, considerably inferior in number, defeated two hundred thousand Turks.

But history blushes to relate, that the emperor of that day, Leopold, I believe the first of the name, called a council, to deliberate on the manner in which an elective king should be received by an emperor; "In your arms," said the Duke of Lorraine, with honest warmth, "for he has preserved the empire, and saved Europe from destruction."

Notwithstanding this just and mild reproof, our purple idiot, I mean our purple emperor; for on points where family pride was out of the question, he did not appear deficient, and is said to

to have dismissed his minister, Zinzendorf, for advising him to be absent from the battle; Leopold ordered his chancellor to give the King of Poland to understand, that it was not consistent with the dignity of the empire, to offer him his hand.

After much idle cavilling, and silly ceremonious arrangement, in which the conqueror was too indulgent to the whims and caprices of a fool, whom he had saved, the parties met in an open plain: Leopold, with a studied indecorum, appearing in a loose undress, and during the whole interview, continuing to prate of the vast benefits he and his ancestors had conferred on Poland; Sobieski, in all the native dignity of personal worth, but with an ironical coolness, which hurt the emperor's feelings, merely replied, "I am glad that the Poles have been able to render you a trifling service in return;" gently inclining his body, he quitted the imperial presence.

Few circumstances would have pleased me better, than to have had it in my power to relate, that the

gallant Pole had bound his ungrateful ally hand and foot, and sent him, packed up in a hamper, to the Seraglio.

If the Archduke Charles and Buonaparte chance to meet, history will have a different tale to relate.

INCHBALD, MRS. an ingenious novellist, and a successful dramatic writer, who seldom errs as a describer of life, of men, and manners; a species of knowledge, in which many novel-builders, who describe the world from their closets, are deficient. Yet in one of her late productions, deservedly a favorite with the public, I think she mistakes.

It is where she describes her heroine, suffering under the agitations of love, on its first accession.

"The walks were melancholy, and the company insipid, every thing seemed altered, but it was herself who was changed; yet tho' she found herself less happy, she felt, that to enjoy the happiness she had lost, she would not again be reduced to the being she was before.

" Thus

“ Thus does the lover consider the extinction of his passion, with the same horror, *as the libertine looks upon annihilation*; the one would rather live hereafter, though in everlasting punishment, than cease to exist.”

Nothing can be further from fact and every day's experience; I never yet knew a wicked man, and I have had intercourse with a few in my time; I never yet knew a wicked man, who would not merely have preferred a state of non-existence to everlasting punishment, or even the probable chance of it, but have earnestly and eagerly desired it.

A short argument in favor of, and an illustration of this opinion, may be seen in the latter part of the article Coroner, in this volume.

INQUISITION, original foundation of.

After the conquest of Granada, by the Spaniards, such of the Moors as would consent to be baptized, were permitted to remain in the country; but to prevent apostacy, and to detect interested imposture,

a certain number of Friars, *calling themselves* THE COURT OF INQUISITION, was authorized to reprove, exhort, and punish.

In this society, at first apparently instituted on harmless, perhaps on laudable principles, we may see strongly exemplified, the danger of trusting, in the hands of feeble or ill designing mortals, the prerogative of Omnipotence. To dive into the remote springs of action, to decide in matters of conscience, and read the human heart; a power perhaps originally exercis'd with mercy and discretion, gradually degenerated into the most deadly despotism, converted the balm of revelation into poison, and made the most powerful of monarchs tremble on their thrones.

The blasphemous trash of defending religious persecution, on the ground of the words in the scripture parable, “compel them to come in,” I have noticed in the article Ximenes, I trust not with undue emphasis, or unnecessary warmth.

A well informed general reader, need not be told the fate of those miserable Moors,

Moors, who refused baptism; while their more pliant brethren were reserved by the humane Spaniards, as food for future *auto da fés*, the wretched men, who from sincere, and in that case, laudable motives, turned with abhorrence, from the alternative; crowded in narrow and unsafe vessels, were devoted to destruction, in a tempestuous ocean, perished by famine, on a desert coast, or fed the vultures and tygers of Africa; animals far more rational and merciful, than Ferdinand and Isabella, or the bigots and monsters they reigned over.

INSANITY, a disease to which the English nation has been said (I think without sufficient proof) to be peculiarly liable, and described by the praisers of *other times*, as more frequent in the present day, than at any former period. This unhappy tendency is attributed by these declaimers, to the profligacy and dissipation, which has pervaded every rank of society, to the prevalent fashionable excesses, to late hours, cards, and Faro, to spirituous liquors, green tea,

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and the agitations of deep gaming; and lastly, to too general and indiscriminate a use of deleterious minerals, in the modern practice of physic.

It is not my present business to enquire, whether we exceed or fall short of our forefathers, in vicious indulgence; and I have observed in another place, that every departure from moral rectitude, though not accompanied with a total derangement of intellect, may, strictly speaking, be deemed, and actually is, an absence of reason; for what creature, guided by her celestial influence, would risk the penalties of everlasting punishment, for a momentary sensual gratification; to this species of intellectual perversion, every wealthy country will be found equally subject.

Without waiting to enquire into the propriety of giving so general and indeterminate a definition to madness, we are authorized by experience to say, that the miserable victims; to this, of all afflictions the most terrific, are, previous to its harassing attacks, frequently the most correct

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in conduct, temperate in life, and healthy in constitution; a circumstance, which proves, that madness *may* arise from causes independent of, and unconnected with those assigned.

I will not lose myself, or mislead my readers, by exploring the unfathomable abyss of remote causes, particularly in a class of diseases, which appear to originate from predispositions, wholly out of our power to investigate with accuracy or precision; sometimes from morbid constitutional irritability, or peculiar nervous arrangement, and sometimes from mechanic pressure, arising from local injury or original mal-formation. It cannot be denied, that these causes are often roused into action, and always aggravated by the temporary stimulus of rage, by unconquerable grief, immoderate joy, and other incidental circumstances, to which the madness is generally attributed.

But the hereditary nature of this dreadful malady, first induced me to give the present article a place in my collection; and I ad-

dress myself with the seriousness such a subject demands, to every man and to every woman, who is convinced by infallible evidence (and in *such* a case I would not be governed by slight proof) that the seeds of madness are actually in their family:—I solemnly call on them, as sincere christians, and as feeling men, to arrest, as far as lies in their power, the diffusion of disease without remedy, the spreading of irreparable calamity; I earnestly exhort them to live and die unmarried, and if possible, without descendants.

At the Day of Judgment I should dread to appear before my Creator, as the parent of an unhappy train of children, whom I had wilfully and knowingly introduced into existence, with so terrible a curse entailed on them; on that great, that awful day of general retribution, I should prefer the condition of an offender, spotted with common sins like a leopard, and dark as an Æthiopian with venial transgressions.

Every

Every antinuptial argument produced against those incontestably infected with hereditary madness, is equally applicable to persons, either in themselves or their ancestors, notoriously contaminated with scrophula or king's evil.

It is, I confess, a hard sentence, thus to lay a cruel embargo on the first great law of nature, and close a legal avenue to one of the few pleasures, we are permitted innocently to enjoy; but however harsh and unaccommodating, it is not more severe and mortifying, than thousands, and tens of thousands have voluntarily imposed on themselves in Catholic countries; what these mistaken, but perhaps well-meaning men, have undertaken on their *own* accounts alone, shall we repine at or refuse, when the interests and happiness of ten thousand times ten thousand, are probably at stake?

Resolute self-denial, on this as on other occasions, disarms the tempter; and he who wholly abstains from, or has never commenced the practice of illicit sensual gratification,

will enjoy the honors of victory, without the risque and perils of a struggle: but at all events, and however unpropitious or unpleasant the consequences, I consider marriage in the circumstances I have pointed out, as a sin of the first enormity; and were I sure beyond the reach of doubt, that I came under either of these deplorable descriptions, whose unequivocal symptoms, compared and strengthened by traditional and collateral facts, it is almost impossible to mistake; were I positively convinced, that such was my unhappy fate; if I found it impossible, from motives of religion and duty, to suppress the stimulating fury of desire, or to extinguish it by an *abstemious vegetable diet*, that sovereign remedy for every inordinate passion; I would not hesitate a moment, in preferring obscene and bought embraces, with all their nauseating and dangerous accompaniments, to the heinous and never-to-be-forgiven crime of entailing misery and abhorrence on generations yet unborn; of deforming the fair face of nature,

nature, in one of her most excellent productions, by forcing into existence, the pallid mis-shapen productions of fatuity and languor, a race of unhappy beings, who suffer from disease, before they can be said to live, who endure a two-fold share of the miseries, without being qualified to taste the exhilarating circumstances of life.

This prohibition, if I mistake not, falls very short of the rigid regulations of the Mosaic law, concerning lepers, delivered by a writer, more immediately under the influence of the Almighty, and according to every hypothesis, a statesman, possessed of strong sense, and deep policy.

"Let his cloaths," says the inspired law-giver, speaking of these miserable outcasts, "let his cloaths be rent, his head he shaved, and a covering be fixed on his upper lip, HE SHALL DWELL ALONE; his habitation shall be without the camp. His house shall be scraped within and without, and that which they scrape off, shall be carried into an unclean place; with other mortar shall the house be

plastered, but if the leprosy again break out, the house shall be broken down, the stones, the timber, and the mortar thereof shall be carried forth out of the city."

I am aware that this article will not be cordially relished by a species of fortune-hunter, which I think, of late years, has increased, and is still thriving amongst us. I think them numerous, for I could easily point out a dozen; in the contracted circle of a recluse, a pretty considerable number.

These desperate and indecorous adventurers alternately prowling to London, Bath, the sea side, and our provincial towns, sometimes in red, and sometimes in black coats, rest not from their iniquitous career, till they have fixed their eyes, and at last their talons, on some unfortunate female, rendered by unconquerable defects of person, temper, or understanding, an unmarketable commodity, in the fair Smithfield mart of modern matrimony.

These unlucky women, enticed by fraudulent arts from

from the arms of their parents, are either placed in a situation which exposes them to ridicule and contempt, or plundered of their property and peace of mind, are deserted by their unprincipled husbands.

I will not pretend to address myself to marauders, against whom a blunderbuss or a pistol is the proper argument, and the only effectual guard, and a gibbet, the punishment they merit; but every family, which numbers amongst its inmates, one of these unfortunate creatures, will, I trust, keep themselves in a state of unceasing vigilance and precaution, when they understand, that to search for, and point out such unhappy victims of illicit pursuit, is become a professed and lucrative business, conducted with legal formalities, regular percentage, formal interviews, precautionary obligation, office fees, parchment and seals; that a herd of young men, numerous in the present day, of great wants, but very small desert, blush not to consider, and to declare, this mean and unmanly expedient, as their last and

most productive resource. That depending confidently upon it, trusting to apt emissaries, and those most infamous brokers in human misery; on the first signal of a prize in view, they are allowed considerable credit by coachmakers, tailors, perfumers, and other subordinate tradesmen, on the strength of a nuptial speculation at once preposterous, unnatural, and unjustifiable.

In case of success, the fortune of the poor wife is deeply taxed to satisfy the demands of neck or nothing tradesmen, and dashing artizans, whose profits are proportionate to the risque of such an adventure. A regular system of fraudulent co-operation is established; the good will of governantes, milliners, servants, humble dependants, and other professional frequenters of great houses, is secured, in various ways and at any cost, to forward the unhallowed work.

Making themselves masters of infatuation, deformity, and imbecility; of the sick, the halt, the half-witted, the crazy, the libidinous, or the blind; from hospitals,

hospitals, from mad-houses, from convents, or from nurseries; from boarding-schools or masquerades; from parks, from auctions, from operas, from plays, or from chamber windows; by rope-ladders, by moon-shine, by sun-shine, by hook or by crook, they rush, with front undaunted, and felonious hearts, to the land of promise, and elbow God's altar, profaning his holy temple, and converting a sacred and awful ceremony into odious mockery, and an instrument of the basest traffic, robbery, and collusion.

This article ought not to conclude, without a hint to the friends of insane persons, who think they have sufficiently discharged their duty to their unhappy relations, by committing them to the care, and by confining them in the house of some professional man, or his assistants, and that all further claim on them ceases. But there are circumstances, in these cases, which ought never to be forgotten; and I mention them, without the most distant design of offence, or imputation to the proprietors

of mad-houses, several of whom I know to be worthy and respectable characters. The circumstances to which I allude are, that the keepers of these receptacles are, and naturally must be, from the nature of their circumstances and employment, mercenary in their views, that they cannot possibly be influenced by the tender sympathies of blood and of affection; and, lastly, *that it is not their interest that the patient should ever recover*; I agree, that motives of so sordid a kind, would never have weight with a conscientious professional member, a man of honor, and a gentleman; but it is not clear, that they will be wholly overlooked by the more humble appendages of such receptacles. If I may be permitted another suggestion, it is, that I have seen, or have fancied that I have seen, a defect in gentleness; but this I understand is the effect of habit, arising from the stern law of absolute necessity, as these patients, like persons of a different description, whose passions are stronger than their reason, can only be managed by

by the savage restraints of fear and compulsion.

But I return to the situation of the friends of mad persons: I could point out more than one who, in the bustle of business, or the levity of dissipation, have been grossly deficient in this important branch of social duty; who reflecting, when it was too late, for their brother, (the word has escaped my pen) has long been delivered, by the kind interposition of death, from the hand of the tormentor, have confessed to me, with tears, that their error, or their crime, the effect rather of thoughtless gaiety than unfeeling neglect, or intentional unconcern, was the source of many a painful reflection, embittered, because it was unavailing.

As it is of importance to close, as far as we are able, the avenues to ineffectual repentance, and regret, which cannot be remedied, attending to the following particulars, may prove useful to those who are, or hereafter may be, doomed to such trying and anxious moments.

A deranged patient should, in every instance where it is not wholly incompatible with circumstance and situation, be retained, as long as possible, under the roof and eye of his friends; but if this cannot be done, the distance should never be more than a few hours ride. He ought to be visited, at least, two or three times a week, not at fixed times, but at hours unknown to, and unexpected by the persons under whose care he is; and, at every visit, unless there are urgent reasons to the contrary, the keeper should be absent part of the time.

A thousand little cares, necessary comforts, and soothing consolations, will present themselves to the fertile, anticipating, inquisitive eye, of zealous affection, which we have no right to expect, and indeed cannot meet with from a stranger, evidently actuated by venal motives, and whose finer feeling must naturally be smoothed down, or hardened by the friction of professional habit.

Besides, should there be, at any time, lucid intervals, which,

which, in many of the most desperate cases, sometimes occur, how shocking must be the scene, on the first opening of the mind's eye, whilst searching, with ineffectual gaze, for sympathy and commiseration, thro' the gloom of a darkened or a grated window, to see only surly strangers, wearied, perhaps irritated by fatigue, trouble, and watching; to feel the benumbing cramp of a straight waistcoat, perhaps, to be bolted and chained to a floor; while the brother and sister we once loved, the wife and child we once doated on, are dissipating, in heedless profusion, that wealth for which we traversed the globe, toiled in the counting-house, or melted at the bar. The soundest reason, awakening to such a scene, could scarcely stand proof, but would instantly sink into despair and distraction; yet, with all its horrors, I had rather be the miserable victim, than the negligent or the guilty relation, who had consigned him to, and deserted him in it.

IRONICAL SATIRE, a species of literary composition, in which Swift ex-

celled. A specimen of it, on a late *particular occasion*, the production of a pen to which this collection has been frequently indebted, is thought worth preserving.

“Avershaw^X died last Monday; an amiable man, cut off in the prime of life, formed by nature, talents, and education, for a statesman. He read with tolerable correctness; he spoke and wrote, at least, as intelligibly as the defenders of our present men and measures; like them, what he did not know, he could assert, and what he could not prove, he would swear to. His conversation was copious, lively, and figurative; but, conscious of the general tendency in mankind to doubt, he frequently appealed to Heaven; on these occasions, his oaths were solemn, his execrations marked by energy and indignant sensibility.

“His talents for finance, were alone sufficient to have raised him into consequence; where persuasion was ineffectual, he employed force; what could not be done by direct means, he performed by circumvention;

circumvention; like other great financiers, he first *excited terror*, and by this method, generally raised supplies with facility. In one respect he differed from these eminent characters; though he levied large contributions on the rich, the accumulating, and the tenacious, he spared the poor and helpless.

“Of his sincerity, had sincerity been necessary in *his* vocation, we have no reason to doubt; but this, and his other virtues, he did not lavish on trifling occasions; what he did not profess, it would therefore be unjust to accuse him of wanting; the circumstances and situations in which he was placed, called for other qualifications. He had all the ambiguity of a prime minister: In his schemes, he observed the profoundest secrecy. It was difficult to know what he meant from what he said; from his countenance little could be gathered, as in the execution of his darling projects, he concealed it beneath a mask, which at once preserved his modesty and eluded observation.

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“He was a friend to war, and, like other admirers of that science, not averse to depredation; so firm in his purpose, and so provident in his means, that he never undertook an expedition in which he failed. His courage was prudent rather than rash; he took every possible advantage of his enemies, frequently making his attack when they were unprepared, unarmed, and sometimes sleeping in the dead of night.

“In the common intercourse of life, his manners were plain and unadorned. He did not oppress his inferiors, he scorned to flatter his equals, and submitted reluctantly, to his superiors; he pretended not to virtues he did not possess; he prated not about conscience, when it was his practice to violate its precepts. His disposition was convivial, he loved a cheerful glass; yet, in his cups, he was patriotic; he would not encourage foreign spirits, but was devoted to the productions of his native country.

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“In

"In his commercial transactions, his moderation was conspicuous.—When inclined to part with any thing, he never received more than a third of its value; often adding, with an oath, in order to increase confidence, 'That it was more than it cost him.'

"In his hours of recreation or reflection, he was fond of wandering over uncultivated heaths, commons, and unfrequented woods; from the fertility of his genius, he generally rendered these solitary excursions productive. His ideas of property were not correct; his notions of the *meum* and *tuum* were somewhat confused. Deeply engaged in the practice of railing cash, he probably had neither inclination or leisure to attend to theory and hypothesis. He preferred the *monied* interests; and so peculiar was his mode of address to men of that description, that he always gained upon them.

"Of his religious opinions, little can be collected. He frequently spoke of hell; yet he never anticipated success by *fasting*,

nor ever before or after an engagement composed a *form of prayer*. His extemporaneous effusions were, however frequent and fervid, generally heard with fear, and often with impression.

"Such was Avershaw; he fell by a death, glorious as his life, a death which hath alone been wanting to complete the characters of many heroes and statesmen, whose histories would, in that case, have been perfused with greater pleasure and profit."

JEWISH ARISTOCRACY, an instance of, lately introduced in his discourse, by a popular preacher.

Speaking of the pride of birth, and the contempt with which certain writers treat the lower orders of society: "It was in this manner," said the divine, "that the aristocrates of Jerusalem spoke of the Saviour of the world: 'Who is this that maketh such a stir amongst us? Is it not the son of Joseph the carpenter?'"

JUBENTIUS CELSUS, a Roman prætor during the reign of Domitian, against

against whom he joined in a conspiracy; but being seized, and condemned to die, demanded a private audience of the Emperor. Proper precautions being taken to prevent personal violence, his request was granted; and, after many mysterious hints, and dark suggestions, he declared, that if he was pardoned, it would be in his power to communicate many important discoveries, with which the life and safety of his sovereign was intimately connected.

The execution of his sentence was respited, tho' in fact, he had nothing of consequence to impart; and, under various pretences, he delayed making the promised confession, from day to day, 'till Domitian was assassinated by Parthenius, and the artful traitor escaped.

The conduct of Jubentius has been compared to that of a nobleman, in the reign of King William, who was tried for treason, and condemned; but saying that he was master of certain dangerous secrets, which he was willing to impart to the king and his

ministers, they were inclined to listen to him; he added, that as his testimony, under the present circumstances, could be of no validity, he would delay it 'till he had received a pardon, which, as soon as it had passed the great seal, was formally delivered to him, in the presence of the Privy Council; they then called on him to make the proposed discoveries.

He surprized every person present by the following words, firmly grasping the pardon, at the moment he spoke: "My Lords, all the hints I have thrown out, were wholly without truth or foundation, and merely to save my life. I solemnly protest, and call Almighty God to witness, that I am in possession of no secret transaction whatever against government, except that for which I was sentenced to suffer death; and I trust your lordships will excuse the finesse I made use of, when you consider that my life was at stake."

JUDGE JEFFERIES,
his singular speech to the Mayor and Aldermen of Bristol.

"I have

"I have brought a brush in my pocket, to rub off your dirt; I tell you I have brought a stout besom, with which I will sweep every man's door, both within and without; for, in good truth, you want rubbing, the dirt of your ditch is in your nostrils.

"Where am I? in Bristol, a city in which it seems you claim the privilege of hanging, drawing, and quartering; a privilege you ought to enjoy, at least, once a month. I have a calendar of your city in my hands, and hope, before I have done, to hang one half of you at least."

It has been doubted, whether the title of Earl of Flint, by which Jefferies, while Chancellor, was addressed, in the dedication of a medical book, published by a Dr. John Græneveldt, in 1687; it has been doubted, whether the title was serious or satirical.—But, although from the circumstances of the times, no evidence remains of a patent or grant of such a dignity; yet a physician, and a candidate for practice, would certainly not have

addressed a great officer of state, in the language of irony. It is, however, a singular coincidence of qualities and words; and the title which King James's Chancellor and favorite chose, was admirably expressive of the hardness of his heart.

JUSTICE of a Cause.—In most contests, from Constantine and Mahomet, to Robespierre and Mr. Pitt, both parties, in their appeals to Heaven, as well as the sword, are disposed to dwell on the superior justice of *their* side of the question.

On this occasion, the sentiments of two followers of the camp of John, the great Duke of Marlborough, have been mentioned; conversing, the evening before the battle of Hochstet, on the dreadful business of the ensuing day, one of them concluded with saying, "May God stand by the right." "Don't tell me of the right," said a Scotchwoman, "God stand by Hamilton's regiment, right or wrong;" a wish consonant, I believe, with the feelings of most soldiers
and

and most lawyers, in the struggles of the field, as well as the forum.

KELLY, HUGH, a stay-maker, a writer for attornies and for newspapers, a political pamphleteer, and a dramatic author.

Descended from humble, but honest parents in the city of Dublin, and apprenticed to a business he disliked, and of course neglected, he quitted his native country clandestinely, and arrived in London, literally speaking, with no more than a shilling in his pocket, and the solitary shirt on his back.

Hunger, and a want of dexterity in his original occupation, which he tried for a short time in the metropolis, impelled him to seek employment as a hackney writer in Chancery-Lane; but emolument, inadequate to his toils, and probably the consciousness of superior abilities, soon occasioned him to quit this sedentary drudgery.

Having communicated sufficient samples of his talents, he was placed on the establishment of the *Gazetteer*, and afterwards of the *Public Ledger*, as a poli-

tical essayist, and dramatic critic, with a decent salary. In this situation, he gave considerable satisfaction to his employers, and became acquainted with Lord Baltimore, in whose defence, with respect to his treatment of Miss Woodcock, Kelly defended his patron with so much zeal and success, that the peer presented him with a five hundred pound bank note.

Dazzled with the possession of a sum, the tenth part of which he had never before possessed, but not without some scruples of conscience, for having pleaded the cause of a profligate debauchee; our author took chambers in the Temple, became generally known, and respected as a literary man, and soon after succeeded to the editorship and superintendence of one of the diurnal publications, to which he had hitherto been only an appendage.

Being advised by his patron to turn his attention to the stage, he produced the next winter, his *False Delicacy*, which was received with applause, and not long after, a political pamphlet, which was well written, but somewhat

somewhat diminished his popularity, as it was in favor of administration, but secured him a friend at court.

During a period, which has seldom been equalled for popular commotion, and party violence, Kelly professedly a ministerial advocate, could not expect to escape unhurt. His next piece, *A Word to the Wife*, was condemned unheard; an eye witness of this unjust and cruel decision, and a regular frequenter of dramatic exhibitions, relates that he never witnessed a scene of equal uproar, noise and confusion; that he never beheld a stronger or more impressive instance of democratic despotism, of the "*Civium ardor prava jubentium*."

It was impossible, that a syllable of the piece could be heard; its opponents had not the decency to disguise the malignity of their motives, as hath sometimes been done, under the masque of pretended critical indignation; "It is Kelly's, and shall not be performed," re-echoed from a thousand voices.

With such reasoners, it

is in vain that justice or common sense can expect to be heard; the curtain was dropped, or the house would have been torn to pieces; and the author soothed his disappointment, by publishing the play, with a numerous and profitable subscription.

Rendered cautious by experience, he brought forward his future pieces, under an adopted name, and they generally proved successful.

Hugh Kelly has been produced as an instance of a man, sprung from the lowest order of society, and almost uneducated, yet who in the walks of literature, private life, and public intercourse, shewed no defect as a writer, a christian, a friend, a polite man, and a gentleman.

KENYON, LORD, his motto, *Magnanimiter crucem sustineo*, thus aptly translated by a literary lady, "I boldly recommend the punishment of the pillory."

KING, DR. WILLIAM, an exasperated tory and jacobite, in the reign of King George the Second, principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford,

Oxford, and author of an obscene, but scarce poem, called the Toast, published in the year 1737, under the name of Peregrine O'Donald, as a translation from the *Latin* of Frederic Schaffer, a Laplander.

The doctor appears to have possessed much of the narrow bigotry, and some of the malignant spirit of his party, which frequently burst forth on his academic associates, as well as his political opponents, some of the first wits of that day; they did not however forget to repay his abusive petulance, in a manner, which almost justified his conduct; they made it a pattern for their own.

Dr. King appears to have been endowed with decent powers, which though they would never have enabled him to soar above mediocrity, guided by prudence, might have conducted him through life with credit and satisfaction; but a *wish* to shine without adequate *ability*, that rock, on which so many of us split, exposed him in the decline of life, to the shafts of sarcasm and invective.

In convivial meetings, intoxicated men are said to be the most averse to retiring; they will not in general be satisfied, 'till in their endeavors to prove, they can walk as straight as any person in the company, they have stunned themselves against a wall, or been laid prostrate on the floor. It is thus with many characters of a common cast, characters which can only escape censure, when they escape observation; impelled by vanity or constitutional restlessness, they seize, like the subject of our present article, every opportunity of presenting themselves to public notice, and provoking general discussion; an unlucky turn of mind, which kept Dr. King in *hot water*, half his life.

On the dedication of the Ratcliffe library, he insisted, contrary to the custom of the University, and in opposition to the express desire of the trustees, who were aware of the character of the founder; he obstinately insisted on making a public speech; a task, for which he was by no means

means qualified, either on the score of pure latinity, or popular eloquence.

Yet in spite of these fundamental defects, and other unpropitious circumstances arising from his political tendencies, he commenced his oration with a falshood, well known to the majority of those who heard him; "I would willingly have declined my present office" said this singular man, "had it not in a manner *been forced upon me.*"

As if it was his fate or his perverseness to handle every subject, which it was desirable on every account, for him not to meddle with; he next rushed with the zeal of an idiot, and the coarse white-washing brush of indiscriminate panegyric, to the character of Ratcliffe, whose harsh features, savage maxims, and unaccommodating peculiarities, the trustees, like sensible men, thought the less that was said of them the better:

" 'Tis only praise like this that damns our friends."

His dwelling on the *erudition* and *humanity* of the

founder, laid him open to an attack for such injudicious and misapplied adulation, and subjected him to the suspicion of wrapping up satire in irony; but the notorious attachments of the physician, as well as the divine, to the Court of St. Germaine's, clear him from the charge.

"*His fortunes,*" says Dr. King, speaking of the founder, and evidently glancing at the great house at Blenheim, but for getting that his pecuniary was the tenderest point in Ratcliffe's character, "*his fortunes* were not collected by war and desolation, they were not cemented by the blood and tears of thousands, but in diffusing health and comfort."

"I will not deny," said an antagonist of the subject of our present article, I believe Dr. Burton, of Eton; "I will not deny the professional merits of the founder of the library, but it is notorious, that no man ever used more artifice and cunning, in accumulating money, than Ratcliffe; and instead of being eminent for erudition and humanity, for which you so pre-

preposterously praise him, he always affected to despise them."

"His warmest friends always confessed, that his natural sagacity amply compensated for his want of learning; his total absence of feeling, all who would not implicitly submit to his caprice and insolence, regularly experienced."

"Your rating Dr. Ratcliffe a London physician, the proverbial fee-hunter of his day, with Asinius Pollio and his Bibliotheca, is like comparing the Vatican to a book-case."

The orator thinking, or rather feeling some apology necessary, for the faults and inaccuracies of his style and language, observed,

"Studia mea interpellant convivium, amores, ingrata quædam negotia et peregrinationes crebræ."

"A curious and laudable excuse for a scholar's defects," said one of the doctor's audience, "feasting and wenching are enumerated without a blush, among the avowed methods, in which an old man spends his time."

"I should have taken

less notice of your unappropriate adulation, and the disgusting incense you have poured on a very faulty individual," says the same writer, "had you not larded your crude oration with whinings, and complaints of oppressed liberty, when the slavish attachment of yourself and friends, to an odious and proscribed family, is so well known, and universally reprobated, by every friend to the British Constitution."

"Many of these have been properly expelled for their flagitious conduct, but many remain behind."

"I cannot conclude, without commending your prudence, in preventing a translation of your speech from being published in English; as it would not sound well, for the head of a college to be prosecuted in the Court of King's Bench, for a libel; and you are still at liberty to set the example, of a man publishing scurrilities, in bad Latin, with impunity."

Our irritable Principal did not submit to the chastisement of Dr. Burton, without reply; he published in 1750, what he called

"Elogium.

"*Elogium Jacci Etonensis, five Gigantis*, or the Praises of Jack of Eton, commonly called Jack the Giant," collected into English metre, after the manner of Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, John Burton, and others; to which is added, a Dissertation on the Burtonian Style, by a Master of Arts; Dr. King was so elevated with his supposed success, in this satirical doggerel, that in a moment of triumph, he exclaimed, "I too am Jack, but it is Jack the Giant-killer."

In this poem, Mr. Bowyer the printer, did not escape his lash, a man, the tenor of whose life and conduct was such, that it was difficult for any reasonable being, to be at enmity with him; he was never able to recollect any circumstance, on which the satirist could ground his resentment, unless that on one occasion, he ventured to hesitate on the classical purity of an expression of Dr. King's, in his famous oration.

The subject of our present article, was also an unsuccessful candidate for representing the University

of Oxford in parliament; and the election is said to have involved him in considerable obloquy, vexation, and expence.

LANGOIRAN, MONSIEUR, a sensible and zealous Hugonot, a subject of Charles the Ninth, king of France.

Several months before the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, it was the execrable policy of the Catholics, to soothe the fears of the Protestants, and all their apprehensions by kindness and attention, which appeared too overacted to be real.

Of this opinion was the subject of my present article; puzzled and perplexed, as well as alarmed by a conduct so very different from the general practice of those inveterate foes of the Protestant faith; and after considering the subject in every point of view, he resolved to emigrate; but previous to his departure, called on the worthy Coligni, to take his leave. The Admiral remonstrated with Langoiran, on his rash determination, called his suspicions groundless, frequently repeating to him,
"My

"My friend Langoiran, why will you not remain with us? I tell you your fears are foolish." "I chuse rather," said the fugitive, "to save myself with fools, than to stay and perish with men wiser than myself."—The fatal event amply justified his sagacity and his caution.

It ought not to be suppressed, that on this bloody and nefarious occasion, there were Catholics who refused to co-operate with the merciless myrmidons of the Vatican. Of this number was the generous and humane D'Ortez. "I have read," said the gallant Viscount, "the letter, enjoining a massacre of the Hugonots, to the inhabitants of Bayonne; but they turned away with horror and indignation; your majesty has many thousand faithful subjects, but not a single assassin in that city."

LEARNING, an admirable remark on, by Selden, strongly exemplified in various articles of this collection.

"No man is the wiser for his learning, it may administer matter to work in, or

objects to work upon, but wit as well as wisdom, (observe the difference, my literary friends, who once objected to the expression) wit as well as wisdom is born with a man."

LEEDS, DUKE of, his sensible observation, in a debate on one of the Duke of Bedford's motions for peace.

"It is amazing," said the Duke of Leeds, "to see the infatuation which prevails with respect to the war; I have repeatedly conversed with people, in other respects not deficient, but who on this subject, talk as if no proposition for peace could be made, 'till the British army had reached Montmartre, or the French were on Shooter's Hill; such extremes of rashness and timidity, are equally fatal; if things are to arrive at that desperate situation, the question would be not how to treat, but how to fall."

The *Bellum internecinum*, that intemperate declaration of Mr. Burke, and his infuriate school, and so sensibly exposed by the noble Duke, has been tardily, but in-

ineffectually disavowed by ministers since my former volumes.

LOCKE, JOHN, author of an Essay on the Human Understanding, a book more frequently quoted than perused.

In the course of certain political altercations, this writer, whom I cannot name without a proud glow in my bosom, at his being an Englishman, this masterly writer has not escaped the censure of Mr. Reeves, who compared to the object of his petulance, is a mole attempting to undermine and upset the dome of St. Paul.

I endeavoured for some time, to discover the reason why writers, of a certain description, have been so ready to outrage the memory of a man, to whom reason and revelation are so considerably indebted; for while he founded the depths, and precisely ascertained the boundaries of human intellect, he did not forget to defend the christian religion, and was himself a living example, of the efficacy of the doctrines he enforced,

I was for some time at a

loss to account for writers, who affect so much zeal for established governments and social order, for their disrespectful treatment of so excellent a person, 'till the following passage in his writings, opened my eyes on the subject; and I now understand, in consequence of this and other sentiments of a similar tendency, that a writer, whom after-ages will regard with almost religious adoration, whilst all memory of his traducers will be dissipated into oblivion, is a democrat, a republican and a leveller.

"A church is a voluntary society of men, joining themselves together of their own accord, in order to the public worshipping of God, in such a manner, as they judge acceptable to Him, and effectual to the salvation of their souls; a state is also a society of men, constituted only for the procuring, preserving, and advancing their own civil interests."

LIVES AND FORTUNES.—It hath been remarked, and I fear with truth, that many of the most sanguine supporters of the war, who came forward

forward very early, with voluntary offers of their Lives and Fortunes, have been found singularly tardy in following up their declarations with any real sacrifices; nor has the minister been observed, in his difficulties, to apply particularly to any of these friends, who had so repeatedly pledged themselves in the business.

A wag suggests, that it is against the rules of sporting, TO KILL THE DECOY.

LOTTERY TICKET Anecdote.

In the early part of the reign of King George the Second, the footman of a lady of quality, under the absurd infatuation of a dream, disposed of the savings of the last twenty years of his life, in two lottery tickets, which proving blanks, after a few days melancholy, he put an end to his existence.

Among his loose papers, several plans were found, of the manner in which he would spend the five thousand pound prize. His mistress preserved the following, as a curiosity in its way.

“As soon as I have re-

ceived the money, I'll marry Grace Towers, but as she has been cross and coy, I'll use her as a servant.

“Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer, with a toast, nutmeg, and sugar in it; then I will sleep 'till ten, after which I will have a large sack posset.

“My dinner shall be on table by one, and never without a good pudding; I'll have a stock of wine and brandy laid in. About five in the afternoon I'll have tarts and jellies, and a gallon bowl of punch; at ten a hot supper, of two dishes; if I'm in good humor, and Grace behaves herself, she shall sit down with me;—to bed about twelve.”

LOVE. What lady was it (where, and to whom) who observed, on this subject, that in men, desire created love, but that in women, love created desire.

MÆCENAS, the favorite minister, and confidential friend of Augustus, the patron of Propertius, of Virgil, and of Horace, whose praises have been re-echoed by the learned of all ages, and whose name has been transferred
by

by general consent, to every munificent encourager of literature and science.

That many of his faults have been suppressed, and some of his virtues considerably exaggerated, by the enthusiastic warmth of gratitude and affection, past experience and present example, give us little reason to doubt; yet, after making every allowance for the high colouring of friendship or flattery, it cannot be denied, that the character of this eminent statesman, has descended to posterity in a highly favoured point of view, and surrounded with considerable splendor.

Succeeding to the intimacy, and directing the councils of his master, during a domestic war, which raged with more than civil fury, and in which, as a military and naval commander, he took an active part; he conciliated, by his affability, the esteem of contending parties; whilst he restrained, with predominating dexterity, the keen resentments of Augustus, who, with all his apparent moderation and

deep policy, was of a disposition cruel and unrelenting.

Passing, by design or accident, a tribunal where the Emperor presided, Mæcenas was struck by the agitation of his body, and the fury of his looks; his anxiety was considerably increased, on reading a long list of offenders condemned to immediate death. Unable, from the distance and crowd to address or approach Augustus, but irresistibly impelled, by humanity as well as sound policy, to arrest him in the impetuous career of irritation, he drew his tablets from his pocket, and writing on them, "Cease, cease, thy bloody work;" they were conveyed, by the hands of the multitude, to the seat of the judge.

The Emperor's eye was instantly caught by the well known hand-writing of that friend, from whom he had received so many salutary and useful lessons; by the magic influence of reason and reflection, his passions immediately subsided, he adjourned the court, and afterwards listened

ened to the mild suggestions of mercy and forgiveness.

The minister who could venture on such a step, and at such a time, must have possessed, and *have felt* that he possessed considerable influence; and the sovereign, who submitted to such wholesome reproof, not only without offence, but with obedience, deserves considerable praise.

Mæcenas has been censured for advising Augustus, contrary to the intreaties of Agrippa, for advising him to maintain that absolute power, and rivet those chains which had been previously forged by the imposing arts and martial genius of Julius. Without wishing to derogate from the patriotic virtues of Agrippa, or supposing that Mæcenas was wholly uninfluenced by selfish motives, I cannot but think, the measures recommended by the minister, and pursued by his master, as best calculated for that deplorable state of public spirit, and private virtue, to which the republic was reduced.

To administer a government in which the democratic branch predominates, requires a union of moral rectitude and political sagacity, a general diffusion of wisdom, virtue, and information, which, from the testimony of cotemporary historians, we have little reason to think was the case at that unpropitious period.

A charge of a darker nature has been produced against the subject of our present article; that when he perceived Agrippa had excited the jealousy of Augustus, he persuaded the Emperor to marry him at once to his daughter Julia, or to put him immediately to death. In reply to a charge which would involve an eminent and celebrated character in the odium of an assassin, and in justice to the reputation of Mæcenas, it must be observed, that this accusation is wholly inconsistent with the general tenor of his life and conversation; and that it is produced by a splenetic and invidious writer, remarkable for seizing every opportunity to describe
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men and things in their most unfavorable colors.

I am very unwilling to think ill of a minister, who gave the following advice to his sovereign, when he complained of the calumny of his enemies: "Give yourself no concern, if what they say against you be false; and, if true, think yourself obliged to any man who points out your errors, and immediately reform them."

At the same time, it cannot be denied, that Mæcenas appears to have been, in some instances, a thorough paced courtier, a kind of character, a class of beings singularly compounded, who uniting a due regard to decorum, with pliancy of principle and lax morality, will too often, for the sake of the smile of the moment, submit to actions, at which conscience and cooler reason, strongly revolt; and for which the very persons for whom they debase themselves, will not fail to hate and despise them.

The favorite of Augustus was also accused, by some of his cotemporaries,

of affecting a quaintness and prettiness in his manners and expression; of being generally effeminate, and of limping in his gait and walk; I can easily believe that a great man, surrounded by parasites, might easily have his head turned by incessant adulation; yet, from many passages of his friend Horace, we have good reason for thinking, that, with all their praise, they knew enough of the character of their patron, to communicate to him, without fear, useful advice, and, in some instances, unpleasant truths; the intercourse between the minister and his literary associates, if we may judge from the traits which remain, appears to have been rational, manly, and independent.

But to enumerate among his faults that which clearly originated from a tender constitution and a debilitated frame, is surely inhuman and severe; a man whose corporal pains, or mental anxieties, often prevented his sleeping more than an hour during a whole night, might, I should think,

think, have been left to *enjoy*, unenvied and unblamed, the consequences and appearances of infirmity.

It is not uncommon with persons of robust forms; and strong spirits; to ridicule or disbelieve the sickly tales of languor and dejection; what we have not felt ourselves, we are unwilling to credit in others; and it would be one of the evils of an uninterrupted course of health and prosperity, were such Halcyon days compatible with our present imperfect condition, it would be a very serious evil, to render us obdurate and unfeeling towards the distressed and misfortunes of others.

MANON L'ESCAUT, an interesting French novel, which describes a hot-headed, infatuated young man, of keen sensibility, and apparently not without discernment, well educated, and, till he beheld Manon, of sober life and conversation; but suddenly fascinated by a little Syren, who yielding to the ardor of a first passion, met him with mutual rapture, and, at first, with maiden vows; but confessing herself un-

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ble to struggle with the hardships of poverty, forsook her lover, the moment his purse was empty, and dispensed her favors, without partiality or affection, to the highest bidder; coolly defending her conduct, on the ground of absolute unavoidable necessity.

Yet the fatal attachment of our headstrong youth, continues ardent and unimpaired, in spite of parental remonstrance, or amicable interference; and, notwithstanding the most damning proofs of a total absence of delicacy or a feeling heart, those indispensable requisites, without which, youth and beauty, with most men, lose half their attractions.

Unbiased by duty, unsubdued by conviction, uncooled by suffering, he pursues the giddy unprincipled fair one through the various, the rapid contrasts of luxurious elevation, and wretched deprivation, which the life of a prostitute so regularly affords.

Stimulated by want, and hurried by thoughtless prodigality into the debasing resources of vice, she loses, as is generally the case

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with

with women who cease to value chastity, she gradually loses sight of moral rectitude: Manon, the frail, the faithless, but still in her admirer's eyes, the lovely but unfortunate Manon, whose virgin vows he had first received, Manon becomes obnoxious to the violated laws of her country.

From a loathsome dungeon, in which she had been confined; with her head shaved, in chains, and wrapped in the coarsest of garments; she is conveyed on shipboard; the guilty associate of a crowd of hardened wretches, and doomed to a miserable exile, on a dreary uncivilized coast.

An account of her destiny reaches the lover, in a retirement to which the salutary restraint of paternal care had removed him: he bursts from confinement, traces, and at length overtakes the squalid groupe, on their journey to the seaport, and bribes the conductor to permit him to accompany them; satisfied, if after all his hardships, he can catch the averted grief swollen eye of Ma-

non, whisper comfort to her soul, and if possible, lighten those fetters which weigh down her tender limbs, and bear hard on that bosom, he has so often pressed to his own, and kissed ten thousand times.

Such are the animated expressions, such the sentiments, and such the conduct of desperate passion, of fondness or romance, which age and wisdom will bear with indignation or contempt, but which are actually and frequently exhibited between fourteen and twenty-one; at a period when the impulse of unhallowed delight too often reigns triumphant, undisturbed, and unalloyed by prudence, or common sense; a stormy unpropitious period, which frequently shipwrecks our future peace, and which every serious man, may be thankful he has weathered and past over.

After eluding the anxious enquiries and researches of his family, and submitting to shame, distress, and ridicule, he actually embarks, transports himself with a lawless band of outcasts, felons, and impures; exposes

exposes himself to the perils of a sea voyage, the stench and suffocation of a ship's hold, the company and abominations it contains, still more loathsome and execrable.

He swallows, without repining, the black mouldy substance which they give for bread, and the scanty allowance of a fluid which has little resemblance to water, and which he is obliged to strain between his teeth before he can swallow it; he still thinks himself happy, if he is permitted to place himself near Manon, to rest her head on his bosom, occasionally breathe a sigh of sympathy and condolence, and *in turn* convey her to the grating of the hatchway, to recover her by a little air, from the effects of the noisome pestilential vapour in which they are enveloped.

They arrive at the land of desolation, where solitude alone is safety, where to behold the face of man, the wildest and most blood-thirsty of all its inhabitants, is certain death, where to be seen is to be devoured. The frame of Manon is not

formed to endure the fatigues, and meet the evils which await her; she sickens and pines.

Shocked that Manon, after all his efforts, for whom alone he considers life as worth preserving, that Manon is likely to be snatched from his arms, he submits, in agonies, to the regulation which separates the sexes during the hours of repose.

Tortured with fears that he shall not find her alive in the morning, he starts from broken unrefreshing slumbers, and concealed by the midnight gloom, darts to her mattrass; in a mingled tumult of hope, fear, regret, and fond delight; he seizes her in his arms, conveys her from the hovel, and without exactly knowing whither to go, takes the first path which presents itself; eager to find some friendly solitude, some den or cave, where he may himself administer to her support, by the fruits of the earth, and restore her health by tranquillity, a purer air, and the chrystal stream.

A furious tempest overtakes them, one of those tremendous

tremendous hurricanes, which it is impossible for a European, who has not visited such latitudes, to form a proper idea of. Ministering angels of vengeance, are almost seen and heard, 'to ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm;' thunderings which shake creation to its axis, clouds bursting in torrents, and winds alternately blowing from every quarter; hurling into chaos and destruction animals, trees, and habitations, and blurring, in hideous havoc, the fair face of nature; scenes, compared to which, the utmost fury of an English blast, is little more than the zephyr of a Summer evening.

Manon, already worn down with pain and sorrow, sinks under the complicated horrors of her situation; after confessing the kindness of her lover, and her own unworthiness, after the last sad sighs of tardy unavailing repentance, she faints in his arms; he watches the last struggle of departing life, she closes her eyes for ever.

The unhappy man passes the remainder of the night

amidst the war of contending elements, mingles curses and imprecations with the howlings of the wind, and peltings of the storm; he impiously reproaches Providence, for not crushing him with a thunder-bolt at the moment of Manon's death.

As day light approaches, he digs a grave with his own hands, in the loose and sandy soil of that country, to protect the clay-cold lifeless form he still adores, from wild beasts; he deposits his last, his only treasure, in the earth, and has scarcely finished the melancholy last labour of love, before exhausted nature yields to fatigue, anguish and despair, he falls into a stupor, becomes speechless and insensible, and is discovered in this helpless state, by persons sent in pursuit of the fugitives; the peculiar circumstances of his case, and the anxious enquiries of friends, at length restored him to his family, but never to perfect health and peace of mind.

Such is the rapid, incorrect outline of a romance, which once considerably agitated

stated my feelings; and tho' so many years have passed since its perusal, I am not able to contemplate the incidents it relates, without considerable emotion.

Yet, as a literary production, it has been pronounced by a cotemporary, a countryman and friend of the ingenious author, as contrary to, and violating probability, nature, and experience. The critic asserts, that how much soever any man might be fascinated by first love, by the mingled bliss of intellectual esteem, and sensual passion; he insists that it is impossible for an attachment to continue so unalterable and immovable as this novel describes, against the repeated attacks of unfaithfulness, profligacy, indiscriminate impurity, vicious propensity, and criminal indecorum; shocking circumstances, sufficient to clear the thickest mist from before the eyes of the most doating lover, and to wake the most carnal of voluptuaries, the rankest of epicures, from his luxurious dreams.

To many of the critical

observations, and most of the moral deductions of this gentleman, I feel myself compelled to assent, but as to the utter impossibility of so infatuating an attachment, I differ from him widely in opinion; I was! and sad to say, I *still feel* myself a melancholy proof in favor of the possibility of such a character as the lover of Manon, existing, with all its miserable self delusions!!!

Seduced in the dawn of early manhood, by the fairest of forms, by accomplishment, and mental endowments, transcendant and incomparable in the glowing, creative imagination of a boy, in full health, strong spirits, and overflowing with classic imagery, pastoral and romance, and impatient for a nymph, at whose feet he might pour forth an inexhaustible store of tenderness and love.

Yielding to the most intoxicating of all deliriums, I was lost beyond redemption, in the tumultuous bliss of ungovernable passion, before I discovered the object of all my hopes and all my fears, worthless like
Manon,

Manon, and even outstripping her in flagitious enormity.

With undeniable fact staring me in the face, and incontrovertible conviction planting daggers in my heart; guilty pleasure and busy fancy attempted to soften abominable delinquency and odious crime, by the inoffensive names of female frailty and venial error; what we wish, we are too ready to believe, and nothing but a violent, a sudden, a dreadful death, a death never absent from my thoughts, and brought on, as I have good reason to think, in contriving my own, no other possible event could have prevented me from pursuing the giddy, vain, the guilty, but enchanting creature, to present and everlasting destruction. Inscrutable are the ways of Providence! what I considered, and at the moment deplored, as the death wound to all my happiness, saved me from everlasting perdition!

It is difficult to argue on such instances of self-deception, for what rule of right reason can be applied to that, which is confessed-

ly a mere affair of the passions; perhaps it may be said, that our desires, like our faith, depend not on the will; that it is equally impossible for the firmest man of us all to say truly, and without mental reservation, I will, or I will not believe such and such propositions; I will, or will not dislike such or such persons; the business, in both of these cases, appears to be carried on, if not wholly, at least in a great measure, independent of volition; we may protest and swear to our belief in the one, we may resolve to detest, and fly from the other, yet in spite of ourselves, the independent principles of faith, determined by evidence, and of regard, arising frequently from causes, which it is not easy to explain or controul, will remain firm and unmoved.

Fancy in the golden morning of life, is a dangerous, an artful pleader, and if she once condescends to receive a retaining fee from inclination, her power becomes irresistible; she can bring forward, in splendid colors, the fair proportions
and

and attractive features of any object; throw into the back ground, or cover with impenetrable shade, the distortions she wishes to conceal, while judgment and sober reason are paralysed by her magic wand.

If custom indeed could diminish indiscretion, and prevalent example deprive sin of her guilty blushes, I might have hesitated still less in making this uncredible confession. Far other characters than myself, men of strong intellect and high attainment, have had their Manons, over whose follies, falsehoods and crimes, fond incredulity, and unbounded indulgence have thrown a convenient veil: the records of our Courts of Justice, Doctors' Commons, and the pages of this collection, would produce numerous instances; these Circes, these Calypsoes of modern times, have equally and as easily converted the first of men, and the most contemptible of drivellers, into reptiles that creep, or brutes that wallow.

Proceeding on the *theory of agreeable sensations*, totally independent of moral beauty, or decorum, how

often have we seen a foul adulteress and unfeeling mother, the mercenary betrayer of her husband and benefactor, the deserter of her infant children, become a fashionable character, looked up to, and adored, idolized by the men, and envied by the women? How frequently has the palid, impure, unwholesome appendage of a house of infamy, devoted to any rogue or any ruffian, who can present a pistol, manœuvre a dice box, or dexterously *sport a volunteer*, at the decisive moment of a rubber; how often have we seen this white-washed, beplastered, bescented SEPULCHRE OF PLEASURE, transformed into the goddess of the night; while fame, fortune, duty, friendship and affection, were sacrificed, trampled on, and forgotten?

Even friendship, to which we owe so much, that cordial drop, which induces us to swallow so many bitter draughts; friendship too often is the dupe of ill design, while our senses and understandings appear to acquiesce in the deception; let me ask the wisest and most

most cautious of all my readers, if some of the pleasanter and most intimate of their associates are not, to their own knowledge, unprincipled rascals, and designing, artful knaves; while the company of their real friends, of high intellect and attainment, who have given repeated proofs of good sense, and the most disinterested, unalterable affection, has been submitted to, with torpid indifference, or avoided with ungrateful industry?

If it should be asked, how is the rising generation to be preserved from the assaults of furious passion, the delusions of wayward imagination, and the snares of venal beauty, which have been so often declaimed against in various parts of this collection? I answer, indent early on their tender minds religious impression; as they advance in years, chuse pure society for them abroad, remove the contamination of bad example from them at home; to the force of early precept, add the efficacy of good example; **BE YOURSELF WHAT YOU WISH YOUR CHILDREN TO BE.**

Having laid your foundation on the adamantine rocks of reason and religion, the next great business is **OCCUPATION**; let your young men have as little leisure as possible, not a second of time more than is necessary for exercise, and refreshment; let their mornings, that great, that sacred, that irrecoverable portion of a man's life, be regularly devoted to literary application, personal salutary accomplishment, or reputable pursuit. He who lounges the best half of his day at a subscription house, gallops it away in Rotten Row, or saunters it down St. James's - street, must inevitably sink into *Ennui*, without his bottle, his mistress, or Faro at night.

If you have any regard for the body, soul, or estate of your descendants, find them **USEFUL, REPUTABLE OCCUPATION**, or they will inevitably procure for themselves, that which is destructive; find for them, or qualify them to find for themselves, occupation; subject not your unhappy darling, whom you fondly look on, as the staff and
comfort

comfort of your age, to that most abject and lowest state of vassalage and wretchedness, which exclaims with yawning mouth and out-stretched arms, "I know not what to do with myself," such a character must tread the paths of sin, and ultimately arrive at everlasting destruction.

If rank and fortune place your son above the salutary spur of ambition, in the professional roads of law, divinity, or physic; if parliamentary or diplomatic pursuits have no attractions in his eye, create for him artificial wants; let him travel, plant, water, build, marry, collect coins, paint, draw, collate, select or compile, do all things, or almost any thing, climb precipices, bury himself in mines, descend beneath the ocean, rather than beat the fashionable rounds, and join the *joyous, miserable train*, who perambulate our streets, crowd our coffee-houses, disturb our theatres, and infest our watering places; an idle, vicious, uninformed, restless, unhappy herd, the dupes of wretched females, or the plunder of caballing gam-

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blers, the terror of decent women, the disgrace and torment of their friends, their families, and themselves.

But for impressing salutary admonition, and making useful deduction, it would seem unnecessary and harsh to disturb the halcyon days of domestic felicity, to depress the hopes of a rising family, and augment parental anxieties; but in so momentous a concern, "we must be cruel only to be kind," and there is not an axiom more probable in theory, more confirmed by practice, than the following: HE WHOSE ENTRANCE INTO LIFE, IS NOT DEVOTED TO TOIL, INURED TO LABOR, AND APPLICATION, WHO IS NOT FORMED TO HABITS OF RIGOROUS DISCIPLINE, AND SELF-DENIAL, DEPRIVES HIMSELF OF THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS FOR FUTURE HAPPINESS; THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMINATION OF AN OPPOSITE CONDUCT IS LAQUID AND DESPICABLE INSIPIDITY; BUT, IN MOST CASES, AS WE ARE ALL FORMED WITH ACTIVE TENDENCIES, A CAREER OF WICKEDNESS,

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ENDING IN CALAMITY, FOR WHICH THERE IS NO REMEDY, AND IN WOES, WHICH WILL NOT TERMINATE WITH DEATH.

MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

It hath been often said, that if a minister, or any other servant of the public, acts or advises to the best of his judgment, he can do no more, that he has a right to sit down contented, under the benignant shelter of Royal Prerogative.

The observation is not without truth, yet this protecting doctrine may be carried to a dangerous extreme, so as to be productive of carelessness, or corruption, in the conduct of public functionaries: if a Premier or a Privy Counsellor was occasionally obliged to pay smart-money, and refund (themselves or their favorites) some part of that wealth, which had been accumulated by the very war, they had rashly produced, the effects it might produce would be salutary; and there are precedents upon record, in favor of that mode of proceeding.

In Sweden, after the un-

popular and unsuccessful war of 1680, a committee was chosen from the different legislative bodies, to enquire into the conduct of the ministers and senators, who had voted for hostile measures. The Registers of the Council were examined, the damage arising from each resolution computed, and a proportionate share levied on the private fortune of each individual; the aggregate amount was applied to repair, in some degree, the pecuniary derangements, produced by the measures in question.

I know not if this method of assessment has been yet communicated to Mr. Pitt, among the ways and means.

MISFORTUNES OF ROYALTY.

From the days of Saul, and a long list of idolatrous kings, whom he and his successor destroyed, to Tarquin, Darius, the Stewarts, and the Dynasty of the Bourbons crushed before our eyes, by the iron sceptre of a Republic; history is little more than a delineation of the follies and crimes, the miseries and oppressions of kings, of the abject submission, the sanguinary,

guinary, but ineffectual violence of their subjects.

Such spectacles, it is honorable to our natures, as feeling men, and more particularly useful to us as Englishmen, to contemplate with sympathy and regret, but not to forget the great purposes of moral application, and useful deduction.

Let it not be forgotten, that, whilst once in a century, some unfortunate monarch and his family are exiled or extirpated, millions of subjects are daily and hourly suffering, from the evils and excesses of their governors; evils far worse than death, evils, which moistening their morning morsel and their evening cup, with the tears of anguish, escape general sympathy and observation, from the circumstance of their being exhibited on a less exalted stage.

It hath also been lamented by the statesman and philosopher, that the experience of others, which in many instances, affords a cheap, a second-hand wisdom, in the cases of which I am speaking, is found to produce no salutary effect; after such long

and bloody catalogues of crimes and punishments, of cruelty and oppression, it is to be doubted, if a single sovereign has been taught moderation in the use of power, or one nation firmness, in a pacific resistance to it, or temperance in the trying moments of Revolutionary Retribution, when passion too generally triumphs over reason, and resentment makes us lose sight of justice and practical utility.

Wealth and power have in all ages corrupted the human heart, while the turbulent spirit of democracy, bursting forth occasionally, to havoc and destruction, has destroyed what it ought to have corrected; then retiring, like a tyger to his den, surfeited with carnage, again submits to imposition and tyranny, under a new form.

Those politicians, who are advocates for sternness and severity, on the part of kings and ministers, insist that there is no encouragement for inducing sovereigns to act with mildness towards their subjects; they produce Louis the last king of France, in support of their

their doctrine; in this case, says a writer, remarkable for a brilliant and artful arrangement of the sound side of a cause, "In this case, the people of France rebelled against a good and beneficent monarch, with more fury, rage, and insult, than ever the most exasperated subjects demonstrated against the most sanguinary of tyrants; their resistance was made to concession, their revolt from protection; their blow was aimed at a hand, holding forth graces, favors, and immunities."

Yet it is impossible to defend the unhappy Capet, from the charges of duplicity and counter-action; open in most cases to conviction, and earnest in his researches for information, he was unfortunately, always of opinion with the last person he conversed with, provided his arguments were conducted with decent plausibility and common sense; on this principle, and under such discordant impressions, his orders in the same day, and often in the same hour, were contradictory, and gave those who had left him,

perhaps only a few hours confirmed in their opinion, of his total want of sincerity.

Placed in a situation, which required the faculties, resolution and rapid perception of a Being superior to man, the poor king, with many estimable qualities, but a total absence of firmness and depth, was puzzled how to act; he was not qualified for the perilous precipice on which he stood.

Surrounded, I fear at times, by persons, neither able nor inclined to advise for the best, he had not strength of mind to adopt the open, straight-forward line of conduct, which would have led to glory and safety; distracted by hopes and fears, by paternal affection and conjugal love, his wavering, inconsistent conduct, deprived him of the confidence of his subjects, malignity rapidly succeeded to suspicion, and overwhelming ruin ensued. The king should have yielded implicitly, and unreservedly, to the spirit of the times, or he should have roused early from his uxorious and sensual propensities,

penalties, and have thus expressed himself: "I am ready to resign my crown or my life, but while I am your king, I will not consent to be stripped of every prerogative of a sovereign."

On the contrary, seeming to yield to, but privately obstructing the democratic progress, he offended, and was alternately deserted by all.

Unhappy descendants from a hateful line! 'An English spirit wars not with the dead,' your misfortunes have thrown a veil over your faults, the sternness of impartial justice yields to a more gentle influence.

With all my supposed democratic tendencies, could I have entered by supernatural helps, your prison in the temple, I would have encircled you with an invisible mantle, the little Capet should not have been forgot; I would have conveyed you from your durance, to some sequestered spot, equally distant from Paris or Vienna. Far from civil discord, contending factions, avowed enemies, and false friends; you should have passed your lives in the lap of comfort and do-

mestic peace, I would have dethroned you only to have made you happy.

It is a common reflection in certain circles, to lament that Louis the Sixteenth, his princes and noblesse, did not by an early and vigorous exertion, suppress the first tendency to popular tumult; the fact is, early attempts *were* made, but such was the corrupted state of things, so thorough a conviction of the necessity for *doing something*, had pervaded all ranks, civil and military, noblesse and bourgeois, that the soldiers were found unwilling to point their bayonets against their fellow citizens; for this palpable reason, it was that the insidious arts of corruption, intrigue, and counteraction, were so long preferred to actual hostility; for of what use was it to wage open war, when the necessary weapons, either dropped from their grasp, or recoiled against the hand which wielded them.

MITCHELL, ANDREW, an English resident at the court of the heroic King of Prussia, to whom he was a personal favorite, though he opposed

ed many of the sceptic, philosophic, and political assertions of that monarch, with frank but decent firmness.

"By the help of God," said Mitchell on a certain occasion, "we have gained a victory over the French." "How is this, my friend," said the king, "is God one of your allies?" "Yes," replied the Envoy, in a sarcastic way, "and the only one who demands no Subsidies of us."

MODERN BIOGRAPHY. "A good life," says a pleasant writer, who occasionally tantalizes the public with a fragment or an extract, though few are better qualified to amuse and instruct us, by literary and political communications, "a good life was formerly a phrase confined to the Stock Exchange, but it is now extended to the bookfeller's shop; and it is become absolutely necessary for a man to *live on*, in order to preserve his character.

"The death of an eminent person is considered as the signal for attack; out comes his life, charac-

ter, and behaviour; he is treated as a felon condemned, with this difference, that the criminal receives sentence *after*, and the person exhibited, *before* conviction.

"The lives we frequently see, warrant some such sentence as this: Your memory shall be consigned to Arthur Anecdote, Esq. to be by him anatomized, cut, flashed, mangled, and served up to the public, at the small price of three shillings."

In answer to this humorous stricture, which in some respects is well founded, it may be said, that while private anecdotes are so eagerly purchased, and with such avidity perused, it is natural to expect, that in the literary, as in other *trades*, that commodity will be always sent to market in the greatest quantity, for which there is the most urgent demand.

The only effectual mode for suppressing this teasing propensity, would be for the gentleman in question, and no man is better able, to amend the public taste, and turn general curiosity into more important channels,

channels, by his own literary exertions.

Till so desirable an alteration takes place, we must not act like the luxurious epicure, who, after distending his stomach with *whipt-syllabubs, slummary*, and other flatulent unsubstantial viands, complained that he had no appetite for English roast beef; and instead of attributing his mistake to the vitiated caprice of his own appetite, stormed and swore at the purveyors, who furnished the various articles of his table. And after all that hath been said and sung on the subject, I have my doubts, whether the benefits produced by the fashionable custom of scrutinizing into personal history, do not over-balance the inconveniencies with which *it is supposed* to be accompanied.

A smile, a blush, or a sigh, may be occasionally produced by the discovery of amorous intrigue, New-market adventure, parliamentary profligacy, political tergiversation, or party indiscretion; but it is an undeniable fact, that much of crime, much of malice,

and much of meanness, is prevented by this literary tribunal, which thus obliges individuals, however exalted their rank, to pass in review before the public, and stigmatizes or praises their actions, according to their intrinsic merits, after the parties are out of the reach of the King's Bench, or the Old Bailey.

It is recorded, on indisputable evidence, that the odious Countess of Macclesfield, the unnatural mother of Savage, carried with her to the grave, the anguish of a wounded heart, inflicted by the arrows of the press; in this instance, it has been said, that the offender was punished, but not amended.

Yet a certain notorious scoundrel, equally famous for his criminal accumulation of wealth, and his guilty, his preposterous misapplication of it, and stained by crimes which, though enormous, the laws could not reach; it is a well known fact that he, reluctantly, agreed to see and be reconciled to his only, his much injured son; that he considerably relaxed the habitual rigor of

of his pecuniary character, *for fear*, (as he observed to a friend, and in his own language) for fear of those *darned newspapers*.

Let it not, however, be understood, that I am the fee'd advocate for calumny, the defender of posthumous abuse, or literary scurrility, which hath been so cruelly, and often so unfoundedly poured forth on those *who cannot speak for themselves*. I appeal, without fear and without reserve, to every page of this collection, and to every reader of it; I call on them to execrate and damn my book, to future times, if I have, in any one instance, AND GOD SO HELP ME AT MY GREATEST NEED, if I have, in any one instance, displayed a character, reprobated an action, or animadverted on any party or any body of men, from private rancour, or mercenary motives.

Error and mis-statement, whenever clearly proved, and *decently* communicated, I frequently have been, I trust I ever shall be ready, to acknowledge and correct; but to the paramount merit of good design, that

only ray which shoots across my literary gloom, however ineffectual my efforts, I lay a strong, an unqualified claim, a claim which I shall not easily be prevailed on to relinquish or resign.

For the virulent effusions of selfishness and malevolence, in which the pen of the writer is converted into the bludgeon of a footpad, or the stiletto of an assassin; for mercenary invective, and base misrepresentation, legal and adequate remedies are at hand; but in our efforts to eradicate disease, let us be cautious that we do not destroy the constitution; we should, on this occasion, call to our recollection, an axiom recorded in another part of this collection; BY THAT REPROOF WHICH TOUCHES NO MAN, NO MAN WAS EVER AMENDED.

MODERN Improvements in Art, Science, and personal Comfort, unknown to the Antients.

“I have often wished,” says a lively, but profound writer, “I have often wished, that I had it in my power to exhibit to the
pages

sages and heroes of ancient times, some of those improvements which, though familiar to, and little thought of by us, could not fail surprizing and delighting great minds like theirs. I would give to Aristotle the electric shock; I would carry Alexander the Great to see the experiments at Woolwich Warren, and the evolutions of a modern battalion; I would shew to Julius Cæsar, the invader of the *barbarous* Britons, an English man of war; to Archimedes, a fire engine and a reflecting telescope."

Having occasion to speak of an English sailor, who, impelled by curiosity, courage, or rashness, descended into the crater of Mount Ætna and dipped his stick into the melted matter.—The same writer observes, "If a reasoning being could be permitted to penetrate with safety into the bowels and lowest recesses which furnish food to that burning volcano, how tremendous would be the scene; caverns, or rather cauldrons, of several miles extent, with fiery masses larger than the human eye

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can take in, rolling furiously about, with vivid flashings of fire, brighter than the sun; bellowings and roarings louder than thunder. The earth undermined by flames, and breaking in upon the fire with fresh stores of combustible matter; torrents or rivers of water, at the same time, pouring down on the burning mass, the blast of which, repelled by such an immense fire, driving before it vast rocks, stones, cinders, and ashes, into the air."

A scene, indeed, awful and terribly sublime, wanting only a Lucifer, a Belzebub, a Moloch, and their associate spirits, to compleat the infernal vault, the fiery gulph, and sulphureous Pandæmonium of Milton.

MYSTERY. On this subject a saying has been imputed to the candid and learned Dr. Foster, 'that where mystery begins, religion ends.'

These words taken from his first volume of Sermons, p. 171, and separated from the preceding sentence, have been produced by an
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illiberal writer, as a charge against the doctor's consistency, and as if he meant to support certain unwarrantable doctrines.

To do away, as far as lies in my power, any impression injurious to the memory of a worthy character, and a man whose religious productions I highly value; I produce the whole of the passage, which is as follows: "If you say that you cannot account for the manner of God's creating the world, or for the manner in which he exists every where; for a general resurrection, and the like; I answer, that it is no part of your religion to *account* for them; where the mystery begins religion ends."

By producing mutilated extracts from the most excellent authors, or even from holy writ, they may be pressed into any service, and be made to support any hypothesis, however impious or absurd. The King of Israel might be quoted by an atheist, as saying, "there is no God," if he were suffered to amputate the preceding words, "the fool hath said in his heart."

NATIONAL RESOURCES. Amongst the various plans for supplying the present urgency of public want, it has been proposed to revive and extend the old doctrine of Escheats, to make it impossible for any man, unless he has natural heirs, that is heirs of his body, or collaterals *within the pale*, (collaterals who cannot marry), to bequeath more than half his property, the other half to come to the public.

The ingenious proposer of this plan, to whom this collection hath been frequently obliged, puts it in the way of paradox—What is that mode of supply, of which the twentieth part is a tax, and that a heavy one, while the whole would be no tax, and would not be felt by any body? The answer is, an extension of the existing law of Escheats; a law coeval with the very first elements of the constitution. By these means, and a limitation of the power of bequest; the enormous sum of two millions per annum would be paid into the exchequer, without the expence of sixpence in collecting it.

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The great objection to this proposal is, that it would swallow up all the property of the kingdom in a century; and, in the mean time, expose the ledger of the merchant, and the rent-roll and family secrets of the land-holder, to the scrutiny of a tax-gatherer. But, if we are in the circumstances described by Mr. Pitt, and some of his friends, we had better incur this evil, than be devoured by Buonaparte, or be ravaged by *his* Army of England.

NEW CABINET, thus described in a passage borrowed from Mr. Burke: "An administration so chequered and speckled, a piece of joinery so crossly indented, and so whimsically dove-tailed, and put together; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified Mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without cement; here a bit of white stone, and there a piece of black; patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans, whigs and tories, treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was, indeed, a very curious

shew, but utterly unsafe to touch, or even to stand upon."

NUPTIAL INFIDELITY, addition to.

A melancholy instance of this worst species of illicit love, which attracted general notice at the time, and was productive of considerable distress in a noble family, occurred in the reign of Charles the Second.

Lord Grey, of Werk, afterwards a companion of the Duke of Monmouth, in his ill-concerted fatal descent, and an accomplice or director of the Rye-house plot, had married, with every appearance of mutual affection, Mary, the daughter of George, Earl of Berkeley; but, a few years after, taking advantage of the intercourse this connection afforded, he prevailed on Henrietta, the sister of his wife, a lively imprudent girl of eighteen, to elope from her father's house, and to live with him in a state of adultery, the remainder of her life. Thus was a lovely child, and an amiable woman, deserted by her guilty husband, a woman of irreproachable manners,

manners, and far superior in disposition, intellect, and accomplishment, to the polluted object of his choice.

On this occasion, it is not necessary to describe the feelings of a father and mother, remarkable for strict attention to the education of their children; impelled by duty, and stimulated by just resentment, at so flagrant and indecorous an action, they sought redress from law, against this rude invader of domestic peace.

During the trial, which took place in the King's Bench, at the time Sir Francis Pemberton presided in that Court, it was necessary, for the purposes of legal investigation, that the Countess of Berkeley should appear: Her infatuated and ruined daughter familiarly leaning on the arm of her destroyer, naturally augmented the distress of this unhappy parent.

After suppressing, as far as she was able, the agonies of a fond distracted mother, Lady Berkeley proceeded, in a faltering voice, to give her evidence; observing, that Lord and Lady

Grey had lived several years in a state of uninterrupted harmony, till the fatal partiality, which is the subject of our present page, was suspected; justly alarmed for the fate of two of their children, they took an early opportunity of remonstrating with his Lordship on the baseness and barbarity of his conduct; he acknowledged that it could not be defended; that he was the most unfortunate of men, but (if all the circumstances of his case were explained) *more to be pitied than blamed.*

Sir Thomas Raymond, one of the judges on the bench, desiring to know if Lady Berkeley could explain the latter part of Lord Grey's answer, she replied in the negative; and, on the question being put to the Seducer, he claimed the indulgence of the Court, not to be obliged to answer it; but Henrietta voluntarily coming forward to explain, was prevented by Sir Francis, from a motive of tenderness for the feelings of her family.

It was afterwards understood, that Lord Grey rested

ed his defence on a circumstance which, as a man of honor, if we may be allowed to prostitute the term, he did not chuse to publish in an open Court. Thinking himself at liberty, after Henrietta's death, to diminish his guilt in the eyes of her friends, he communicated to them his plea, thought by many unanswerable, *that the attachment commenced on the Lady's side*; that he should never have thought of attempting the chastity of a lovely young woman of noble blood, and the sister of his wife, had she not made the first advances; that the incident which originally raised his passions, was, her warmly and unexpectedly pressing his hand to her bosom, as he led her from a public place to her carriage.

I will not, I cannot say, whether I could have resisted so powerful a sollicitation, so irritating an appeal to my nervous system; I earnestly pray, not to be put to the trial; but, as we are taught to believe, that IN OUR FATHER'S HOUSE THERE ARE MANY MANSIONS, how sumptuous

must be his reception, how splendid and solacing his rewards, who could have passed through so fiery an ordeal, *uninflamed*.

"By the apparent candor, and solemn protestations of the ruiner of my family," continued Lady Berkeley, "and the seeming repentance of Henrietta, my fears were hushed, and my vigilance relaxed; Lord Grey promised to set out for France in a few days, accompanied by his wife, and said, 'that if I would send my daughter to Lady Dursley's, where he never visited, they would meet no more, and endeavour (he confessed it would be a hard task) endeavour to forget each other.' "But the first intelligence I received in the morning;" said the wretched Countess, interrupted by sighs and tears, "the first intelligence was, that my deluded girl had left her father's house in the dead of night."

A variety of evidence having been examined, by which it was endeavoured to fix the act of carrying off, upon Lord Grey, the Lady Henrietta insisted on being sworn, which, after some

some altercation between the counsel, was agreed to by the Court: she then positively and solemnly declared, that her departure from her father's house, was her own solitary, unassisted act; that so far from Lord Grey's being conscious of, present at, or aiding in her escape, she did not see him for many days after her arrival in London, nor was she then able to get sight of him, 'till after a long search in a hackney coach, he was discovered, and sent for out of a coffee house, under the Piazza, in Covent-garden. This hapless pupil of irresistible impulse concluded, by declaring, that she was of an age, when the law allowed her to decide for herself, that she was the best judge of what was most likely to conduce to her own happiness, that the step she had taken, was not the effect of a hasty, sudden thought, but grounded on mature consideration, and that she was prepared to meet the consequences.

The Court was struck with astonishment at such firmness and resolution in so young a creature, and

the Chief Justice, with a stern look, severely reprimanded her, as well for her criminal conduct, and cruelty towards her sister, as her present unbecoming language, and audacious deportment. He thanked God, he was not the man who had seduced her from the path of duty, as well as natural affection, for what would be his anguish in the hour of compunction, (and come it must) he hoped that their sufferings in this world would diminish their punishment in the next.

Sir Francis then proceeded to sum up the evidence, and the Jury, actuated rather by the laudable feelings of nature, and strong conviction, than by any positive evidence of my Lord's actually enticing and carrying her off, (for the opposite counsel alledged, that the adulterous intercourse afterwards, supposing it to be *proved*, had nothing to do with the present indictment, but was another offence, and might, if the parties chose it, be the subject of another species of prosecution) the Jury pronounced a verdict of

of guilty, on Lord Grey and his accomplices.

The Earl of Berkeley now desired that his daughter might be delivered to him, to this the Court agreed; but the lady, to the surprize of every one present, declared herself a *married woman*, and Mr. Turner, a friend of Lord Grey's, coming forward with satisfactory proofs of the marriage, claimed his wife. Lord Berkeley still persevered in demanding his daughter, but Henrietta insisting that she would accompany her husband; her father, with a party of friends, previously assembled for the purpose, proceeded to seize her person by violence, the opposite party resisted, a tumult ensued, swords were drawn, and the Court thrown into confusion.

The Chief Justice in vain enjoined all parties to keep the peace, but the disturbance increasing, he ordered his tipstaff to secure the lady, and convey her to the King's Bench prison; on Mr. Turner's asking if he might not accompany his wife, Sir Francis Pemberton observed, that it was a strange business, but that

he had no authority to separate man and wife. She continued in custody, *accompanied* by Mr. Turner, 'till the last day of term, and, notwithstanding the verdict of the Jury, the seducer and his myrmidons escaped unpunished. Mr. Turner, I cannot help considering as a convenient friend, a man of straw, set up by Lord Grey, who foresaw, that if some superior claim was not established, Henrietta would be restored to her family.

To those readers, who may wish to trace the serpentine course of Lord Grey, it will be sufficient to say, that on the discovery of the Rye-house plot, he was taken into custody, but contriving to intoxicate the messengers, escaped into Holland. Accompanying the Duke of Monmouth, in his expedition to the west, his courage is said to have failed at the battle of Sedgemoor: after the defeat, he obtained a pardon at the expence of his estate, which it was supposed saved his life, for being entailed, had he been executed, it would have descended to his heirs; he
was

was accused, but without sufficient proof, of a treacherous intercourse during the action.

Possessing a considerable share of versatility, convinced that the headstrong infatuations of James, must end in ruin, and perhaps uniting policy with revenge, he joined early with the party who introduced King William, was created by him Earl of Tankerville, and successively appointed first Commissioner of the Treasury, a Lord Justice, in the king's absence, and Privy Seal.

Blasted in character, but professing to the last, that she did not repent the sacrifice she had made, Henrietta, lost to her family, the world, and herself, lived and died in retirement and obscurity; the particulars of her story were caught up, and embellished by Mrs. Manly, the author of *Atlantis*, and the flimsy and licentious novel manufacturer of her day, but patronized by Swift, with little credit to his taste as a correct writer, or his character as a clergyman. This literary adventurer, who appears to have laboured

industriously in her calling, published a collection of letters, *supposed to have passed* between the lovers, in the course of their criminal amours.

Whilst I hastily sketched the preceding narrative, it frequently brought to my mind, a notorious *Embaras*, similar in *some* of its circumstances, which in the memory of many of my readers, disturbed the peace of an antient and respectable family, and raised a general outcry, in a distant county, against what was considered, a gross violation of friendship and hospitality.

An intercourse, which had subsisted between two houses for several generations, was suddenly interrupted, visits almost wholly discontinued, and in a few fatal months, an innocent, but unwelcome stranger was introduced to the world.

Appearances, as well as general prejudice, it must be confessed were strong against the gentleman, and he submitted, for years, with a mixture of gallantry and philosophy, to universal reproach, and in one
in-

instance, to something which nearly approached to personal insult; while a circle of friends, attached by his many estimable qualities, felt strongly inclined, from the general tenor of his life, to defend his conduct, even under circumstances, where there was such damning proof.

Every preacher and every rhymers, every maid, every widow, and every wife, joined in chorus against him; the Editor of this collection, was doomed to listen to many a stale story, and many an unmeaning jest on the subject. To complete the melody, a certain sentimental whiner raved in heroics, the newspapers teemed with invective, and magazines moaned in romance; all insisted that the gentleman had not the shadow of an excuse; for if he was fond of the lady, What father would have refused Hilario for a son? What woman (I repeat the words of every female who knows him) What woman could have refused an honorable offer from a man, in every respect so unexceptionable.

The circumstance was, U
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trying, and the situation, to a man of strong feelings, and a nice sense of honor, (I repeat the words without fear of contradiction) and of a nice sense of honor, highly unpleasant; at length wine, which is said to work miracles, to bend the most uncomplying, and soften even adamant, wine threw a ray of light over the clouds, which had long enveloped the mysterious business.

During one of those election bustles, which it has been so peculiarly the fate of this gentleman and his family, to be perpetually engaged in, during one of those tremendous dinners, where the dangers of contending mobs, broken windows, and broken heads, are less to be dreaded than the libations after dinner; it was after the triumph of an important, long-delayed decision, and when the healing of *old* animosities, and confirming *new* friendships, was thought to be best cemented by wine, that the bottle circulated with a rapidity, fatal to the senses of every man in the room. The triumph of Bacchus was complete; noise, nonsense

sense and ribaldry, drove prudence and propriety from the board, the multitude huzza'd from without, and the guests shouted within; the fashies, by a unanimous vote, were demolished, the tables pushed to the windows; those without and those within became on terms of absolute equality; toasts were given, songs sung, and speeches attempted to be made, which it would be as difficult to repeat, as it was for the orators to finish.

Not far from Hilario, the hero of the night, a giant among the pigmies, sat a well known fox-hunter, more remarkable for the strength of his beer, than the depth of his understanding. Stimulated by that which makes cowards fancy themselves courageous, and renders fools eloquent; the brute in buckskin, from the insanity of intoxication, the latent seeds of some unextinguished grudge, or that natural propensity, which little, despicable, mean-spirited rascals, always feel, to degrade or vilify men of intellect and worth; this animal, with the sensual appetites of a

goat, the filthy obscenity of the filthiest of quadrupeds, and the grimace of an Ourang Outang, virulently attacked the accomplished and highly-endowed Hilario; he reviled him in the grossest terms, and in the most unqualified manner, as a seducer of innocence, the debaucher of the child of his friend.

The man thus rudely assailed, *a gentleman even in his cups*, for a short time bore with his illiberal brutality in silence, but there is a point, at which forbearance ought to cease, and when patient endurance becomes a crime; Hilario rising as well as he was able, from his seat, thunder-struck, and half sobered by the virulence of the reptile, who had been dawdling him with nauseating flattery, in the early part of the day, Hilario moved towards the door, which he opened, and left the room with the following emphatic words: "The company must decide in what manner the wretch, who has been speaking, deserves to be treated; I will not insult them, by comparing characters with one, whose vicious

cious propensities, every hedge, every ditch, every dunghill, and every dirty drab in his parish, can witness. If I followed the impulse of my own feelings, which as I am a party concerned, and cannot fairly be a judge in my own cause, I will not do, I should certainly drop him from the window; but while he sits at table, I must beg leave to be absent.

“ Before I go, perhaps I may be indulged with a few words—they shall be but few, for the subject he has chosen to handle so abominably and so unfeelingly, I can hardly trust myself, especially in my present situation, to speak of. *(Here was a pause, occasioned by a sort of struggle, between the effects of wine, resentment, and a native sense of decorum in his breast, an honest one, which even intoxication could not wholly suppress.)*

“ But, Gentlemen, this I must say, I will permit no man to decide on my conduct, in the point to which, uninvited and uncalled, he has chose to allude; I will allow no man to decide on my conduct,

till he can prove he has waked at midnight, from provoking dreams, and found at his bed-side, the fairest of forms, with no other accompaniments than soft sighs, her chemise, and a wax taper.”

He who had actually experienced, but proved himself unable to resist *such* a temptation; a temptation which would have melted the wax, and have snapped the cords of Ulysses, instantly retired. The mystery which had so long attracted general attention, directly vanished; all who heard, felt for a man placed in such a trying situation. The fox-hunter, by a general vote of the company, was kicked down stairs, tossed in a blanket, and cooled under a pump.

The tide of public censure, subject to such wonderful refluxes, soon after ebbed in an opposite direction; the obliquity of the daughter was universally imputed to paternal neglect, and a very faulty maternal example: the frail fair one, who in one unguarded moment of guilty indiscretion, had sacrificed the peace of her life, had been driven
from

from her father's doors the moment her situation was suspected.

As the price of reconciliation to her family and the world, and tempted by a splendid settlement, she was prevailed on, in an ill-starred moment, to accept the hand of one, who tho' acquainted with what had happened, avowed himself her ardent admirer. But what language is strong enough to use against a man, or rather a monster, to whom every circumstance had been unreservedly explained; he married only to torment her. Though her conduct, ever since the fatal moment, had been correct and reserved, and still continued so, her tyrant chose to repay the confidence she had placed in him, with sullen, groundless suspicion, violence and personal outrage.

If death has not yet put a period to her sorrows, he seems destined by fate, to vex and harass, to be the avenging fiend of her future life. Their not interfering in her case, nor resenting such detestable conduct, is a reproach on the courage, the feelings,

and the honor of her family, and in my opinion, of the man, she originally loved.

This appears to me one of those rare instances, in which *delivering* a wife from her husband, is not only a justifiable step, but a duty; I can conceive, and *almost* approve Hilario's objections to marrying her in the first instance; but the unhappy woman, who sacrificed her *all* to him, but nothing he for her, seems to have a strong claim on him, (a claim, which I own I could not resist) to rescue her from harshness and oppression.

I have mentioned the Gentleman's objections, in this case, to matrimony, and I recall the words, for the purpose of enforcing a useful, a never to be forgotten precept to women, who are so apt to be fascinated by men of intriguing renown, gallantry, and gay manners. With this important precaution I shall conclude an article, already too long for the desultory restlessness of the Editor, or the patience of a modern reader. Let no female, who hath notoriously tripped,

ped, pretend to marry, at least let her not expect to be happy in that state, even with her seducer; for those who have been general lovers, are when married, for the most part, the most scrupulously exact and observant, with regard to the conduct of their wives; SHE WHO VENTURES TO ACCOMPANY A RAKE TO THE ALTAR, SHOULD, IN INTERNAL PURITY, AND EXTERNAL DEMEANOR, BE A VESTAL, OR A CLARISSA.

OECONOMY, a virtue which ministers, like private men, seldom practise, 'till it is too late, tho' it is clearly the source from which alone charity, benevolence, and even rational indulgence, can be safely or regularly supplied; the inexhaustible bank, which flourishing, when all others decay, is the only one able to bear up, against the exhausting profusion of war, and the drainings of public calamity.

Yet, this great restorative, of kingdoms as well as private individuals, this cheap defence of nations, hath of late been ridiculed and despised, by those very

men, whose harangues, in favor of it, were once the principal means of elevating them to power and preferment.

During a very recent debate, I could not listen to certain speeches, without pity and indignation, at their equal want of sound argument, and patriotic feeling.

The retrenchments moved for, *were not a trifle*, they were not (to use an *elegant* and favorite expression of an honorable Gentleman) the end of a candle, or the paring of a cheese.

An accurate estimate has been made, by persons properly qualified, of the amount of one third deducted from every sinecure place, pension, and ecclesiastic dignity and plurality, amounting to five hundred pounds a year, and none under four hundred a year, should be touched; of one half of all salaries of a thousand a year; and of two thirds of all above fifteen hundred pounds a year, increasing and applying it on the same ratio as the amount augmented, and applying it rigidly, indiscriminately, and without one

one exception, to *every* person who receives public money, king, prince, peer and commoner; and this *trifling* retrenchment would amount to considerably more than a million of money per annum.

In reply to what has been so frequently said, but so completely refuted, that the public service would be injured, that without an adequate compensation, men of abilities will not serve the state, that the produce of a man's place is as much his freehold, as the income of a landed estate; I answer, that the exigencies of a country, and the woeful situation to which it has been, by fate or by obstinacy reduced, form a claim, paramount to all others of every kind; that Great Britain is at present, exactly in the state of a Nobleman, who like his ancestors, has been in the long habit of living on a large establishment of servants, in dignified splendor, and rural hospitality; but suddenly deprived, by his own imprudence, the frauds of his steward, or some awful visitation of Provi-

dence, of two-thirds of his annual income.

Under the pressure of such circumstances, which peremptorily demand a proportionate reduction of expenditure, do not expediency, necessity, common sense, and even common honesty, point out the propriety of calling together, his domestics, his tradesmen, friends and neighbours, and addressing them in the following words:

“I will not sport with your feelings, or wound my own, by entering minutely into the causes which have obliged me to call you together on this melancholy occasion; it is sufficient for my purpose to say, that I have lost two thirds of my estate, and that this deficiency must be supplied by prudence and retrenchment.

“I have known the majority of you for the greatest part of my life, and I flatter myself, attached as we are by habit, friendship, and mutual interest, we should be equally unwilling to separate; but to be able to keep together, we must make many important sacrifices;

sacrifices; French wines, made dishes, cards, contested elections, race horses, must be expunged from my yearly expenditure. I must give up my annual visit to the metropolis, *and your young squire, my eldest son, must curtail his present extravagance.*

“Your wages must be diminished one half; the embroidered liveries and gold-laced beavers must be exchanged for plain fustian frocks and round hats; the butler must resign the key of the wine cellar, the splendid contents of his pantry must be disposed of. Yet I trust, that while we shut out superfluous and unnecessary expence, we shall not deprive ourselves of the pleasures of rational indulgence; we will not withhold from the poor, the sick, and the old, the customary distribution of food, fuel, and raiment; old English hospitality shall not be banished from my threshold; my tenants, my neighbours, and the houseless stranger, shall partake of Christmas fare; the Sirloin shall smoke on my table, and we will drink King George’s health in

home-brewed ale, the natural and most wholesome beverage for the constitution of an-Englishman.”

The friend, the servant, or the relation, who would not listen to such an address, with silent admiration, prompt obedience, and instant co operation, would well deserve to be horse-whipped and driven from the good old hall of his master, as a mean time-serving parasite, a selfish rascal; who, adhering to the mansion house only in its days of prosperity, and helping to dissipate its support, shrunk from the calls of duty and gratitude in the trying moments of adversity.

Mr. Pitt may declaim, and he declaims more skillfully than any man I ever heard, Mr. Windham may fret, and Mr. Wilberforce may pray, but nothing they can say or swear, shall prevent my thinking, and boldly avowing what I think; that while men of landed property, merchants, traders, and all other classes, are severe sufferers by the war, and their incomes are considerably diminished; it is but fair and reasonable that

that the pensioner, the placeman, the holder of sinecures, the king and the prince, should, in the proportions I have before specified, lower their demands on the public.

If, as hath been observed in reply, if a reduction of the salaries of ministers, and their adherents, would deprive them of their present indulgences and establishments, LET THEM REDUCE THEIR SUPERFLUITIES WITHOUT DELAY. We are on the brink of an awful and momentous crisis; in such circumstances, is a villa at Bromley, or Wimbledon, to be put in competition with the salvation of a country? Would the counsels of Mr. Pitt be less respected, if he walked from Downing Street to St. James's? Would the official details of Mr. Windham be less correct, if he rode his war horse to the House of Commons? Is the happiness of millions to be risked for the sake of a splendid equipage or a birth-day suit? Public functionaries should, and must conform to the necessities of the country, whose government they admini-

ster; they ought to feel *their* share of the difficulties and distresses of the community; more especially, if, as is the opinion of some, but which I will by no means take upon me to assert, if they have been actively instrumental, in bringing us to that fatal dilemma in which we are placed.

I exult that the sentiments and advice laid down and inculcated in the present article, exactly coincide with the opinion and expressed wish of our gracious sovereign; though he is unfortunately tied down by the hoary decrees of inveterate custom, and ancient prescription, to an apparently opposite conduct, through fear of interfering with a certain odious contaminating influence, "an influence which takes away vigor from our arms, wisdom from our councils, and credit from our constitution." I must not offend by calling this imp, the offspring of fraud and corruption, parliamentary influence.

"We have places piled on places," says the author of certain Disquisitions on the Civil List, a work highly

ly worthy of public attention, at a moment when bankruptcy and ruin are staring us in the face, and nothing but rigid œconomy, and severe retrenchment, can save us from the abyss into which fiscal difficulties have precipitated other countries, "we have places piled on places, to the height of the Tower of Babel. A master of the household, treasurer of the household, comptroller of the household, cofferer of the household, deputy cofferer of the household, clerks of the household, deputy clerks of the household, clerks comptrollers of the household, office keepers, chamber keepers, necessary-house keepers, purveyors of bread, purveyors of wine, purveyors of fish, purveyors of butter and eggs, purveyors of confectionary, deliverers of greens, coffee women, spicery men, spicery-mens' assistant clerks, ewry men, ewry mens' assistant clerks, kitchen clerks, comptrollers, kitchen clerks' comptrollers' first clerks, kitchen clerks' comptrollers' junior clerks, yeoman of the mouth, under yeoman of the

mouth, grooms, grooms' children, pastry yeomen, harbingers, harbingers' yeomen, keepers of ice houses, cart takers, cart takers' grooms, bell-ringers, cock and cryer, table deckers, water engine turners, cistern cleaners, keeper of fire buckets, and a thousand or two more of the same kind, which, if I were to set down, I know not who would take the trouble of reading them over.

"Will any man say, and keep his countenance, that one in a hundred of these hangers on is of any real use. Cannot the king have a poached egg for his supper, without a purveyor of eggs, his clerks, and deputy clerks, at an expence of five hundred pounds a year, whilst the nation is sinking in a bottomless ocean of debt. Who are these yeomen and under yeomen of the mouth? What is their business? what is it to be yeomen of the king's mouth?

"What is the necessity of a cofferer, where there is a treasurer? And where there is a cofferer, what occasion for a deputy cofferer? Why a necessary house

house keeper? Cannot the king have a water-closet, and keep the key in his pocket? Does the maintaining such a multitude of idle people suit the present state of our finances?"

A short answer might be given to these questions; but, as the professed purpose of this work, is to lead to useful investigation, and promote salutary measures, to prevent rather than inflame hostility, I conclude with an expressive silence. I hope, that on this occasion, ministers will not mistake prudent reserve for general approbation; the present profuse system, if continued, *must* lead to those evils it is their avowed purpose to avoid.

PÉREGRINUS, a native of Parium, a city on the Hellespont or Dardanelles, during the second century of the christian æra; a cotemporary and associate of Aulus Gellius, and of Lucian.

Having stained his early manhood by flagitious conduct, and suffered from an injured husband, a punishment which adds the sting of ridicule to the smart of

retributive justice; having hurried, by violence and vexation, an aged father to the grave; from the pangs of self-accusation, and the resentment of his fellow-citizens, he fled into Palestine.

In this country, which at different periods, has proved a scourge and given a Saviour to the world, he adopted a wandering unsettled mode of life, and degenerated into a character not uncommon in modern times, a violent declaimer against those pleasures which he wanted inclination or ability to taste himself.

Stimulated by compunction, novelty, or poverty, he sought repose, for mental inquietude, in the bosom of christianity, which first sprung up in a district of the Roman Province of Judæa, where Peregrinus, for a short time, resided.—Apparently sincere in his professions, and anxious for the inestimable comforts of hope and forgiveness, which revelation holds forth to repentant sinners; the new convert received considerable relief from the devout

devout zeal of his patrons, who estimating the value of their acquisition, by the enormity of his transgressions, sympathized with the sorrows of so great an offender, and were edified by his discourses, in which he adorned the doctrines of the gospel, by figures, allusions, and expressions, borrowed from the various dialects and elegant mythology of the Greeks.

But neither the habits or dispositions of the profelyte, were calculated for fulfilling the conditions of a dispensation, which enjoins purity of life, and affords no gratification to sensuality, selfishness, or vanity; his conversion exposed him to the irreligious banter of Lucian, who, however well-founded his suspicions might be of the mercenary motives of Peregrinus, evidently mistakes, in his attacks on the christian religion, the Mosaic ritual, for the milder and far more cheering doctrines of Christ.

The sarcasms of the satirist, or his own imprudence, gradually opened the eyes of the christians; his moderation and abste-

mioufness, were found to be only assumed for the purpose of impressing on the world an opinion of his superior sanctity, while his non-compliance with the innocent customs of the world, was discovered to be a most arrogant and assuming species of pride, which, under the mask of philosophy, rudely sets at defiance the established opinions and general sense of mankind.

To attract notice at all risques, and to become the subject of general conversation by any means, was the ruling passion of his soul; whilst, with all his boasts of superior wisdom and firmness, he poured forth, on every trifling occasion of envy, contradiction, or irritation, a torrent of foul invective; and always, in a greater proportion, if the person he attacked, appeared to excel him in person, fortune, morals, or understanding.

Having proved himself grossly deficient in every christian requisite, and disguising, under the philosophic garb, an overbearing spirit, as well as a depraved heart, after repeated, but ineffectual

ineffectual admonitions to amend, he was expelled from the christian church.

Again thrown loose on society, he travelled on foot into Egypt; and having, by vicious or preposterous conduct, closed every avenue to fair fame, he assumed the character of a Cynic, affected the dress and manners of Diogenes, inflicted on himself corporal chastisement; and insisting, that to a philosopher, all words and all actions, as long as they did not violate moral justice, or diminish the great mass of public happiness were equally indifferent; he neglected or despised the decencies of dress, language, and gesture; performing publicly, without shame and without scruple, functions and actions, which wholesome prejudice and propriety, in all civilized societies, have covered with a thick veil.

Such conduct was neither imitated or approved, in a country which has been called the Mother of Superstition, and warmly attached to ritual observance. The disappointed Cynic was driven, with ig-

nominy, from the banks of the Nile, and repairing to Rome, he soothed his chagrin, and gratified his pride, that pride which, in the human heart, puts on such a variety of forms, by loading with virulent abuse, the customs, institutions, and government of the country, which tolerated his insolence.

He rudely attacked that excellent Emperor, and good man, Titus Antoninus, who practically proved, that HE WAS THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER, by listening, with patience, to his impudent harangues; and if any of the charges, produced against him, were true, by amending his erroneous conduct. A prefect of the city, extremely irritable in his temper, or whose conduct, as less correct, was more vulnerable, drove our unfortunate declaimer from the capital; and after passing through several cities of Greece, unnoticed or despised, he fixed his abode at Athens, where he attracted the notice of Aulus Gellius, who has recorded the substance of several of their conversations.

A favorite

A favorite topic with Peregrinus, was to inveigh against the folly, as he called it, of wrapping up the names of things, the terms affixed to vicious indulgence, or the harmless propensities of nature, in refined phrase and delicate expression; he probably would have agreed, with a certain enthusiastic writer, "that there was evidently an increase of sin, since bad women were called women of pleasure, and the crime of adultery, softened into the modish denomination of crim. con."

More vain and ostentatious in *his* particular way, than any man alive, he grossly attacked the liberality and public spirit of Herodes Atticus, a rich citizen, who diffusing his wealth in laudable exertion, and ornamenting his country by magnificent structures, reflected credit on the taste and munificence of a private citizen, who benevolently placed many of the comforts, and some of the luxuries of life, within the reach of the poorest individual of the state.

The territory on which the Olympic Games were exhibited, had been for ages a burning sand, the death of many a candidate from dust and sultry heat; a reproach to the avarice, the poverty, or the taste of the Greeks; a spot so frequently celebrated, rendered classical by poets, and affording a permanent landmark to the chronologist and historian, was scantily supplied with water for the necessary purposes of refreshment, ornament, and food.

The quick-sighted zeal of Herodes, saw and provided for the defect; he conducted, at a vast expence of labour, money, and ingenuity, a copious stream, supplied from distant springs, by an aqueduct, which uniting magnificence with utility, was the wonder and ornament of his country.

A work which it was difficult to speak, or even think of, without praise, which excited and deserved general approbation, was considered by Peregrinus, as an excellent opportunity for exercising his talent

talent at satire and invective.

He abused Herodes, as vain-glorious and ostentatious, in thus lavishing his wealth on an undertaking, which only served to render the Olympic combatants effeminate, and unwarlike; he asserted, that it was more useful to the state, though a few lives were sacrificed, to habituate and harden them, by exposure to heat and thirst, than to suffer the defenders of their country to enjoy the unmanly indulgences of coolness and shade.

After much declamation in favor of self-denial, it was observed, that on the next public celebration of the Games, the Cynic was the foremost of the crowd which pressed forward, to enjoy the luxury of a limpid stream.

The office of a public censurer of mankind, whatever may be his motives, is not of a kind to conciliate affection, but the inconsistencies of Peregrinus rendered him contemptible, a circumstance which must have proved highly mortifying to a man, incessantly hunting after popularity,

and enthusiastically ambitious of posthumous fame.

Rendered desperate by disappointment, he resolved in the fervor of false philosophy, which so often loses sight of truth, utility, and common sense, he resolved to astonish the world, and build his reputation on what he judged an imperishable basis, by putting an end to his existence on a funeral pile.

Being questioned as to the end and design he had in view, he said, that he meant to hold forth to the world an impressive example; to teach men to despise death, to bear pain with firmness and composure. It was in vain he was told, that a fear of death was strongly implanted in our bosoms for the wisest purposes, and that it was the first duty of every citizen, and ought to be paramount to every other, to perform the offices of society, in that post, in which Providence had placed him.

“If he imagines,” said Lucian, on hearing of his design, “if he imagines there is any thing so wonderfully pre-eminent and heroic, in committing himself

self to the flames, I can furnish him with a long list of fools and madmen, who at different times have excelled him in this his favorite method of making his exit.

“In the blaze of a fierce fire, as suffocation is instantaneous, sensation ceases in a moment; but on any occasion which rouses their zeal, or animates their devotion, the Indian Brahmins literally roast themselves by slow fires, voluntarily exposing themselves to the agonies of death for several hours. If the passion of Peregrinus arises merely from being tired of life, he need only return to his own country, whose laws, as a parricide and an adulterer, he has notoriously violated, and he will instantly receive the just reward of his crimes.”

With all his pretended firmness, all his vanity, and all his boasting, the Cynic appears inwardly to have dreaded the fate to which he had devoted himself; he was not without hopes, that by the interference of his associates, or the compassion of the people, his proposed death would be

prevented. But general expectation being roused, his absolute and positive refusal to undergo that, which he had voluntarily offered, besides lowering him in the esteem of his followers, (for even Peregrinus was not without admirers and disciples) his failure would have exposed him to the risque of being torn to pieces by the populace, who on such occasions, are not disposed to submit quietly to an imposture, which sports with their feelings, and insults their credulity.

He therefore had recourse to prevarication and subterfuge, spoke of celestial communications, dreams, and omens, which forbade the execution of his purpose; but he had gone too far to retreat, and finding that he had no alternative, but the death he had chosen, or a more shocking and ignominious end, he prepared the funeral pile, with his own hands.

On the day appointed, and during the vast concourse of the Olympic Games, he appeared with a train of attendants; addressed the people in a studied

studied speech, in which he asserted, "that the evils he had suffered, and the pains he had endured, were sufficient testimonies of his attachment to philosophy, without the present proof."

He then expatiated on the vanity of life, and the glory of devoting ourselves to death; for the benefit of others, but was interrupted by the shouts of his friends, (in all probability previously instructed) who exclaimed, "That such a man ought to live for the sake of his country, for the instruction and edification of mankind."

These words so highly grateful to Peregrinus, which would have secured him the credit, without subjecting him to the penalties of martyrdom, were calculated at once to gratify his vanity, and his love of life, which in spite of his declarations, still preponderated; these soothing words were instantly overpowered, by the tumultuous voices of a very considerable majority, who loudly insisted, that a non-performance of that which he had promised, was unworthy the character he as-

sumed, that he ought to set an example of consistency and scrupulous faith. "Conduct him to the pile, conduct him to the pile," echoing from ten thousand voices, filled *our philosopher* with terror and dismay; convinced that nothing but his death, in the manner and form he had himself prescribed, would satisfy the merciless and irritated multitude; in a tremor, produced by violent agitation of body and mind, he sunk on the ground; repeated fainting fits, succeeded by a violent fever, made it necessary to postpone the business.

A physician who was sent for, to administer relief, informed him that if he was so anxiously bent on death, he might save himself the trouble and ceremony of publicly inflicting it on himself, for that the fever, if unsubdued, would soon release him from his cares.

Peregrinus not relishing the proposal, told his medical friend, that merely to die in his bed, was not the thing he wanted, that so common a mode of going out of the world unnoticed
and

and unapplauded, had neither the charm of novelty, nor the attractions of popular admiration. After a struggle of several weeks, between his fears, his disease, and his pride, the fever left him, and he fixed the time and place, at which he would execute his purpose without fail. On the 16th day of July, in the one hundred and sixty-fifth year of the Christian æra, and in the two hundred and thirty-sixth Olympiad, such was the formal stile in which it was announced, he ascended for the last time, a funeral pile, which he had constructed with his own hands. The spot he chose for displaying his contempt of life, was about three miles from Olympia, where he had first proposed to finish, or pretend to finish this singular transaction.

On the evening of a serene day, and the moon shining with a silver light, Peregrinus presented himself to the public eye, with a long train of disciples, followers, and many others, whom curiosity or admiration had attracted.

Laying aside his mantle, his wallet and his staff, he,

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with a flambeau set fire to the fabric he had reared, and formed of fir and other inflammatory materials; then scattering incense around him, and turning his face to the south, he exclaimed with a loud voice, "Genii of my ancestors, open your arms to receive me;" and leaping into the flames, was soon reduced to ashes.

Thus terminated the career of a man, who may be said to have rendered himself extraordinary by his crimes, his opinions, and his death, who having, by the flagitious obliquities of his early life, barred against himself the creditable path to honest fame, which is, or ought to be within the reach of virtuous conduct and beneficial exertion alone; attempted a bye-road to repute, by singularity, eccentric conduct, and what he called philosophy, a name which for the worst purposes, and with the most deplorable effects, has been so often conferred on systems, neither directly or remotely tending to meliorate ourselves, or increase the knowledge and happiness of others.

Lucian,

Lucian, who was present at, and describes the death of the Cynic, endeavored in the spirit of ironical railery, which on no one occasion ever departed from him, he endeavored to persuade the spectators, that he felt the motion of an earthquake, at the moment Peregrinus expired, that a vulture was seen to ascend from the funeral pile, and a voice heard, uttering the following words: "I quit the earth, and take my flight to heaven."

As a proof of the disposition in mankind to propagate, as well as receive falshood, the fatirist relates, that a few months after, he was in company with an old man, of venerable appearance and fair character, who positively affirmed, that he not only saw the vulture ascend, and heard the words distinctly pronounced, but that he beheld the shade of Peregrinus, cloathed in a white transparent robe, and with a crown of olive on his head, in the portico of a temple, at Elis.

For these, and other reasons, statues and divine honors were decreed to his

memory; his staff was considered as so precious a relic, that a few years after his decease, it sold for an Attic talent, which may be computed in English currency, at something more than one hundred and eighty pounds.

Thus the peculiar turn of mens minds of that age, to admire suicide, and applaud those who insulted them, consecrated and diffused a degree of splendor over the memory of an individual, who but for a lucky escape, would a few years before, have perished on a cross, as a profligate, a parricide, and an adulterer.

In the present day, a candidate for fame or profit, though he will not exactly tread in the footsteps of Peregrinus, *some* of the means he may employ, will perhaps be equally contradictory to utility and sound sense.

Illiterate and stupid himself, he may persuade the world, that he has by a fortuitous glance, made himself acquainted with the structure and laws of the animal œconomy, that he has in a few months rendered

dered himself a complete master of the mysteries of a science, to which the great benefactors of mankind, have devoted the studies of a long life; yielding implicit credit to his assertions, the infatuated multitude will incontinently lavish their wealth on the minion of lucky incident, whom, but for the delusive mist he has spread before their eyes, they would not have trusted in their scultery or their dog-kennel.

Another may publish, as the production of first-rate genius, the elaborate nonsense of his own brain, artfully cloathed in the dust, the cobwebs and antiquated phrase of remote times; he may produce his old chests and his new manuscripts, and converting his rolls of musty parchment into the pistol of a highwayman, raise contributions on the ignorant, the credulous and unwary.

A third adventurer, but of a different description, may listen to the harangues, and peruse the nonsense of enthusiasts, mystics, and madmen, 'till he catches the infection, and considers every prating driveller as

inspired; and how much soever the earlier part of his life may have been remarked for literary acuteness and sound judgment, he may obtrude his absurd speculations into national debates, and imitating the Saracens of old, pay divine honors to those, whom Providence has deprived of its choicest gifts; to ideots and maniacs, whose arguments are best answered by a straight waistcoat, and who ought never to have been suffered to re-pass the threshold of a mad-house.

PLUTARCH; the following sentiment of this author, versified by Pope:

“ I had rather” says the biographer, “ that there never had been such a man as Plutarch, than that he should be recorded in history, as capricious, unsteady, irritable, and malicious.” “ Grant me an honest fame or grant me none” says the English poet, who in this instance, united the beauties of compression, harmony and rhyme.

POLITICAL PARADOX. In what writer have I met with the following words: “ The utmost pinnacle

pinnacle of political perfection, is that of being very powerful and happy amidst the most enormous abuses."

To this, another modern enigma may be added, which I understand, a certain gentleman considers it as the glory of his life to have produced; the zeal with which he has enforced and explained it, have also been happily received in a certain quarter, as an ample atonement for his *former errors*.

The famous riddle is as follows, or to the following effect: "The more theoretically true any political maxim appears, in the same proportion it will be found practically false, unsafe, and inadmissible."

POLITICAL COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, thus lately described by a writer in Ireland. I should hope the portrait is drawn from fancy, rather than life.

"God forgive me if I am mistaken, but I do not believe there is a race of animals, more noxious to the peace and good nature of Ireland, than our political Country Gentlemen;

remember I speak of the cast in general; I acknowledge, and am acquainted with, a few valuable exceptions.

"Awkward, arrogant, contumelious, full of consequence and claret; the traces of education, for the most part, forgotten, and the little which remains, remembered only to be despised. They live at their country seats, the haughty arbiters of their wretched vassals, who cringing in the kitchen and hall, imitate the conduct of their landlords at the castle.

"Taking their annual flight to town, they exhibit a ludicrous mixture of stiffness and obsequiousness; the open air, the ruddy cheeks, and clownish blustering of a Dromore bully, with the cunning of a pettifogger, and the bending back of a place hunter; hoping to patch a ragged rent-roll, and supply the beggary produced by lawless prodigality, at the expence of their country.

"Such are the characters sent up by the proprietors of hereditary boroughs, who libel the country which supports them, and are
heard

heard asking each other; "Is all quiet with you;" *hoping to convert a boxing match into a battle, and a riot of drunken taylors, or the murmurs of starving manufacturers, into rebellion.* Such are the men who advertize their country as they would a bad servant; and endeavour, by every means in their power, to expose it to the ridicule and abhorrence of Europe."

At the moment this article, in the above form, was preparing for the press, dreadful accounts arrived of the state of Ireland; and I cannot resist the impulse I feel to say a few words on a subject, for many reasons, highly interesting to me.

It is indeed impossible to contemplate the situation and circumstances of our sister kingdom, without sympathy and emotion: the evils which our fellow subjects suffer in that distracted country, whether originating from the disappointment of expectations, *wantonly and unnecessarily excited*; produced by the artful and seditious fomentations of treacherous men; or arising from rights withheld,

and atrocious injuries inflicted; they loudly call, and in a voice, which soon or late, *must* be heard, they loudly and imperiously call for the interceding hand of the English government; they require all the political sagacity, all the coolness and all the firmness of Mr. Pitt, and his associates.

Whatever the provocations, and that many there have been, I cannot, I will not deny, let justice be tempered with mercy, at least, it is of importance, that the experiment *again* be tried. I have great faith in the remedy, I have strong reasons for relying on the generosity of the Irish nation; we have known what it is to rouse their resentments, let us endeavour to excite their gratitude. At a moment like the present, when an insolent enemy is at our gates, every probable cause of difference should be removed; let the great question of political rights be deferred, a general unconditional amnesty be offered, and the edict for martial law be revoked; I have every thing to hope from the good disposition, honest nature,

nature, and loyalty of Irishmen, WHEN COOL, UNPROVOKED, AND UNIRRITATED.

It is no play-thing we are about; our existence, as an independent country, and the lives of thousands are at stake.

I earnestly intreat his majesty's ministers to recollect, that a kingdom divided against itself, cannot stand; that a system of coercion, critically situated as we are, cannot possibly be supported; and, however, for a short period, it may answer the purpose of temporary suppression, it must fall, and threatens to bury with it our religion, constitution, and all we hold dear, in promiscuous confusion, and convulsive ruin.

It is my sincere, and, I trust, my laudable wish, to give useful precaution, and raise a salutary alarm, on a subject which certain frothy superficial dabblers, affect to treat with levity and contempt. I assert, and have good reason for asserting, that the dissensions in Ireland are of more political consequence to this country, at the present moment, than any circum-

stance that can possibly happen. Buonaparte, and his Army of England, encamped on Blackheath, would not excite so great alarm in my breast, as a continuance or augmentation of the present calamitous state of that kingdom.

I would wish to ask those vociferous declaimers, for strong measures and club law in Ireland, if they are aware of the vast numbers of sailors and soldiers in our fleets and armies, who are natives of that kingdom; I wish them to recollect, that every one of these has a father, a mother, a sister, a brother, or some relative near and dear to them, with many of whom they correspond, and for all of whom, a nation remarkable for family attachments, have the yearnings of blood and affection. I will not enlarge on a subject which would lead to TERRIBLE TRUTHS; * * * * *

the effects of the present system have *already* been felt, by our military and naval officers.

I con-

I conclude this hasty and inaccurate article, which I write on the spur of the moment, and stimulated by strong conviction, I conclude with relating a circumstance which formerly occurred in Portugal.

On some great national emergency, it was thought advisable to raise a regiment of Jews. Many opposed the measure, but the majority of the council were of opinion, that those who enjoyed the protection, should assist in defending the country. The regiment, after many difficulties and various obstacles, was raised and disciplined; but on the day they were ordered to march, an express from the commander in chief arrived, requiring of the minister a regiment of dragoons, and a detachment of artillery, to prevent the new corps from fighting with the army they were to join, and to put a stop to desertion.

They were immediately disarmed and disbanded.—The Israelites being reproached, and threatened with corporal punishment, one of them had the courage to make the following

reply, as he threw down his firelock: “Can you be surprized at what has happened; after having burnt alive so many thousands of my countrymen, after having plundered and oppressed them for so many centuries; and, for their religious opinions, reproached, vilified, and abused a people, from whom your own Saviour, as you call him, derived his origin; Is it not folly and madness to expect assistance or attachment?”

POOOR RATE, a heavy and increasing tax, introduced in this place for the sake of mentioning one of the probable causes, to which this redundancy of expenditure may be attributed; THE PREVAILING CUSTOM OF APPOINTING ATTORNIES, VESTRY-CLERKS.

These professional gentlemen, to whom I wish not to attribute obliquity, foul play, or ill design, naturally carry with them into office, what may be termed, *L'esprit du corps*. To fill this office it used, in better times, to be the custom to chuse some reputable decayed tradesman, who

who on any occasion of difference on parish business, appointed a friendly meeting of the parties, and without further expence, adjusted the dispute.

But since *special attornies* have interfered, it has been accurately determined, that thirty thousand pounds a year is expended merely in appeals to Quarter Sessions, that vexatious removals, litigious contests, journies over half the kingdom, and parochial contests, with their harrassing consequences, amount to full one third of the whole expenditure.

Human nature is not formed of materials, sufficiently strong to persist in an undeviating line of duty, which would defeat the purpose and prospects of a profession, which is to support a man and his family, and which places competency or independence within his reach.

POPE, ALEXANDER, addition to his article, in my second volume.

The following character of Boileau, by Voltaire, has been applied by a modern writer, to our English bard: "Not having abili-

ties equal to the sublime, and the pathetic, but possessing, in a considerable degree, acute perception, and good common sense; severe, exact, pure and harmonious, he became at length the Poet of Reason."

Yet surely the praise of enraptured sublimity cannot with truth, be denied to Pope's Messiah; his verses on an unfortunate lady, exhibit the most pathetic touches our language affords; and it is not possible for a candid critic to peruse his epistle to Abelard, his Rape of the Lock, and his Dunciad, without perceiving repeated and strong proofs of his talents for incident, and the happiest invention.

His undertaking a long and laborious translation, appears to have diminished the real poetic merits he possessed, in the opinion of common observers; but he was seduced into the toils, and where is the man who could have resisted the temptation? he was seduced into the toils by the splendors of independence. Let it however be remembered that it was a high-blooded, spirited courser, voluntarily

rily submitting to the collar, the load, and the lash, for the sake of provender, and that after quitting the trammels, he was equally able "to skim o'er th' unbending corn, and sweep along the plain."

In all future editions of the translation of Homer, intellectual equity, and literary justice demand, that the names of Broom and Fenton should be printed jointly with Pope's, in the title page, and to each part they individually executed, whether in the text or notes. To announce a large work, a work which could be only produced by considerable toil and application, as the sole work of one man, when it was avowedly, and a large portion of it, the united produce of several, is calling in a direct falsehood, to aid the fame of a man, who wanted not such helps.

It hath been somewhat invidiously remarked, as a singular circumstance, that the library of the most classical of our bards should be destined to fall into the possession of a treasury clerk, Mr. George Rose.

Of that gentleman's abi-

lity to use, or qualifications to enjoy the treasure he possesses, I am not prepared to speak; but if, with possession of the books, the moral equity of their former proprietor shall be transmitted, if the friend of Mr. Pitt should happily be stimulated by the vigorous sentiment, and didactic energy of Pope, to devote a third of that income he receives from the public, (£13800. per annum) being his proportion of a triple assessment, towards our present public emergencies and fiscal embarrassments; we shall in that case have no reason to regret the quarter, to which the Twickenham library has wandered.

Such a proceeding on the part of Mr. Rose, and his political associates, would be an unanswerable refutation of the charges of malignancy and misrepresentation; would establish, on a permanent basis, the popularity of his Majesty's ministers, and compleat the character Mr. Rose has so deservedly attained, of official diligence, and indefatigable application.

It has been said of Pope, as of other satirists, that the characters he delineates are all hero, or all scoundrel; and that when party prejudice, and personal resentment are forgotten, posterity will hear with surprise, that Dennis, with eccentricities bordering on madness, was a sound critic; Wellstead a respectable writer, and that his "Bug with gilded wings" was a young nobleman, of elegant manners and amiable life, the patron of arts and learning, the friend and associate of Dr. Middleton.

We have been inundated, and I understand, are still threatened with more inundations of POPE, WITH NOTES; Is there no public spirited bookseller to rescue us? Will no kind hand, in pity to this excellent writer, and succeeding generations, save us from the teasing expence and trouble of perplexing comment, puerile bagatelle, and explanation, wholly unnecessary?

It was the pride and aim of Pope, to write clearly, plainly, and intelligibly, *that he who runs might read*; and I cannot help exclaim-

ing to past, as well as present annotators, as well to the virulent dogmatism and insolent egotism of Warburton, as the indiscriminate voraciousness, and in his late edition, the indelicate pruriency of Dr. War-ton, "CLAUDITE JAM RVOS PUERI."

An edition of Pope, without a single note, well printed, on good paper, and delivered to the public at a reasonable price, is much wanted, and I think would sell well. It should be subjected to the management of judgment, taste, and literary disinterestedness, which would admit only what Pope actually wrote himself, or what is worthy of him.

Compilations from every author extant, who mentions him, and pieces highly exceptionable, on the score of decency and morality, and which it is very doubtful whether he wrote, ought to be resolutely rejected; they are equally uncreditable to the memory of the Bard, and the book-making spirit of his Editor.

The following censure of Pope's favorite doctrine, that

that whatever is, is right, has been thus noticed by a modern writer, who *in this instance*, seems to have exchanged for a moment, his flowery, his fatiguing declamatory mania, for sound argument.

"If Pope means, that whatever *Heaven appoints*, is right, his axiom is an undeniable and glorious truth, but if he includes in it, whatever comes to pass through the wild and extravagant passions of man, his doctrine is neither consistent with reason or revelation. The decrees of the Almighty are founded on wisdom, his dispensations on unbounded benevolence; but man is hurried away by his lusts, into a thousand irregularities, deplorably evil themselves, and in their consequences, manifestly pernicious to society."

The same writer thus censures Mr. Pope's attack on the vanity of man, for supposing the present system produced for him alone.

"It is my firm opinion, that the world was meant by the Almighty, to be *appropriated* to man; that it was created, with all it con-

tains, purely *for* him, as every thing in it, animate or inanimate, bears some relation to *his* service, or in some way or other, contributes to *his* good.

"Is there any absurdity in maintaining, that God gave us a world for our possession, when it is our duty to believe, that he gave his only Son to be sacrificed, as a propitiation for us?"

"I cannot but consider the attempt of Mr. Pope, as unkind to his fellow-creatures, and ungrateful to the Almighty. It is depriving us of one of the most delightful sources of contemplation. To consider the Creator of the universe as having *me* in his eye in the great work, is an idea, which must be productive of moral utility as well as mental pleasure. A contrary opinion has a direct tendency to diminish our sense of God's goodness, to damp our gratitude, and of course diminish one of the salutary spurs to virtuous energy. It would teach us to look upon ourselves as lost among a crowd of other beings, or regarded only with occasional and

incidental beneficence, not the objects of constant care and kindness.

"Against the truth of the Poet's system, without citing the express words of scriptural evidence, one argument appears decisive: The world began with, and ceases with man; consequently the grand use, the principal end of the world is to be subservient to *his* interest and pleasure. So that I shall continue to think myself authorized to apply the beautiful lines of this excellent Poet, to myself and the human race.

"For *me*'kind nature wakes
her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and
spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
Annual for *me*, the grape
and rose renew
The juice nectareous, and
the balmy dew;
For *me* the mine ten thou-
sand treasures brings,
For *me* health gushes from
a thousand springs."

PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

During the late violent and unwarrantable attack of an Irish mob, on this worthy Prelate, and the

Chancellor of that kingdom, a bye-stander observed, that popular fury was more particularly directed against the Law Officer, and that the assailants, for want of other missile weapons, tore up the large pavement stones, many of them as heavy as two or three men could raise, and actually hurled them at his coach; the pannels were not formed to resist such tremendous attacks, and his Lordship was indebted for the preservation of life, to the intrepidity of his driver, and the swiftness of his cattle.

The carriage of the Ecclesiastic being in the rear, could not be extricated from the hands of the insurgents, they seized the horses bridles, opened the door, and were proceeding to acts of violence on the person of the Prelate; "What have you to say to me, my friends," said the good Bishop, cool and undismayed, "I am the Primate, and to the best of my knowledge, never did you an injury in my life."

When the multitude had positively ascertained, by evidence *among themselves*, that

that it was not the Archbishop of Tuam, whose coach they had been told it was, they begged pardon of the Primate, "swore that a hair of his head should not be hurt," and dismissed him with loud huzzas, and other marks of approbation; adding at the same time, in the rage of disappointed vengeance, "that they took him for one of the *damned Beresfords, a family to which they were indebted for all their calamities, and that it certainly was their intention to have given his Grace a dip in the Liffey.*"

PRUSSIA, the last King of, a prince whom it is not easy for an Englishman to mention without indignation and contempt.

The son of the unhappy General Custine, being sent as ambassador to him during the sitting of the Constituent Assembly in France, returned with glowing descriptions of the warlike preparations for blotting France out of the map of Europe. Austrians, Prussians and Hungarians, Hussars, Chasseurs, Hulans, Croats, and Pandours, backed by thirty thousand Emigrants, breathing fire

and vengeance, were to sweep the *poor national guards*, like dust before the wind.

"According to my instructions," said Custine, "I remonstrated with his Prussian Majesty, on these hostile appearances; I notified to him that the king, obliged by his oath to defend the constitution, had assembled an army to defend our frontiers. "Your armies," replied this breaker of treaties, with a contemptuous sneer, "What are they?"

The answer of the Envoy is not recorded; but he might have told this mercenary monarch, that they were Frenchmen, converted by liberty, from machines into men, and resolved to live free, or perish in the attempt; that they were men who would make surrounding nations submit to their yoke, and the proudest of monarchs, as well as the most insignificant of kings, tremble on their thrones.

I believe that most readers will agree, that I have spoken of the deceased, in a manner which the flagrant direktion of his allies

lies certainly merited; yet I am of opinion, that no subjects were ever under greater obligations to a sovereign, than the people of Prussia. He had entered into a war of his own provoking, uncalled and uninvited; he had engaged in an alliance of his own forming, and had received immense subsidies. But after his inglorious retreat before the *poor national guards*, and after the repeated victories of the Republican troops, his country must have been inevitably ruined, by persisting any longer in the contest. He withdrew from the royal coalition; and to preserve his people from subjugation and plunder, sacrificed his word, his honor, his consistency, his inclinations, and, as I understand, his peace of mind. He degraded himself in the eyes of Europe, became a by-word of mockery and scorn, the ridicule of those with whom he had made his peace; it cannot be denied, that these were considerable sacrifices for the welfare of his people.

Of our gifts to this *worthy* monarch, and our loans

to the Emperor, it was not unaptly said; "that if we go on as we have began, giving and lending will amount to the same thing;" a suggestion not yet contradicted by any remittance from Vienna.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE. The insipid and unanimated mode of delivery, too generally adopted by English preachers, has been often censured, and with *some* reason; yet I cannot, by any means, agree with those who would wish to introduce the gestures of theatric exhibition into the house of God.

To awaken mankind from the dreams of sensuality, and the magic charm of worldly interest; to increase the influence of virtue by additional motives, and to deter the wicked by new terrors; to enforce morality by divine revelation; to convince our reason and affect our hearts, are the great objects of every honest preacher of the gospel; objects equally defeated by extravagant action, violent vociferation, or by his assuming the appearance of a statue, with head, hands, and eyes, immovably

ably rivetted to his text book.

Though the toil of art should be discovered as little as possible, he who would *do good* as a divine, must not let a wish to *shine* be his paramount motive; he must adopt a grave simplicity, a well regulated earnestness of delivery, a deliberate pronounciation, a mild devout unaffected solemnity of manner, arising from a conviction of the important truths he inculcates. Nothing is more awfully impressive than well timed pauses, after any strong sentiment, or emphatic quotation from the word of God.

There should be no smirking, no self-approving half-suppressed smiles, no studied graceful attitude, no curvetting of the head and neck, no tossing forward of the shoulders, no prettiness of gait, no regular intervals for adjusting band, dress, book, handkerchief, gloves, and cushion.

I know two well meaning, and in other respects, pleasant men, who losing sight of propriety, common

sense, and the sacred nature of the office in which they are engaged, constantly exhibit, in the pulpit and reading desk, the preposterous habits, affected niceties, and prim prettinesses of coxcombs and *petit maitres*. As I am sometimes (I thank God not often) obliged to submit to the misery of listening to them, they never fail, on these occasions, exciting resentment and disgust.

The desirable happy medium between a Ranter and a Drone, it is easier to wish for, than describe or to attain; it must be the effect of good sense and correct taste, on a temperate frame of body and mind, on a well modulated voice, a critical ear, an interesting countenance, and a chaste uniformity of expression and gesture.

Many of these requisites, it is true, must be born with a man, and cannot be acquired. Numbers of meritorious young clergymen, after long and considerable pains, have grossly failed; while others, commencing their clerical functions, unprepared, and almost unpremeditated,

premeditated, have secured silent attention, and universal approbation.

He who could secure the occasional attendance of two or three judicious, candid, but *severe* friends, to hear him officiate during the first month of his entrance on the ministerial office, would reap considerable advantage from their observations.

Bishop Burnet is said to have indulged, in an undue degree of pulpit action, and to have been highly gratified with an indecorous mode of approbation, a sort of humming noise from the congregation, which was a prevalent fashion at that time. This custom, highly indecent in a place of worship, provoked the censure of Bishop Spratt, the sensible rival of the prelate of Salisbury; Spratt checked it frequently whilst he was preaching himself, and somewhat raising his voice, exclaimed, on more than one occasion; "Peace, peace, I pray you peace!" The whig divine, less delicate in his taste, and highly gratified by the noisy and indecent applause he had occasioned, is said

to have some times sat down to enjoy it.

The cushion-thumping propensity of Burnet, often excited the profane merriment of Charles the Second; he told him, on one occasion, as he descended from preaching at the Royal Chapel; "If my doubts were not removed by the force of your arguments, my Lord, I should be instantly silenced by the weight of your fist."

The king was probably irritated by the honest censures of Burnet, who thought it his duty, as a Christian Bishop, to expostulate with Charles on his abandoned conduct; "The only means of extricating yourself from the troubles which surround you," said Burnet on a certain occasion, "is to remove the croud of giddy and guilty creatures that flutter about your court, for nothing hath so much tended to alienate the affections of your subjects, after the great loyalty and deliverances you have experienced, as the scandalous reports of your life and conversation, which, if you persist in, divine vengeance will pursue you in

in this life, and render you for ever miserable in that which is to come."

In plainness of expression, and unadorned diction, Dr. Pocock, the well informed traveller, and afterwards a Bishop in Ireland, is said to have admirably adapted his discourses to the capacities of his congregation; a proceeding which does not appear to have satisfied all his hearers. A farmer, who resided near a living of the doctor's, being asked how he liked the Rector's preaching, replied, "He is not larned enough." His Curate wishing to excite wonder rather than diffuse instruction, improved from the hint in his next Sunday's sermon; the text was, "Repent, O house of Israel." It is very expressive in the original, said he, "*Poluphloisboio Thalasses*." I doubt the authenticity of this anecdote; for, it is not probable, that a clergyman would violate decorum so grossly, as to introduce in his discourse, and more immediately in the presence of God Almighty, a pleasantry founded on falsehood.

VOL. III.

PRATT, Mr. a modern poet, and an agreeable writer of novels, if he could repress the luxuriant diffuseness of his pen, and his tiresome tendency to voluminous expansion;—these, if indulged as of late, will inevitably lead him to the dry, flat, unvaried road of dullness and insipidity.

This short addition to his article in my second volume, is introduced for the purpose of replying to *certain remonstrances*, which accidentally caught the eye of the Editor; he begs leave to assure Mr. Pratt, that the little he said of him on a former occasion, was selected from a mass of materials sent, *unasked*, by the mail coach, from a *certain quarter*, evidently inimical to Courtney Melmoth; and that his selection was made with a partiality which has been blamed.

Indeed such is the general propensity of this collection, in favor of Mr. Pratt, that the compiler hath been frequently censured as an associate, in some way or other, selfishly

ly interested in promoting his fame; and, in one instance, he was *accused* by a critic, I believe in the English Review, of being Mr. Pratt, and, in that case, guilty of the unbecoming absurdity of praising himself.

After this preliminary statement, the Editor could not see, without surprize and regret, the word *malice* mentioned with relation to an article, which, in Mr. Pratt's case, has deviated into a fault of a very opposite tendency. Indeed, it is utterly impossible, that either malevolence or ignorance could have misled one, who hailed the gentle Courtney at his first appearance in the literary horizon, and has never since lost sight of him in his variegated literary career.

Should this ingenious writer still feel dissatisfied, the Editor can only lament, how very ill his success has kept pace with his design; and, in a future volume, he will endeavour to produce a more minute and correct statement, supported by affidavits, and illustrated by NOTES, which

the possessors may probably be prevailed on to part with, for a trifling compensation!!

PROFLIGATE SERVANT, a singular but hazardous mode of reforming one.

During the year 1788, there appeared in one of the Irish Journals, an advertisement from a servant who wanted a valet's place, stating that he was *without a character*, and had many faults, but hoped to mend. A confession so frank, and indeed so uncommon in that class of people, caught the eye of a gentleman in the environs of Dublin, well known for his eccentric humour and generous hospitality.

He sent for the man, and on his entering the room, thus addressed him; "You graceless dog, that seem bent on starving, pray where and with whom did you live last?" "With Squire ———, of St. Stephen's Green," replied the valet, "and an ill-natured unreasonable man he was, an't please your honor, though 'tis true I gave him some *small cause*; would you believe it, sir, for no other reason

reason in the world, than because I kept genteel hours, kissed the wenches, loved whisky, and because he missed a pair of silver mounted pistols, and *another thing or two*, he sent me packing, and stopped my wages."

"You are the lad for *my* money," said the gentleman, "you have owned your faults, which I never was able before to prevail on a servant to do; I now know your failing; but remember, if I ever catch you at any of your light-fingered tricks, you shall certainly die in your shoes.—Be with me to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, you idle dog; in the meantime, take these ten guineas and pay your old master for his pistols."

The graceless rogue entered on his place the next day, and faithfully served for the rest of his life, his new master, who left him, at his decease, a handsome annuity. He embarked in trade, was successful, and, at the moment I write, is a wealthy and respectable merchant in Dublin.

By a severe disciplinarian, he would have been

doomed to confinement in a jail, that nursery for violence and plunder, from which, after some slight punishment for his first offence, he would have issued a qualified desperado; and, after a life of blood and plunder, in all human probability, would have expiated his crimes on a gibbet.

PULTENEY, MR. afterwards Lord Bath, a crude reflection of his on the death of an amiable and worthy man.

"Arbuthnot," says Pultney, in a letter to Swift, "is dead. He lived the last six months of his life, in a very bad state of health, hoping every night would be his last. He was weary of the world, not so much from disease, as that he was *tired of so much bad company.*"

"This observation," says a commentator, "supposing it to be fact, is remarkable in a man of Arbuthnot's humour, whose mind seemed always pregnant with comic ideas; who had a remarkable, I had almost said an inimitable manner, of seizing and displaying the ridiculous, in the most vicious

vicious characters, an art in which, I think, he excelled his great cotemporaries, Swift and Pope.

"*Circum præcordia ludit*, was singularly applicable to Dr. Arbuthnot's writings, when he seems to laugh the most, he bites; that such a man, to whom almost every character was a source of amusement, that to such a man death should be welcome, because life was insipid, is a melancholy proof, that even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; that those best qualified to make others merry, are often least so themselves; that mirth and hilarity are often the effect of painful efforts, to shake off, for a time, the cares of life, and shut the eyes, for a few moments, from vexation."

Yet, in point of fact, I cannot help thinking Lord Bath was not correct; for, in a letter written by the physician, in October 1734, a few months before his death, he describes himself so reduced by dropsy and asthma, that he can neither sleep, breathe, eat, nor move, and earnestly intreats the Almighty to

shorten his days; not (he adds afterwards) that I have any particular disgust against the world.

I believe my readers would think it time and pains ill bestowed, to enquire why a man, in such a situation, should pray for death. The observation of Lord Bath, I rather attribute to his courting the Dean, whom he dreaded, to his chiming in with the misanthropic querulousness of the churchman; a common effect of old age, which strongly predominated, in the declining days of Swift; and, exasperated by political malignity, and disappointed ambition, embittered the last twenty years of his life.

If the good, the excellent Arbuthnot; born and bred in the lap of science; visited and caressed by wit, beauty, learning, and accomplishment; if a man so favored, sighed for death, because he was *tired of bad company*; God help the man who is obliged to draw all his amusement, and all his instruction, from gross ignorance, frivolous folly, and conceited absurdity.

Yet

Yet it hath been observed by a French writer "that the evils of this life, and the terrors of futurity would prove an insupportable burthen, if the Almighty, in pity to man, had not infused into his nature, a tendency to vanity and frivolous pursuits, *il le crea frivole et vain*, this salutary spirit of nonsense enables him now and then to dance and sing under his misfortunes."

RAVAGES, BURNINGS, AND MURDERS, practised by the supporters of the French Revolution, so eloquently described, so pathetically dwelt on, by Mr. Burke and his followers.

The evils produced on such occasions, it is easier to weep over, than prevent; yet the spirit which led to these excesses and enormities, was not confined to one party or one sex: the following is part of an intercepted letter from a *civdevant* Dutchess to Comartin.

"The sword is all we have to trust to, for *rooting out* these filthy Republicans, and more odious Constitutionalists; *vengeance and fire, massacre, force, and fraud,*

every thing is to be employed in defence of so glorious a cause. I send you to decorate your colours, a piece of linen, dyed with the precious blood of the dear martyr Antoinette."

REFORMER of Messina; a singular character, delineated by the industrious compilation, or the offspring of the lively imagination of a respectable miscellaneous writer, who *flourished* about twenty years since, without mentioning his authority, or referring to any authentic historical evidence; he introduces the character, as an instance of the *heroic lunacy of public spirit*, produced by flagrant depravity, and universal corruption.

The subject of our present page is described as a poor, but honest and industrious mechanic, whose daily occupation did not prevent his noticing the scenes which passed before him.

He saw with indignation, a general absence of public virtue, and private principle; honesty oppressed, and vice rewarded; the sword
of

of justice evaded by corruption; a universal degeneracy of manners, and a want of power or inclination in government, to chastise offenders.

Under the impulse of such convictions, and stimulated by a zeal, which individuals cannot be too cautious how they indulge; he boldly resolved to take on himself the arduous task of a Reformer; having previously determined in his own mind, that the disease was spread too widely, and too deeply rooted, to admit of palliative or trifling remedies; he was conscious that the *verbal* remonstrances and interference of a man in his obscure rank, would be ridiculed, disregarded, and finally draw down destruction on his own head, without rendering any service to mankind.

With a mixture of courage and caution, he resolved to work at once upon the fears of the wicked; and those who proved themselves equally inattentive to the voice of conscience, and a dread of *future* punishment, to terrify by *instant* visitation, and dismay, by signal destruction, from a

quarter unknown and unseen, and which it would be wholly out of their power to guard against or avoid.

Providing himself with a short gun, which he loaded and concealed under his cloak, he sallied forth in dark evenings, and as safe opportunities offered, dispatched incorrigible offenders, of various ranks, whose notorious enormities had long condemned them in the public opinion.

In different parts of Messina, and in the course of a few months, many individuals were found shot, but their property untouched; usurers who had ruined thousands by extortion; unjust, oppressive magistrates, who converted the laws of their country into instruments for gratifying their avarice or revenge; bad ministers, who had involved their countrymen in bloody, ruinous, and unnecessary war; pretended patriots, who indiscriminately opposed and censured every measure of government, for the corrupt purpose of forwarding the interest of themselves and partizans, and ultimately suc-

ſucceeding to the places of thoſe they abuſed; adulterers and debauchees; huſbands who bluſhed not to live on the price of nuptial prostitution; and wives who conſidered beauty as a fair reſource, for repairing the fortunes they had diſſipated at the gaming table.

The general aſtoniſhment was conſiderable, no consummate villain of confequence, dared to walk the ſtreets; it was in vain that guards and ſpies were employed to diſcover the murderer; his ſyſtematic caution eluded all the arts of the police; perhaps the great maſs of people were not wholly diſpleaſed at the judicial and exemplary diſpatch he made.

After more than fifty of the worſt men of the city had been put to death, without a ſingle circumſtance ariſing, which could enable any one to gueſs by whom they were aſſaſſinated; the Viceroy thinking it neceſſary to exert himſelf in every poſſible way, to diſcover the author, publiſhed a proclamation, in which after enlarging on the general terror, and the melancholy catastrophes which

had taken place, he offered a reward of ten thouſand crowns, to any man who ſhould apprehend, or be inſtrumental in apprehending the offender or offenders; the ſame ſum, and a free pardon were alſo offered to the perſon who actually committed the murders in queſtion, if he would confeſs them, and the motives by which he was actuated.

To render his ſincerity unqueſtionable, the Viceroy went publickly, in proceſſion, and with great pomp and ſplendor, to the cathedral; received the holy ſacrament, ſolemnly repeated his promiſe at the altar, and that he would ſtrictly, and without mental reſervation, perform his vow in every particular.

The aſſaſſin having ſatiſfied his zeal for juſtice, or being willing to ſecure his own ſafety, as well as that independence, which he thought he deſerved, immediately repaired to the Viceregal palace; demanded an audience, and after many ſtrong aſſurances from the Prince, that he would religiously obſerve his oath, confeſſed himſelf guilty of
having

having killed the persons, at different times, found in the streets.

The Viceroy paused for a few moments; and after suppressing as far as he was able, the strong emotions of horror and surprise, which struggled in his breast, proceeded to argue with him on the unjustifiable cruelty and irregularity of his proceeding; the intrepid mechanic defended his conduct on the plea of justice, and the interests of morality and virtue, and concluded a sensible reply, in which he severely reflected on the chief magistrate, for suffering so many bad men to live.

The Royal Representative, whatever might be his repentment or his inclination, religiously kept his word, paid this severe Reformer the stipulated sum; and as it was judged that Messina might not in every respect, be a proper residence, after what had happened, he soon after embarked, with his family and effects, in a merchant ship, bound to Genoa, and passed the remainder of his life in the territory of that Republic. However dan-

gerous and unwarrantable it may be to encourage such a species of active zeal, his fellow citizens confessed, that for many years they felt the advantage of his severity and impartial justice.

It is well for the governors of the world, and for the peace of mankind, that this Minos of Messina is not more frequently imitated; for, if every man were to consider himself as authorized to wield the sword of justice, it would be a productive source of public anarchy and private distress. How very few of us are qualified for the important office *he* undertook? He possessed, it is true, several essential and indispensable requisites for a Reformer; integrity, disinterestedness, and personal intrepidity; but he was deficient in omniscience, to render his decisions unerring; he was not able to dive, like him, to whom all hearts are open, into the deep seated motives of human action; he probably, like his fellow men, could not entirely divest himself of the baser passions, which are sometimes concealed under

under the mask of public spirit, passions, which with all our best efforts, we cannot shake off, whilst we continue in our tenements of clay.

In an hour of splenetic despondency, or of daring and unjustifiable irritation, I have sometimes wished that some coelestial, unerring, but invisible spirit, at different ages, and in different parts of the world, had been commissioned by the Almighty, to interfere *more immediately* in the punishing, or rather the checking and preventing atrocious offenders, and yet not to *apparently* interrupt the free agency of man.

Without being aware that my reverie was incompatible with the system of a *general* Providence, and without considering its impiety, I have sometimes thus given way to the impulse of predominating imagination.

“What reasonable man could have repined, had Eve sunk to the ground, never to rise again, as she was conveying the fatal apple to her lips? Who would not have exulted, in reading that Cain’s arm

had dropped palled to his side, while he was raising it, in order to murder his brother? What mischief would have been prevented, had blindness seized on David, while he was casting adulterous looks at the wife of Uriah? How many dangers, and how many difficulties would the Egyptians have escaped, had Pharaoh been removed from the book of life? —The flagrant enormities of a long and disgraceful list of Roman Emperors, under whose vices, the world, deluged with blood, groaned for so many ages, might have been put an end to, by a slight twist, or the gentle pressure of a nervous fibre.

“The hand which signed the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and gave the fiat to the bloody St. Bartholomew Tragedy, by one of these invisible agents, might have been rendered harmless and inert. Thirteen colonies would still have remained in the possession of Great Britain, had the rude flippant tongue of the man, who shut the door of the Council Chamber in Dr. Franklin’s face, been

immovably fixed to the roof of his mouth; and lastly, Louis XVI, and Antoinette might still have sat on the throne of France, had his Counsellor dropped in an apoplexy, at the moment he advised his sovereign, contrary to his own inclinations, to become *their great and good ally*, and send his troops to learn new lessons, on shores beyond the Atlantic.

REASON, its use and abuse.

The following words of a late writer, would make no bad addition to the Athanasian Article in my first volume.

“ To magnify the powers of reason beyond their extent, or to depreciate them below their real use, are extremes injurious to the cause of truth, and great impediments to our forming a correct judgment on subjects of the first importance to our happiness.

“ He who should assert, that human intellect is fully adequate to the discussion and comprehension of the various and wonderful operations of Nature, which every where surround him, or the unfathomable myste-

ries of Divine Revelation, would *feel* himself contradicted by the experience of every moment of his life.

“ It is therefore of the first consequence, to determine the extent of our faculties, to decide how far, and on what subjects they may safely be trusted.

“ To form a judgment of men and things, from comparing the past with the present, and to deduce useful rules for our conduct in life; to draw from a study of human nature, the laws of our frame, and the constitution of society, apt arts for increasing or establishing the advantages we enjoy from it; to examine the proofs on which the validity of holy writ depends, and to be able to guard ourselves against the delusions of enthusiasts, are a few of the great purposes, for which the human understanding may be safely relied on.”

Satisfied with that portion of knowledge, which it has pleased the Almighty to impart, and not complaining of that which he hath thought proper to withhold, let us

Hope

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Hope humbly then, with
trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher,
death, and God adore.

A misapplied or misquoted passage of Dr. Foster, which may be found in the article, *Mystery*, of the present volume, will serve to elucidate and establish the theory I wish to support.

RESOURCES OF ORGANIC DEPRIVATION. On this subject it hath been frequently remarked, that the deaf, the dumb, the lame, and the blind, are generally, and for the most part amply compensated for the loss they labour under, by a proportionate augmentation of ingenuity or strength, in some other way; the following is a remarkable and well authenticated instance.

Joseph Strong, of the city of Carlisle, had been blind from his infancy, but found means to acquire, and now does, or very lately did, actually practice the business of a diaper-weaver in that city; and is considered not only as a good, but a very expeditious workman.

By way of amusement for his intervals of leisure, he is his own carpenter, joiner; and cabinet-maker; and most of the pieces of machinery used in his trade, as well as the furniture and domestic utensils of his own house, are of his construction, as also the model of a loom, and the figure of a man working at it.

At the age of fifteen, impelled by curiosity, or the spur of productive genius, he concealed himself in the cathedral, after divine service in the evening, and when the doors were shut, groped his way to the organ gallery; he proceeded minutely to examine every part of the instrument, but accidentally or designedly touching the keys, by means of some remaining unexhausted wind from the bellows, the noise at that hour, for it was now almost midnight, naturally alarmed the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses, more particularly as their organist had lately died, and no successor was yet appointed. After some delay on the score of terror, the door was opened, and the parties directing their search

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to the organ gallery, found Joseph, to whom night was as noon day, busily engaged. He was reprimanded by the Dean, for his ill-chosen hour, but permitted to *feel* the organ at all seasonable times.

In consequence of this permission, he began making a chamber organ, which he finished without assistance, and instructed himself sufficiently in music, to use the instrument for the purposes of devotion, and temporary relaxation from business; on these occasions, generally making use of chaunts of his own composition, which though wildly irregular, are said by those who have heard them played, to be remarkably consonant with the impressions and sentiments of the words which accompany them.

Having heard much of Mr. Stanley, the organist and composer, Mr. Strong *walked* from Carlisle to London, for the purpose of conversing with that gentleman, and on this occasion, made, for the first time, a pair of travelling shoes, which to use his own

words, he made stout, in the hope they would last his journey, which he accomplished; was seen and heard to play, by several distinguished characters, returned to his own house in health and spirits, having experienced the generosity of several well-disposed persons.

He afterwards built for himself a second organ, and disposed of the first to a Manks gentleman, who afterwards removed to Ireland; and this wonderful production of a blind, uneducated man, is now in Dublin, and considered as a great curiosity.

After relating such circumstances, we may, perhaps listen with less difficulty, to a certain modern writer, who observes, that if the human intellect continues to make a progress in improvement, proportionate to the strides it has made during the last fifty years, he shall not be surprised to be told of an apparatus, by which a farmer will be enabled to put a plough, *properly instructed*, into a field, in the morning, and to find his ground ploughed,

ghed, dressed, and fown, on his return in the evening.

RICHARD EMPSON, alias Sir Richard Empson, omitted in the hurry of publication, in his proper place in the alphabet; a lawyer, in the reign of King Henry the Seventh, and the son of a sieve-maker at Towcester, in Northamptonshire, who, to use the words of an old provincial biographer, *sifted the estates* of the wealthiest men in England.

This money-loving king, says the same quaint writer, repenting when it was too late, that he had rejected the offers of Columbus, to sail in the English service, on a voyage of discovery, *resolved to find the Indies at home*. Looking about him, he at last cast his eyes on the subject of this article, whom he made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; nor could he have fixed on a person more admirably qualified for his purpose. Empson, a man of strong intellect, and undaunted countenance, had diligently studied, and was eminently learned in the law, but wanted that, with-

out which, a good lawyer makes a bad man; a feeling and honest heart. With Edmund Dudley, an apt associate, of good family, but devoted to the court, he converted the penal code, and obsolete or forgotten statutes, into instruments, for levying heavy fines on his fellow subjects, and filling the coffers of his sovereign; not forgetting at the same time, to replenish his own.

It was their custom to indict such as were reputed rich, of sundry crimes, and when the bills were found by a pliant Grand Jury, assisted by a train of witnesses, who were not scrupulous in taking an oath, they advised the parties to compound the matter with the king, and generally terrified them into compliance.

Men's estates were confiscated on vain and frivolous pretences, and respectable families reduced to beggary and ruin; pardons, relief from offices unjustly laid on persons, tenures in capite, and reversals of outlawries, were copious sources of wealth; the indignation against the king and

and his tools became general, but Henry was called to answer for his conduct, at a tribunal, where kings who have done wrong, *will* be punished.

Empson, whose day of retribution also approach'd, was called before the Council, by Henry VIIIth, in the hope of appeasing popular discontent; but the lawyers had acted with so much legal cunning, prudence, and precautionary formality, producing for every thing they did, positive orders, signed by the late king, that Henry, in effecting his ends, as little scrupulous with regard to means, as any monarch in Christendom, even Henry found it impossible to convict them, without passing a sentence of condemnation on the memory of his father, or what to him would have been more irksome, refunding the ill-gotten wealth, to his injured subjects.

Retaining the money, and at the same time keeping up an apparent attention to justice, he committed the offenders to the tower, and early in the sixteenth century they were

executed, on some fabricated charge of treason, of which they were innocent; after having escaped punishment for a long train of enormities, of which, though protected by prerogative; they were actually guilty: Empson defended himself with considerable professional dexterity; the following were some of his words.

“The accusation brought against me is new, and without precedent; most prosecutions have been carried on against those who have acted against law, or disobeyed the commands of their sovereign. In the present case, I am called to account for obeying the express orders of his Majesty's father, and acting precisely according to the law of the land; if my conduct is to be considered as a punishable offence, and it be divulged to foreign nations, they will infer, that the dissolution of the English government is approaching.”

The President of the Council told him, “that he spoke with unwarrantable freedom, but that his eloquence was fruitless and unseasonable;

ble; that he was not accused of executing the laws, but of stretching them beyond due bounds, and rendering them instruments of injustice; that he was not brought in question for obeying his royal master, but for exceeding his commission, and for not submitting to the king's consideration, as was his bounden duty, any proceeding which bore hard on the rights of the subject."

The prodigious wealth of Empson, more than his guilt, probably accelerated his ruin. His treasures were soon dissipated by the voluptuous extravagance, and indiscriminate sensuality of Henry. His house and gardens, which are described as the most sumptuous, magnificent, and extensive, of any private man's of his day, were given to Wolsey; these, almost the first harbingers of royal favor, are said to have occupied the whole space, at the back of Fleet Street, from the present foot of Black Friars-bridge, to the Temple Gardens.

An historian of that period declares, that he saw an account book of Empson's,

with much of the king's writing, in various parts, by way of note; and that the following entry caught his eye: Received of**** (an offender under sentence) five marks, for a pardon to be procured for him; *the money to be returned, if the pardon do not pass, except the party be other ways satisfied.* Opposite to this memorandum, on the margin of the book was written, in the king's own hand, OTHER WAYS SATISFIED.

It is not easy, in this and other traits of the Seventh Henry, to recognize or reconcile them to, the mild virtues, and magnanimous conduct of the pious Richmond, (as delineated by Shakespeare) the subduer of tyranny, and the rescuer of beauty. Our child of nature was clearly warped by court influence; his business, at all events, was to paint Devil Richard, *as black as possible*, and to flatter, by every means in his power, the immediate ancestor of Elizabeth, the sovereign at that time on the throne. — Without yielding implicitly to the pleasant chimæras of Horace

race Walpole, all must agree, that the man who could thus prostitute his honor and dignity, did not deserve to triumph in Bosworth Field; he did not deserve to reign. Richard, with all his ferocity, would have despised so disgraceful a proceeding.

Nothing could escape the rapacious industry of the Seventh Henry, and his myrmidons; his quick sighted avarice appeared in an instance, uncreditable to his political gratitude as a king, and his manners as a gentleman. There were several acts of parliament passed, for obvious and wise reasons, against giving liveries to any but menial servants. The Earl of Oxford, to whom the king was more obliged than to any man in the realm, incautiously subjected himself to the penalties of these statutes, and on an occasion, when most princes would have overlooked it.

The king, on a certain occasion, visiting the Earl at Castle Henningham, was entertained with magnificent and expensive hospitality; seeing, as he departed, a number of persons, dressed

in rich liveries, arranged on each side of the apartments and gallery through which the royal visitor passed. "My Lord," said the crafty monarch, turning to the Earl, "I had heard much of your hospitality, but it exceeds all report; these handsome gentlemen, and lusty yeomen, I see on both sides, are surely your menial servants." — The Earl, not perceiving his insidious aim, answered, "I do not, my Liege, keep so many domesticks, they are only tenants, neighbours, and humble retainers, whom I ordered to attend; considering it my duty to pay your majesty every homage and respect in my power." — Henry starting a little, replied; "By my faith, my Lord, I thank you for your good cheer; but I must not suffer the laws to be thus broken before my face; MY ATTORNEY MUST TALK WITH YOU." This business, imputable to the suspicious timidity of the king, as well as his love of money, cost the generous Earl fifteen thousand marks.

ROACH,

ROACH, SIR BOYLE, a gentleman who has often been the butt of ridicule for Irish bulls he never uttered, and blunders he never made; but if he had been the author of all imputed to him, the following reply would excuse them:

"I am the guardian of my own honor," said a gentleman, who has often been censured in this collection, in reply to a personal allusion; "I am glad to hear it," said Sir Boyle, "you have been long looking for a place, and at last have hit upon a sinecure."

ROUSSEAU, a man of genius, with all its headstrong absurdities, a mixture of milk and vinegar, of honey, and of gall, "every thing by turns, and nothing long."—He has been called a philosopher run mad, an inspired ideot; dull, trifling, impertinent, and disgusting, such was Rousseau. Yet, it is impossible to deny, that the author of *Emilius*, was a man of genius; now good, solid, generous, sublime; the next moment vile, contemptible, vain, supercilious, and affected.

VOL. III.

"Assemble around me, brother mortals," says Jean Jaques, in that curious, but reprehensible work, his *Confessions*, "assemble around me, lament my misery, blush at my imperfections; but, at the same time, and with the same sincerity, lay open your own hearts, and say, if you dare, *I was better than Rousseau.*"

But it is not to discriminate, or enter on an enquiry into the character of the *inspired madman of Geneva*, that he is mentioned in this place, but to notice a glaring inconsistency in his system of toleration.

Persecuted and harrassed, as well by the exasperated bigots of his day, as his own imprudent unaccommodating spirit, it was more in *his* power than that of most men, to judge, experimentally, of that inquisitorial popish spirit, which we naturally expect in a pupil of Ignatius or Dominick, but are surprized to meet with in an enlightened, philosophic protestant.

Towards hereticks, Rousseau appears to be pacific and mild; but, against fanatics, he boldly recom-

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mends corporal punishment, and the rigor of the magistrate. It seems as if the spirit of Calvin, with a new name, and in another garb, had still hovered round the Lake of Geneva, in the hope that he might dismiss another victim to the shades below, who, meeting the unhappy Servetus, might tell him, that like him he too was doomed to the flames by bigotry. "By bigotry," would the surprized Servetus have exclaimed, "by bigotry, in the eighteenth century." "Yes," might the stranger have replied, "the unrelenting bigotry of scepticism." The victim of Calvin would have lamented, with a sigh, that mankind, in every age, is to be the dupe of, and the sacrifices to their own infatuations.

But I must not forget the want of toleration in Rousseau: "Fanaticism," says the inconsistent philosopher, "is not a corrigible error, but a blind and senseless fury, which reason can never keep within bounds. The only way to hinder it from spreading, is to restrain the disciples of it."

"It is in vain to demon-

strate to madmen, that they are deceived by their leaders; they will still be as eager as ever to follow them. Wherever fanaticism has been introduced, I see but one way to stop its progress, and that is, to combat it with its own weapons. Little does it avail to reason with those whom it is impossible to convince; YOU MUST LAY ASIDE PHILOSOPHY, SHUT YOUR BOOKS, TAKE UP THE SWORD, AND PUNISH THE KNAVES."

"This sentiment," says a pupil of Mr. Burke's at my elbow, "is the foundation stone, the leading principle of the French Revolution; it is thus the sceptre of the monarch has been broken by the sword of philosophy."

The following speech, written originally for a priest, may hereafter be equally suitable for a sceptic:—

Oh were I seated high as
my ambition,
I'd place this naked foot on
neck of monarchs,
And make them bow to
creeds myself wou'd laugh
at.

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The succeeding lines, though written nearly half a century ago, might also be applied to a triumphant Republic, originally founded for the express purposes of vindicating oppressed liberty; should it ever so far forget itself, as to assume the worst features of despotism, fetter the press, and violate the freedom of opinion, and the security of person and property, under the imposing magic of some delusive word.

E'en stern philosophy, if
once triumphant,
Shall frame some jargon,
and exact obedience,
To metaphysic nonsense
worse than ours:
'Tis not at Rome, but IN
THE HUMAN HEART,
WE PLANT OUR BANNERS.

ROYAL CANDOUR.

A writer, cotemporary with Charles the Second, records the following trait in that sovereign's character.

Being asked why he always read his speeches to the parliament, the king replied; "I have asked my subjects so often for

money, that I am really ashamed to look them any longer in the face."

These, and other fallacies of frankness and gaiety in Charles, will, in some degree, excuse the wonderful attachment of a certain portion of his subjects, under the trying circumstances of difficulty and distress in which they were placed. Had he not, from mercenary or sensual motives, sacrificed, in every instance, the interests of England to the insidious policy, and lawless ambition of France; his people, tasting the sweets of repose, might have looked up to him with gratitude, as a restorer of their constitution, as a king who had rescued them from the iron sceptre of a protector, from the enthusiasm and cant of republican despots.

Acting, as he did, he was a flagrant instance of odious depravity, and base ingratitude; to the Almighty, who had preserved him amidst so many perils, and to the people, who had so recently restored him to the throne of his ancestors.

SABBATH DAY, the religious observance of, a practice in which modern christians are considerably relaxed, in spite of new penalties, and additional legislative restraints; a portion of our statute book, considered by many as impolitic, partial, and oppressive, and bearing particularly hard on the lower classes of mechanics and artizans.

They complain, and complain with reason, that the legislature has imposed a galling yoke on *their* shoulders, which they avowedly and notoriously have slipped from their own; that they are deprived of the liberty of being shaved and combed on the only morning of the week they have half an hour to spare for the humble luxury of cleanliness and comfort; while persons of rank and fortune, enjoy it without disturbance or controul, at any day, or at any hour they please, under their own roofs.

It hath also been observed, that at a period when the language of complaint is generally prevalent, and, in some instances, well fo-

unded and just, it hath been observed, that when it was difficult, if not impossible, for thousands to procure meat, or fuel to dress it with, it was peculiarly cruel, *at such a season*, to tie up the hands of the baker from heating his oven, at any hour, or on any day of the week; that, in every point of view, moral, humane, or religious, the regulation was equally unfavorable; for that, if a baker was permitted to follow his occupation, fifty people might go to church, whilst the business of preparing their dinners, was the occupation of a single man.

But however oppressive or injudicious these additions to our penal code, they would have been submitted to with less reluctance, had not too many of those, who ought to be an example, and shining light to their inferiors, had they not regularly selected the Sabbath, as the grand day of exhibition, as an appointed time for collecting together the gay, the giddy, the guilty, and the unthinking, the old and the young, in a promiscuous crowd,

crowd, for the purposes of fraudulent past-time, bacchanalian riots, and unchristian profanation :

*Quis tulerit Gracchos de
seditione querentes ?*

To the remonstrances of a magistrate, before whom a hair-dresser and baker had been accused of breaking the Sabbath, they made the following unanswerable reply : " It is our duty to submit to your determination ; but we cannot help considering the law which devotes us to fine or imprisonment, as intolerably harsh, partial, and severe ; because it would be difficult, in the whole range of this great metropolis, to produce an instance of one nobleman, bishop, or man of fortune, who exhibits an undressed head, or eats a cold dinner on a Sunday."

As health is indisputably one of our first blessings, it hath been thought unwise, as well as unmerciful, to check men from breathing the fresh breeze on a Sunday, who have been confined at the shuttle and the loom, and other

sedentary unwholesome occupations, in close rooms for six preceding days.— And, after a due performance of religious duties, there seems nothing contradictory to reason or revelation, in the salutary indulgence of a country walk, or the frugal pleasure of social intercourse.

In this, as in other instances, human wants, and human feelings, step in to correct the errors of unaccommodating zeal, and the decisions of legislators, who are said, in this instance, to have been stimulated to so unreasonable and inexpedient a proceeding, by outrageous sectaries, and rigid, unfeeling disciplinarians. Nor is the restriction found to answer the purpose proposed by its sanguine, perhaps, its well-meaning advocates ; it only drives the multitude from harmless recreation, the natural and simple pleasures of cheerful converse, and pure air, to the beastly sottishness of an alehouse, or the more rank concealment of a stew.

These teasing measures, enforced too at a time when so many causes for dissatisfaction

dissatisfaction are supposed to exist, have been compared to the conduct of an unfeeling nurse, who having occasioned a child to cry by rough usage, a pin misplaced, or a crushing shoe, afterwards inflicts a severe whipping on the unhappy infant, with the following rational apostrophe: "You shall have something to cry for *now*, you little brat."

With respect to sabbatical observance, good sense, and peculiarity of circumstance and situation, must determine the safe line of practical utility; while it is difficult, if not impossible, to depart safely from a positive religious institution, with whose observance the great interests of christianity, and public welfare, are so intimately blended; we ought to be cautious how we diminish the few pleasures of the poor, or attempt to increase their burthens. We must endeavour, as far as lies in our power, to make their pleasures and their comforts keep pace with their duties; but, above all, let us not be making laws, and enforcing systems on others,

which we are ourselves, every moment of our lives deviating from, or flying in the face of.

SAVAGE, RICHARD, Son of the unnatural Countess of Macclesfield, the fruit and the victim of her illicit intrigue (though she was a married woman and a peeress) with the Earl of Rivers.

The crimes, the follies, and misfortunes of this unhappy man, have been delineated by the strong hand, and palliated by the venial partiality of Dr. Johnson, the sympathizer with his woes, the sharer of his depression, and his companion during many a midnight excursion, in which they attempted to soothe each other's sorrows.

It is worthy of remark, that, for a long course of years, while folly and vice were reposing on beds of down, rioting on dainties, or dissipating their wealth in vicious superfluity; these individuals, one of whom, had not his father been wicked, and his mother cruel, would have been nursed in the lap of fortune; and the other, a literary character, who reflected

flected honor on his country; were often wandering through the nocturnal gloom of the metropolis, almost bedless and supperless, with heaven their canopy, and the wide world to range in.

This article is not introduced, in the vain, and presumptuous hope, of improving on the author of the Rambler; it is for the purpose of recalling the attention of *certain of my readers*, who think the incompatibility of their circumstances for marriage, a full and sufficient excuse for unhallowed pleasure; it is to call their attention, to *one* of the numerous evils of indiscriminate amorous indulgence. The circumstance I would wish to press on their consideration, is the fate of their offspring.

Those, as I have observed in another part of this collection, who possess the fortune, as well as the love of variety of a Beckford, though their moral turpitude is the same, may guard against *some* of the consequences, which greatly aggravate the crime, by bestowing on their natural

children, a decent maintenance, christian education, and competent instruction in the means of future support. But the million who yield to every impulse, and indulge every desire; to whom a cap and a petticoat are always sufficient incitements; and who, if they can pay their surgeon, and compound with the churchwarden, think, that no further duty remains; I would wish to ask them, what will be their feelings in the decline of life, when they are, or ought to be preparing to give an account of their thoughts, words, and works?

How acute will *then* be their regrets, to fear, if not certainly to know that they have given existence to many wretched infants, and instead of bestowing on them the tender attentions and affectionate solicitude of a parent, have resigned them into the hands of hard-hearted mercenaries, the filthy negligence of a poor-house, and the obduracy of official selfishness.

Savage, whose life was a continual struggle with misfortune, and clouded with real or imputed crimes, who

who was a burthen to society, and narrowly escaped the penalties of offended justice; the unhappy Savage, had he not been deserted by the abominable Countess, and had he been religiously and properly educated, might, and probably would have been a useful and accomplished member of the community, the delight of his family and friends.

SAVAGES. What author or what traveller is it, who exclaims, on seeing certain inhabitants of an unknown coast, on which he landed; "We have nothing to fear from these people, they have not till now, seen a European."

I have heard this florid invective against civilized society much commended, yet I doubt if the deductions which have been drawn from it, are well founded; like other strong assertions, the offspring of a warm imagination, it must be taken with considerable allowance.

If it were possible that navigators could have their choice, whether, in case of being wrecked, they would prefer a civilized or a sa-

vage coast, it is not clear that all would pronounce in favor of the latter.

That in too many European countries, a certain unhappy portion of society, unprepared by education, uninfluenced by religion, and stimulated by poverty, still continue to practise a merciless system of plunder and violence, I confess, with regret; but it is not customary to pronounce on the excellence of a vintage, by a sample, drawn from the fœculencies and dregs of the wine vat.

The savage, it hath been said, may, and in many instances will offer personal outrage; after depriving the boat of its nails, and the carpenter of his tools; as hunger, or a love of variety may tempt, he will devour his unfortunate guest. Against such attacks the traveller, aware of his danger, must guard; but in his intercourse with polished society, he has evils to combat, which prudence cannot provide against, nor circumspection avoid.

He will probably be received and treated with kindness, his wants will be liberally

berally supplied; but these attentions will afford a very slender compensation, for a wife seduced, a daughter debauched, and a son corrupted; for a heart pierced by the envenomed arrows of hypocrisy and fraud, concealed under the specious exterior of hospitality and friendship.

SAVILLE, SIR GEORGE, Knight of the Shire, during a long period, for the county of York, a disinterested real patriot, a man of honor, and a gentleman, who fulfilling the various, and in turbulent times, the important duties of a Country Magistrate, and a Member of Parliament, with integrity, vigor, and public spirit, has left behind him a character, which, at a season when it is so difficult to distinguish between patriotism and party spirit, I cannot contemplate or record, without the strongest emotions of love, veneration, and regret.

Although his form was slender, and his constitution delicate, he was indefatigable in the performance of duty, early and late; *esse quam videri*, to be useful, rather than appear

to be so, was the leading maxim of his life; temperate, chearful, unassuming, he was beloved by all who knew him, and although title and elevated situations were repeatedly within his reach, he never *sloped* to accept them.

Defending with his pen, as well as his voice, the great principles of the English Constitution, he of course opposed those illegal and flagrant proceedings of the minister of that day, general warrants, and seizure of papers.

The American war, in its commencement, progress, and termination, he vigorously opposed, not only as unjust in principle, but from its political inexpediency, and the utter impossibility of success.

The title, ridiculously assumed by the Gallico-Prussian Anacharsis Cloots, might have been applied to this excellent man, with the strictest truth;—he was in theory and in practice, THE ORATOR OF HUMAN NATURE; there was no useful project, or humane undertaking, he did not patronize, nor any oppressive one, he did not endeavor

to counteract. Such a man, who knew no medium between duty and inclination, or promise and performance, was naturally defamed by the ministerial hirelings of the day; his frank avowal, without reserve, of universal unfettered toleration, exposed him to the merciless and destructive outrages of certain Protestant bigots; at the moment his house was blazing, in consequence of their infuriated zeal, he spoke of them with pity and forbearance.

I GRACE MY PAGE WITH THE NAME OF SIR GEORGE SAVILLE, IN THE HOPE OF INFLUENCING THE CONDUCT, OR DYING THE CHEEKS OF SOME OF HIS DEGENERATE ASSOCIATES, WHO APPARENTLY ASSUMING HIS PUBLIC PRINCIPLES, FORGET TO IMITATE HIS PRIVATE VIRTUES.

SCAURUS, MARCUS SEMILIUS, addition to.

Scáurus lapsed into the common, but vexatious error of old age, he married in the decline of life, a woman who was considerably younger than himself, and survived him.

Her name was Emilia,

the daughter of Metellus, the Pontiff, and niece to the Conqueror of Numidia. She had a son and a daughter by Scaurus, and afterwards became the wife of Sylla, before he possessed the dictatorial power, but is said not to have considered fidelity as an indispensable nuptial obligation.

It has been observed by a learned lady, I believe Madam Dacier, that any woman, of a tolerable person, and common understanding, can very easily retain the affections of her husband, if she will only condescend a little to humour his infirmities, and observe a decent degree of prudence and external propriety in her gallantries, particularly if he is a few years older than herself; she further adds, that a wife of the above description, may not only pass through life unsuspected, but may, without difficulty, make her husband believe he possesses her affections inviolate.

Without pretending to determine a subject, which must wholly depend on the share of intellect, confidence, and *cullibility* of each of the parties, it appears that

that Sylla, though a cruel dictator, was a *good* husband, he either did not know, or would not see the frailties of Emilia, 'till he besieged Athens.

On this occasion the satirical Greeks, whose wit was probably sharpened by malignity, on this occasion they reviled the Roman General, from their battlements, with many coarse jokes on the infidelity of his wife; called him an impotent old cuckold, and told him, instead of molesting and laying waste the territories of his neighbours, he would act much wiser, to stay at home and look after his wife.

This provoking insult, is said not to have at all diminished the kindness of Sylla, as a husband, but naturally exasperated the resentments of the conqueror, who soon after took Athens by storm, and covering the disgrace of his brows with laurel, revenged the indecorous insolence of the Athenians, by fire and sword.

The son of Scaurus, by Emilia, inherited his vast wealth, but not his accumulating spirit; and in the

hope of effacing the character of pecuniary rapacity, attached to the memory of his father, he spent large sums in public festivals and magnificent spectacles, during his edileship, of which a pompous description is given by Pliny; possessing neither his abilities, or political consequence, he exhibited no small portion of his arrogance and ungovernable spirit.

As Prætor of Sardinia, he gave frequent proofs of disinterestedness and public spirit, but was accused by a deputation sent from that island, of intolerable harshness, and inexorable severity in his administration. The Sardinians also complained that he had banished a native of the island, in order to facilitate an illicit intercourse with the wife of the unhappy exile; on this occasion, the Prætor was defended by Cicero, but with the issue of the business, or the orators defence, we are not acquainted.

The daughter of Scaurus was married to Pompey, but died in childbirth, and the last descendant

dant of this illustrious family, I believe in the third generation from the subject of our present article, incurred the suspicions of the gloomy Tiberius; that stupid and unrelenting tyrant, detesting superior merit, or irritated by an indiscreet satirical production, resolved finally to extinguish the race, under a pretence that he was too intimate with Livia, and was devoted to the superstitious ceremonies of the Magi: but he anticipated the purpose of Tiberius, by voluntary death.

SCHISMATICS, Methodists, and Sectaries, a mode of opposing them with success, superior to one recommended by Mr. Rœ, to whom an article is assigned in my second volume, and found effectual by every clergyman of the church of England, who has thought proper to adopt it; and I eagerly avow my acquaintance with several worthy individuals, who have tried the experiment with success.

The advice here inculcated is, I believe, in the very words of a preacher, whose name I forget.

“ You wish to suppress Sectaries; the only method a Christian can employ, yet I believe a safe and certain one is—OUTLIVE—OUTLABOUR—OUTPREACH THEM!!

SELF-DENIAL and Christian Fortitude, a striking instance of, exemplified, on good authority, in the conduct of Mr. Addison. This pleasing writer, and excellent man, having received certain hints, which it was impossible to misunderstand, from a married lady, the wife of his most intimate friend. He sent her the following letter, thus nobly triumphing over the fascinations of beauty and passion. If, as I have good reason to think this account is correct, I should have thought higher of the gentleman, had he wholly suppressed the correspondence; perhaps it was one of those numerous instances, in which *poor human virtue* required the support of external applause, in addition to the solace of self-approbation; so eminent a character might think, and with reason, that *his* example would give efficacy to the lessons he had so long

long been teaching; and, there is good reason for supposing, that the letter in question was not published 'till after the death of all the parties concerned. But whatever the impulse under which he acted, let it be remembered, that however vanity, pride, or a love of the world's applause may diminish, they cannot, they ought not to prevent our acknowledgement, and admiration of so extraordinary an instance of self-denial: But we must not forget the letter:

Madam,

It would be ridiculous in me, after the late intimation you were pleased to favor me with, to affect any longer an ignorance of your sentiments, however opposite an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice. This expression, madam, I am sensible may appear inconsistent in the mouth of a *polite* man, but I hope it is no disgrace to a *sincere* one.

In matters of importance, delicacy ought to give way to truth, and ceremony must be sacrificed

to candour: An honest freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind, which is above the practice of deceit, can never stoop to the guilt of flattery on such a point.

Give me leave, madam, to remark, that the connection subsisting between your husband and myself, is of a nature too strong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happiness of his life is so materially concerned. You cannot be insensible of *his* goodness, or *my* obligations; and suffer me to observe, that were I capable of such an action, how much so ever my behaviour might be rewarded by your passion, I must be despised by your reason; and though I might be esteemed as a lover, I should be hated as a man.

Highly sensible, madam, of the power of your beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my peace and honor may be for ever lost. You have passions you say, madam; but give me leave to answer, that you have understanding also: you have a heart susceptible of the tenderest

tenderest impressions, but a soul, if you would chuse to awake it, above an unwarrantable indulgence of them; and let me intreat you, for your own sake, to resist any giddy impulse, or ill-placed inclination, which shall induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your honor, and repugnant to your virtue.

I, madam, am, far from being insensible, I too have passions; and could my situation, a few years ago, have allowed me a possibility of succeeding, I should have legally solicited that happiness which you are now too ready to bestow. I had the honor, madam, of supping at Mr. D—s, where I first saw you, and shall make no scruple in declaring, that I never saw a person so irresistibly beautiful, or a manner so excessively engaging, but the superiority of your circumstances prevented any declaration on my side; and, though I burnt with a flame as strong as ever filled the human breast, I laboured to suppress, or at least studied to conceal it.

Time and absence at length abated a hopeless

passion, and your marriage, with my patron, effectually cured it. Do not now, I beseech you, madam, endeavour to re-kindle that fire which I must never think to fan; do not now, I beseech you, destroy a tranquillity I have just begun to taste, or blast your own honor, which has been hitherto spotless and unfullied. My best esteem is ever yours; but should I promise more? Consider, I conjure you, the fatal necessity I should be under of removing myself from an intercourse so dangerous. In any other commands, dispose of your most humble and devoted,

J. A.

SERJEANT of the Guards, extract of a letter from one, during a late campaign in Flanders, to his wife in London.

“Pray send me a few newspapers, as I want sadly to know how we go on, and what we are doing.”

SERMON, extract from a curious one, preached on the 30th of January.

The preacher apparently puzzled for a text, or resolved to make up in singularity, for what he wanted

wanted in depth, chose the following words :

" But the children of Belial said, How shall this man save us? And they despised him, and brought him no presents; but he held his peace."

In elucidating this passage, the priest considers the words "brought him no presents, as meaning that they paid him no taxes; and that the king held his peace, because he knew words would not have half so good an effect as putting these contumacious and wicked sons of Belial into the Star Chamber, which authorized by the powers he received from on high, he accordingly did."

ST. ANDRE, NATHANIEL, a native of Switzerland, from which country he emigrated early in life, and secured the friendship of a wealthy patron, who furnished him with the means of procuring a medical education; our fortunate adventurer afterwards became a public lecturer on anatomy, and a surgeon of eminence in London, a favorite of King George the First, the

confidential friend of Lord Peterborough, employed by Bolingbroke and Pope.

But the fairness of such professional prospects, were suddenly clouded, and he stamped an indelible impression of ridicule or guilt on his character, by listening to, and encouraging the impudent imposture of Mary Tofts, a woman of Godalming, who declared, and endeavoured to make the public believe, she had been actually delivered of rabbits; a delusion in which Whiston, probably seduced by the credit of St. André, was also involved.

This eccentric divine, on other occasions sufficiently scrupulous, wrote a pamphlet, to prove that this monstrous conception literally fulfilled what had been foretold by the Prophet Esdras.

To laugh were want of sentiment or grace,
But to be grave exceeds all power of face.

At the moment I write, if it were not for hurting the feelings of one to whom literature is considerably indebted, I could point out
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an individual far superior to the clergyman or the anatomist, in critical acumen, intellectual vigor, and ornamental acquirement; generally respected and approved, till hood-winked and led astray by chimæras and absurdities, equally repugnant to probability, chronologic coincidence, or common sense.

In the Surry imposition, it is not easy to account for the conduct of St. André, a man confessedly of strong sense and quick discernment, thus strangely descending from honest fame and honorable emolument, into the byroads of folly or of fraud.

Of three opinions which prevailed at the time;—that he was disposed to try an experiment on national credulity; that he was corrupted by money; or that his incitements were sensual; I strongly incline to the latter. For his amorous propensities commencing at sixteen, and strongly preponderating at seventy, led him, in the course of a long life, (protracted I believe to ninety-six) into many ridiculous situations and uncreditable embarras-

ments; considerably lowered him in the opinion of the few friends his obliquities had left him, and exposed him, in the decline of life, to the ignominious thralldom of vicious vulgarity.

His tendency to obscenity was uncontrollable; he was not able, like his *oriental* neighbour, to confine the sallies of a lewd imagination, to his closet, his green-house, and his bed-chamber; it was, on every occasion, bursting forth in double entendre, in gesture and allusion, inconsistent with decency and good manners, and criminally ridiculous in an old man.

“I shall, for the future, make it a rule, when I visit in Southampton, or the neighbourhood,” said a well-bred and elegant woman, to whom the writer of this article is indebted for some of the pleasantest hours of his life, “I shall make it a rule to ask if St. André, the rude old man, is in the house; and, be assured, I will never give you a second opportunity, sir, to drive me out of the room.” Before he felt himself

self independent, the surgeon was probably more reserved and more prudent.

Professional dexterity, or his skill as a performer on the viol de gamba, introduced him to Lady Betty Molyneux; he attended her husband in his last illness, and a marriage indecorously hasty between the widow and the surgeon, with other circumstances, never satisfactorily explained, involved them both in the odium of being instrumental in hastening the death of Mr. Molyneux, from whom the Swiss (a base villain, if the charge was true) had received many favors. (*Fertur, maritum miserrime, O pudor et corrupta fides! manibus uxoris et amici periisse, enemate calidissime injecto.*)—Their guilt or their innocence, which at a certain period strongly agitated the public mind, must now be determined by a more awful and unerring tribunal; combined with other unpropitious circumstances; this shocking imputation drove St. André into obscurity; Lady Betty was dismissed from Court, by Queen Caroline, and an

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action brought for defamation, in which a verdict and damages were given in favor of the new-married couple, was not sufficient to restore their reputation.

Chance, inclination, perverseness, necessity or guilt conspired to keep St. André in hot water for a good part of his life. In the year 1725, before he had been debased by credulity, or shunned, as being suspected of flagrant crime, and in the routine of a lucrative practice, he was roused from his bed at midnight, by a stranger thundering at his door, who urgently desired him to visit, without delay, a person, whom the appellant described as desperately wounded.

In the heat of zeal, or the perturbation of broken sleep, St. André neglected that necessary precaution for every medical practitioner, on such occasions, the taking, on all midnight calls, from persons he does not know, his own servant with him.

After following his unknown guide in the nocturnal gloom, through many an unfrequented court,

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remote

remote street, obscure alley, and obscene recess; after being conducted and reconducted through passages, galleries and staircases, heated, hurried and confused, he at last found himself in a retired chamber, the door of which being instantly bolted, the affrighted surgeon was threatened with immediate death if he did not directly swallow the contents of a bowl, (of course poisonous) presented to him by two ruffians, with instruments of death in their hands.

Having paused for a short time on the horrible alternative, he drank the terrible dose, and with considerable precautions to prevent discovery, was replaced blindfolded at his own door.

The condition of a man who had been compelled to take what he considered as poison, need not be described; without supposing that the drench contained one deleterious particle, the mere idea was sufficient to communicate arsenic, hellebore, and sublimate, to his disturbed imagination.

Of this extraordinary transaction, an account,

sufficiently expressive of the terror of St. André, was published in the London Gazette, and a reward of two hundred pounds, offered by government, to any person who would communicate information, that might lead to discovery and conviction; but no discovery was made.

I have sometimes been tempted to consider this singular narrative, as the fabrication of a restless mind, fertile in invention, the fable of a man, determined at every risque, to present himself as frequently as possible to the public eye, and become the subject of general notice, and common conversation; such characters occur in every age.

I once heard a man, (who in the hope of a legacy, which never was bequeathed) endured much of the sarcastic brunt and satirical sallies of St. André, I heard him declare, that he had good reason for believing, that the circumstances related by his friend, were correct. He added, as indeed the event proved, that there was clearly no poison in the mixture, tho' made

made sufficiently nauseous; that the whole was a cruel, but harmless effort of ingenious revenge, and meant to torment the surgeon, who in the indiscriminate irritation of libidinous propensity, had supplanted a friend, in the affections of a favorite mistress.

It is not my business to determine, if the offence and punishment were exactly proportioned; I can however easily believe that the agonies of a man, under such a persuasion, must have been pretty nearly equal to the pains produced by actual poison, as the drugs were probably of an active, searching nature.

Whatever were the contents of the bowl, he survived its effects, as well as the exhausting consequences of the anxiety he suffered, and the antidotes he swallowed. Finding the metropolis, on many accounts unpleasant, he retired from public obloquy or private contempt, to a provincial town, where he occupied his leisure hours, and dissipated his superfluous cash, in building and planting; but discovered

more of whim and caprice, than goodness of taste, or correctness of design.

The occasional visitor of Southampton, as he enters that place, so very pleasant, when the muddy shores are covered by the tide, if he gives the post boys and horses a moment's breath, he will see Belle Vue, presenting its front, as he descends from Winchester, through the avenue between the town and a house, once the residence of Pope's Lord Peterboro', and occasionally of the poet himself.

In erecting this toy of St. André's dotage, which is, or was lately, the residence of a lovely dutchess; in its external decorations, and internal alterations, in its pleasure grounds and conservatories, this peculiar character, alternately a prey to inordinate passion and disgrace, but with spirits unbroken, (for the principles he avowed, rejected, ridiculed or *dreaded*, one of the grand sources of rational and salutary compunction) this very culpable character passed the last thirty years of his life; while the majority of those

who smiled at his eccentricities, could not help censuring his conduct, and pitying his fate.

SHAFTESBURY LORD, Chancellor to Charles the Second; the most impudent and unprincipled of statesmen, but an able and elegant writer.

Will any good-natured reader inform me, who he alludes to in his Letter on Enthusiasm, in words to the following effect, which, not having his book at hand, I quote from memory. Indeed a few months only are elapsed, when I durst not have exhibited him on my shelf, or have ventured his name in my book; such was the ready obedience, the veneration and respect I paid, even to the prejudices of a friend, who is now no more. But to return to Shaftesbury; Who does his lordship allude to, in the following paragraph?

“A gentleman, who has lately written in defence of revived prophecy, and who *has since fallen himself into prophetic ecstasies*, tells us, that the ancient prophets were under like ecstasies, with divers strange gestures of body, glowing eyes, dis-

ordered countenance, heaving bosom, and loud respiration; he further asserts, that such was the practice of the apostolic times.

“The symptoms he describes, and which (poor gentleman) he himself labours under, are heathenish; and when I lately saw him under an agitation, uttering prophecies in Latin, of which, in his sober senses, it seems he is wholly ignorant; the poet's description of the agonies of the Sybil, were forcibly brought to my mind.”

— — — — —
Non vultus non
color unus,
Non comptæ mansere comæ,
sed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument;
majorque videri
Nec mortale sonans: afflata
est numine:

— — — — —
Immanis in antro
Bacchatur vates, magnum
si pectore possit
Excussisse deum: tanto magis
ille fatigat
Os rabidum, fera corda domans,
fingitque premedo.

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The iniquitous system of stopping payment at the Exchequer, adopted by Charles the Second, is said, on good authority, to have originated with Lord Shaftesbury.

The king, urged by want, and hating all constitutional forms, had promised he would give the Treasurer's Staff, to any man who could point out a method of raising fifteen hundred thousand pounds, *without applying to parliament.*

Shaftesbury, in the jollity of a second bottle, had declared, at Sir Thomas Clifford's, where he dined, that an infallible method might be suggested, if the king did not scruple doing an unjust act, and was not afraid of risking a rebellion. Clifford caught at the words, but did not seem to notice them; he however detained Shaftesbury in conversation, 'till the rest of the company departed, and then plying him with wine and flattery, two magic ingredients, which the noble author could never resist, at length drew the important secret from him. Then leading the

unguarded statesman to his coach, he hurried to the king; and the first intelligence Lord Shaftesbury heard in the morning was, that Clifford was appointed Lord Treasurer.

Vexed at being duped, he drove in a rage to Clifford's, cursed him for an artful dog, and said, "Clifford, *you have been ploughing with my heifer*, but by —, if I do not share in the reward, I will *enlighten* the people a little on the subject, and make the kingdom too hot for you and your master."

A peerage, a pension, and the seals, were soon bestowed, as a sop on this political mastiff, who, as interest or resentment laid the scent, was alternately a bull-dog, a spaniel, and a turnspit, servilely obedient to, or rudely assailing Royal Authority.

Yet under the banners of men like these, the ***** and the ***** of our day, ideots as we are, do we foolishly enroll ourselves; strut in the degrading livery of party, adopt their cant, their watch-words and their fury; sacrifice our interest, our honor

nor and happiness, to men, who, with public interest wholly out of the question, consider us only as cats paws, to scratch their political antagonists, to fight *their* battles, and procure for *them* the loaves and fishes of the treasury.

SHEPPEY, an island at the mouth of the Medway.

The clergyman's salary of a chapel at this place being small, and the service performed only once a month. Some of the parishioners, desirous of more frequent opportunities for public worship, not long since conversed on the subject with their minister, who offered, and I think not unreasonably, that if the parish would add ten pounds a year to his income, he would preach and pray once a fortnight.

A meeting was held to discuss the business; but the proposal of the clergyman was not acceded to.—A profane rogue, whose wit sometimes runs away with his discretion, desired the clerk to tell the divine, “that if he would abate ten pounds a year in their

tythes, they would excuse his coming at all.”

SILIUS ITALICUS, a Roman writer, during the reign of Nero, and suspected of acting as a state spy to that abominable Emperor.

After having secured a splendid independence, he is described by Pliny, as enjoying, notwithstanding the supposed obliquity of his conduct, the friendship of many eminent characters. Attracted by his talents or his wealth, they made him daily visits in his bed chamber, to which he was many years confined, by a painful and incurable disease, from which he at length delivered himself, according to the mistaken maxims of the age, by voluntary death.

Deriving his origin from Patrician blood, he resided in the villa of Cicero, at Tusculum, with elegant hospitality; and is praised by Martial, who frequently shared the luxuries of his table.

His friends, particularly Pliny, were inclined to forget, in the charms of his conversation, the disgraceful

ful source from which his wealth is said to have flowed. But, in the eye of sober reason, and impartial justice, nothing can wipe off the odium of those crimes which have been imputed to the poet, of which, as we do not possess the whole of the evidence, it is not easy, after a revolution of seventeen centuries, to determine his innocence or guilt.

I will not pretend, exactly to define, how far generosity and charitable contribution can diminish the infamy of dishonorable conduct, and contraband accumulation. "Were I a public defaulter, or a notorious state offender," says a modern writer, "after having amassed by public plunder, a ministerial estate, I would, before my country was irretrievably impoverished, and the principles of a free constitution wholly frittered away; I would suddenly affect qualms of compunction, desert my knavish associates, and, for the remainder of my life, endeavour, by public spirit, benevolence, and disinterested ex-

ertion, to compensate for the mischief I had done."

Various have been the opinions of critics on the merits of Silius Italicus, as a writer. Scaliger is unwilling to allow him even the name of a poet; and defies a learned correspondent, to produce a single passage from his works, remarkable either for strength of sentiment, or metrical harmony.

This is not the first instance of Scaliger's differing from a general opinion; perhaps we ought not to pay the most submissive obedience to the judgment or the taste of a man, who preferred Martial to Catallus, and pronounces Fracastorius, the best Latin poet after Virgil.

Yet Muretus fully equal in erudition and discernment to Scaliger, calls the subject of this article, an excellent poet; a decision to which I am strongly tempted to assent. I never read, without emotion and delight, his charming lines on the Power of Music, in the eleventh book; his Encomium on Ennius, in the twelfth, and on Homer,

mer, in the thirteenth; but more particularly, the addresses of Pleasure and Virtue to Scipio, at the beginning of the fifteenth book.

The cloud of doubt and suspicion which envelops the political character of Silius, has, I fear, induced many critics to deny his poetical merits; but they are perfectly distinct, and totally independent of each other. And however ready we may, and ought to be, to render justice to moral purity and uncorrupted integrity; every age of the world has afforded flagrant proofs, that it is not only possible, but frequent, for the best of writers to be the worst of men.

It would be unjust, whenever Silius Italicus is spoken of, not to mention Monsieur de Villebrun's excellent edition, printed in 1782, improved from the scarce impression of Pomponius, published in 1471, and enriched with a long fragment, discovered in the library of the King of France.

SHERIDAN, Mr. a curious bet, concerning him.

While the public mind was considerably agitated by the introduction of the bills for repealing part of the *habeas corpus* act, and preventing seditious meetings, and the House of Commons was warmly engaged in debates on the subject; the Lord Mayor of London, I believe Sir James Saunderson, offered a singular bet, (120 guineas to six) that if the bills in question passed, Mr. Sheridan would be in the Tower within two months.

The acts passed, but the member for Stafford never paid his expected visit to the lions. I wish it was in my power to add, that *some* portion of his time had been usefully, or profitably occupied in gratifying the town with a comedy, or his *long-delayed* opera; such a step would contribute more powerfully to fill the deserted benches of Drury Lane Theatre, and towards improving its present unfinished, unsightly, and uncreditable appearance, than a thousand Philippics against the high priest of St. Stephen's Chapel, who listeneth not to the voice of

of the charmer, charm he
ever so sweetly.

"On him the comic Muse
wou'd quickly pour,
In unexhausted streams her
genial show'r;
But he, like favor'd lovers,
ceas'd to prize
Those gifts so much esteem'd
in others eyes;
The Statesman's slipp'ry
path he lov'd to tread,
Still proud to follow where
his Fox wou'd lead."

SHIP-BUILDING. It reflects no great credit on our royal dock yards, or those who preside over them, that, on almost every occasion, the French ships of war are found to out-sail the English. The same difference is not observed between their merchantmen or privateers, and ours.

It hath been suggested, that with private builders, there is encouragement and scope for ingenuity; but that this is not the case in the public dock yards. I am not qualified to discuss the subject; but while millions are voting for the naval service, and the existence of our empire, in a

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great measure, depends on defeating the naval attacks of our enemies; it surely is of the first importance to enable our gallant tars to keep pace with, and, if possible, overtake the fugitives; as they have given repeated proofs, that neither superiority in numbers or in force, can protect them from a Rodney, a St. Vincent, or a Duncan.

SIMILE, a figure of speech familiar to man, and probably co-eval with the use of the human tongue; made use of by writers of the highest endowments, and the most illiterate of clowns.

This auxiliary of conversation is so natural, that persons unable to make similes, with any attention to analogy or actual coincidence, often blunder them out, as it were, in spite of themselves.

Most of my readers have laughed at Swift's song of similes; perhaps the following attempt at one may excite a smile.

A gentleman, whom he had never seen before, was pointed out to a rustic, as the son of a person he well knew, with the following question:

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question: "Don't you think he is very much like his father?" "Like him," replied the fellow eagerly, "aye, he is as much like him, as if he had run his head against a post." "There is a resemblance," replied the first speaker dryly, "but I don't think them so *much* alike as that."

SOMERSET, CHARLES, the haughty old Duke of; an instance in which he was treated in his own way.

Having occasion to employ Seymour the painter, at Petworth, his Grace was violently offended at the artist, for hinting, in a modest way, that he considered himself as distantly related to the duke, who quitted him abruptly; the steward was sent to pay for what he had done, and instantly to dismiss him.

His Grace, after trying in vain to get the pictures finished, which his cousin (for such he actually was) had begun, condescended to invite the man he had insulted, to return; "I will now prove that I *am* of your family," said Seymour, "I will not come."

SPAIN, addition to the article under this title, in my second volume.

The following is almost a literal translation of an epigram circulated at Madrid, at a moment when the Prince of Peace and his Sovereign were sinking under the terrors of a republican invasion. It was transmitted to me by a native of that city, accompanied by a mild remonstrance against my general and indiscriminate censure of his countrymen: it is not without point, but proves, more I believe than my friend who sent it meant to prove; that there were Spanish subjects who did not *dread* the approach of the French army.

Not long ago our sov'reign,
ever kind,
Sagely determin'd in his
royal mind,
To place his cousin on the
Gallic throne;
But now, alas, he trembles
for his own!

"The fate of Spain," says an acute political writer, "presents an instructive lesson; the great outline followed by their admi-

administration, the leading principle of that government, has been, for several centuries, to repress public spirit, and subdue the energy of the people, in order to preserve the privileged orders. And it must be confessed that the means employed, proved fully effectual as to their object; but the same stupidity which unfitted them for asserting their own individual rights, disqualified them for resisting an attack on their national independence; thus the crown had well nigh fallen a sacrifice to the effects of its own precautionary despotism."

Soon after the peace with France, a religious solemn thanksgiving was proclaimed at Madrid, and the following is part of the sermon, or rather panegyric, on the King of Spain, actually delivered on that occasion, in the presence of his Catholic Majesty.

"Our king was given us by the Almighty; a king of a most comprehensive understanding, a vessel chosen by the immediate hand of the Deity; a catholic king, in whom no vice is found, who never sleeps

without confession, nor passes a day without absolution; a king, who forgives all his enemies, and however cruel or atrocious the injuries he may have suffered, only says, raising his *lovely* eyes to heaven; 'Thou O Lord, art the King of kings, in thee do I put my trust, guard thou my people, O Lord.'

It is not easy to account for a man of sense suffering this, and other passages, equally puerile and fulsome, to be pronounced in his presence. I relate, with concern, that a discourse which merited a bastinado, and if I had been his master, should certainly have been rewarded with it, is likely to raise the preacher to an archbishop's throne.

SPIES AND INFORMERS. In the early days of the French Revolution, it was the effectual, but fatal policy of the court, to employ emissaries, for the purpose of oversetting the popular societies, by violent outrageous patriotism; to infuse suspicions into the minds of the people, which ultimately irritated and spurred

red them on in the political race, much farther than they ever had designed to go.

The court succeeded, it is true, in demolishing the constitutionalists, but they were themselves involved in the ruin. "They had bent the bow-string so far," says a popular writer, "that in its recoil, it broke the arm which had strained it."

STATE-COACH. the new one, made use of by his majesty, since the unjustifiable, daring, and treasonable attack on his person; and thus described by a writer, whom I have often had occasion to praise for vigorous intellect, general well applied knowledge, accuracy of detail, and political sagacity.

"The new carriage is a sort of moveable fortress, so strongly built, as to be proof against almost any species of attack, and so closely blocked up, as to render our sovereign almost invisible to the eyes of his faithful subjects.—We shall always regret, when the weakness of false alarmists, or the malignity of bad counsellors, induces

his majesty to have recourse to other means of security, than the fidelity and affection of his people, which we must ever consider as the best protection of his person, and the firmest support of his power."

I appeal to the sensible author of the above stricture, whether it is not, from beginning to end, a piece of ingenious sophistry? I appeal to the candour of his heart, for which I once valued him, more than for his eminent abilities, I ask him, whether he will declare, *laying his hand on the right place*, that he thought it himself fair reasoning, at the moment he indited it, and whether it was not written in compliance, in culpable compliance, with certain of his friends and supporters, inflamed by prejudice, and irritated by passion.

I agree, without hesitation, to his *self-evident proposition*, that a sovereign's best security is the love of his people; but was it not time to have recourse to other reliances and securities, when a frantic multitude, a lawless hired band of blood-thirsty desperadoes,

does, by voice, by look, by gesture and missile weapons, threatened his majesty with personal destruction. Was it not time (and would not delay have been criminal) to take some precautionary measures for the defence of the executive branch of our government, actually engaged in performing one of his most important public duties.

SURRENDER at Saratoga. It is a well authenticated fact, that if General Burgoyne had persisted *one day* longer in offensive measures, or had carried his threat of giving no quarter, only to the threshold of execution, he might have made his own terms; as it was with the greatest difficulty General Gates could keep his men together, from the general spirit of dissatisfaction which pervaded his army, and the hourly desertions which took place.

These circumstances, which the British General was not acquainted with, and which are not mentioned to throw any obloquy on his character, would probably have ensured him

a supply of provisions, and a safe march to the place from whence he came. In that case a transaction, humiliating to every Englishman, would not have taken place, nor would the Congress have incurred the odium of a solemn treaty, which they are said to have notoriously and dishonorably violated.

Yet the praise of confining such dangerous intelligence within his own lines, and conducting to victory, forces so circumstanced, cannot be denied to the American General.

SUTHERLAND. Addition to.

On this subject, a noble Lord observed, with a sort of penitent regret; "A tenth part of the money and attention we have paid to the family *after* his death, would have saved the unhappy Sutherland from the agonies he previously suffered, and the horrors of suicide."

I hope and trust that the impressive, but melancholy lesson, will not, in future instances, be forgotten by the Peer, his associates, or **THEIR MASTER.**"

SWINISH

SWINISH MULTITUDE.

This term, applied by a late eminent character to the common people, has been formerly made use of by a writer, similar in principles, to this inveterate enemy of the French Revolution.

In a letter, addressed to Oceana Harrington, which the author of this singular production, calls "A Slap on the Snout of the Republican Swine who would root up Monarchy," he thus exclaims: "It much grieveth me to see the wickedness of man, in overturning the works of the Lord, to see *vile dust* confound the stately pillars of heaven, kings despised, and the gates of government shouldered by democratic Sampsons.

"I cannot but grieve to see the rulers of the land, the anointed of the most high, annoyed by the pens of the seditious, who disturb the peace of the realm, and fill the people with notions of kings doing wrong, which all earthly wisdom, and divine information, prove they cannot;

for whatever is of God, is perfect."

A more flagrant instance of *begging the question*, or a more preposterous misapplication of *optimism*, it is not easy to conceive.

TAYLOR, the art of becoming one, a work lately advertised, and announced as the joint production of a society of *adepts in the profession!*

"The object of our book," says this ingenious fraternity, "is, to furnish the world with a complete guide to ornamental covering, a comprehensive analysis of beauty and elegance in dress; in which infinite pains have been taken, and various talents united to form rules, applicable, in all cases, for cutting out garments; a work which will, on the first view, convince the *uninformed mind*, that, with a little application, he may become a complete taylor!

A satirist once wondered any man could be so foolish as to think of dying in a country like England, where infallible remedies were offered for every disease to which human nature

ture is subject; and, surely, hereafter, no person whatever can be so deficient in taste, so insensible to grace and fashion, as to wear an ill-made coat; when broad cloth, stay-tape, and buckram, are the subject of literary discussion, and scientific disquisition; and where the shears, admeasurements, and proportions of a habit-maker, are guided by anatomical precision, and mathematical demonstration.

In the moment of preparing my present volume for the press, a spirited, a *kindred artist*, though not a taylor, incited by patriotism, or provoked by great example, has published, what he calls, an Address to the most noble and generous Ladies of Great Britain. In this elaborate production, he ventures to assert, that altho' Frenchmen, and other foreigners, have, for a long time, insolently pretended they were the only *connoisseurs in the art of making shoes, for the fairest part of the creation, an art co-eval with the human species*; he does not doubt convincing any lady, who will favor him with a visit, that it is equally in the

power of an Englishman to hit off exactly, *and to the fraction of a hair's breadth*, the length of her foot.

He does not doubt convincing *any woman of fashion*, who honors him with a morning call, of the total ignorance of these outlandish pretenders to the *mysteries of a science*, they unworthily profess, and which, though utterly unqualified, they will persist in preaching, *in spite of nature and their stars*; without credit to themselves, or comfort to the *kingdom at large*.

THEMISTOCLES.

To whom was it, when demanding a levy of money, and not meeting with ready acquiescence, that this commander made use of these memorable words? "I bring with me two powerful deities, PERSUASION AND FORCE." "And we," replied the exhausted tributaries, "possess two, stronger;—WANT AND IMPOSSIBILITY."

TOWNSHEND, MARQUIS OF.

This Nobleman, when Viceroy of Ireland, had, as may naturally be supposed, many unsuccessful candidates for Court favors, but

but all who recollect the noble Lord, in that exalted situation, cannot but remember his unwillingness to let any man leave the castle dissatisfied.

Those persons who had been making requests, which it was out of his power to grant, he generally conducted to a certain room, where he shewed them a caricature of himself, as Lord Lieutenant, *with his hands tied behind him*, and said to be sketched by his own hand. Though disappointed in the object of their pursuit, the parties generally went away in good humour, and often with a hearty laugh.

It cannot be denied, that to be thus *transported to Ireland handcuffed*, must be humiliating to a man of sense, and independent spirit; yet even that state of abject vassalage, disguised in the silken drapery of court-finesse and soft words, is far preferable to the personal and pointed indignity of being sent over the water, a representative of Royalty, with soothing language and fair promises; and to be ordered by the next messenger, to act en-

tirely contradictory to, or wholly disavow them.

TRAJAN, a Roman Emperor, described by a modern historian, as ambitious of fame, with the following additional reflection; "And as long as mankind shall continue to bestow a more liberal applause upon their destroyers, than upon their benefactors, a thirst for military glory, will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters."

The political justice or moral truth of this reflection, has been the subject of many an amicable debate, with an indulgent friend, to whom this collection has been frequently and largely indebted; yet, after a cool consideration, and with all my propensities, in favor of a pacific system, I cannot but think the quotation I have made, though from a respectable author, I cannot but think it founded on mistaken prejudice, and common-place declamation.

I cannot consider as *vicious*, a thirst for any species of glory, which enables us to expel foreign invaders from our country, or which
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puts it in our power to rescue ourselves from domestic tyranny. Nor indeed is it easy to conceive, in what way an individual, can render more beneficial services to his fellow citizens, or lay a better founded claim to immortality and renown.

In a word, the military spirit, like *other* spirits, may be, and often is lamentably misdirected; but a people wholly devoid of it, or like the Dutch, neglecting it for other pursuits, will, like them, be an easy prey to the first unprincipled freebooter. Without it, no one blessing we enjoy, is safe, or permanent; and notwithstanding all our christianity, all our laws, all our institutions, and all our refinements in art and in science, the sword, the musket, and the cannon, however terrible the truth, the sword, the musket, and the cannon, (to use the words of the historian, those *destroyers* of mankind) are the great collateral bulwarks of civilized society, against our irretrievably lapsing into anarchy and barbarism. That the remedy, in some instances,

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is productive of the diseases it professes to guard against, I will not deny; but while we confess and feel some of its mischievous effects, we must not be tardy in acknowledging the great benefits we receive.

Modern, as well as ancient times, help to corroborate my assertion;—during our present contest, with *nearly all the world*, in what state should we have been, without the splendid successes of a Howe, a Jervis, an Elphinstone, or a Duncan? When we consider the execrable state of depravity, to which the Roman world was reduced, what more desirable circumstance could take place, than their domination by the Cæsars.

And although, as an Englishman, I have suffered from, and as a Patriot ought to lament the victorious march of Republican France; yet as a philosopher, (at least as one emulous to deserve the title) and as a citizen of the world, I cannot refuse the meed of heroism to Buonaparte, when I regard him as a curtailer, if not a subverter, of Popish superstition, and

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a meliorator of the iron aristocracy of Venice.

TOAST, a strong one given at a corporation dinner, in the west of England, after many loyal and constitutional sentiments had burst forth.

"May the Tree of Liberty be transplanted from France into Hill, and eternally bear, as fruit, the souls of all Republicans."

A wag in company, from whom I relate the unpropitious circumstance, observed the temper, and was shocked at the virulence of his associates; but estimating by their conversation, the talents of the party, was soon after called upon for a sentiment.

At the moment the chairman addressed him, a recent creation of peers, was a fertile topic of panegyric, and he ventured on the following ambiguous repique; in which he concealed the sentiment of a Jacobin, under the semblance of an Aristocratic toast;

"May all men be made peers:" it was drank with *three times three*.

T R E R E T, a learned Frenchman, under the

regal government, who on some unfounded pretence, was taken out of his bed, at two o'clock in the morning, and carried to the Bastile.

After a confinement of several weeks, and in perfect ignorance of the cause of his imprisonment, the Lieutenant of Police at last called to take his examination: "Will you have the goodness," said Treret, as that officer entered his room, "will you have the goodness to tell me, for what crime I am shut up in this place?" The Lieutenant replied with great coolness, "I think you have a great deal of curiosity."

T R I P L E A S S E S S - M E N T, a subject, which at the moment of my going to the press, strongly agitates the public mind, but more particularly interests the British metropolis, whose contribution towards this impost, if actually carried into execution, will be enormous, and as many think, partially and disproportionately heavy, on the inhabitants of London, Westminster, and Southwark.

Yet

Yet when the urgency of the times is considered, and how extremely difficult it is for a national financier, precisely to ascertain, and equitably to tax real property, it cannot be denied by any reasonable or disinterested man, that the Assessed Taxes seem to offer a fair and probable criterion. This opinion I shall not easily be prevailed on to relinquish, although an able political writer has reprobated the calling a criterion, comparatively good, or comparatively bad, in so decided and magisterial a manner. The objections urged against the Triple Assessment, tho' diminished by modifications, since this was written, are serious: that class of tradesmen, the middle class, of which the greatest number will be affected by the measure in question, are not able, in unpropitious times like the present, to bear any additional burthen; in fact, the majority of them are speculators, with the borrowed property of others; and we all know, that to deprive a speculator of his tools, is clipping the wings of an

eagle, and then wondering he cannot fly. Another objection to the proposed method, an objection diminished, but by no means removed, is, that as it ascends to the more elevated and wealthy ranks of society, it is not, on any fair calculation, augmented in a ratio proportionate to their increased abilities to pay.

If a tradesman, scarcely raised above mediocrity, in consequence of the Triple Assessment, is to be taxed an additional ten pounds per annum; the Marlboroughs, the Bedfords, the Devonshires, the Whitbreads, the Goldsmids, the *****; the *****; in a word, all the wealthy tribe of accumulators, whether in cottages, inns of court, counting houses, or palaces; whether in alleys or in squares, in drawing rooms or in garrets; and up to their ears in rouleaus, India bonds, and bank notes, should pay at least their fives, their tens, and twenty thousand pounds a year. Without an ascending scale of this kind, calculated to meet in a proportionate increase, every amount,

amount, it is a farce for Mr. Pitt to talk of equity or impartiality in his system; without this indispensable requisite, he may depend on it, his unpalatable dose will sit extremely uneasy on the stomachs of his patients.

With these and other alterations, many of which have been adopted, I cannot think it either expedient or right, notwithstanding so much has been said, and well said on the subject, I cannot think it right to abandon so copious and certain a source of revenue, in our present situation. If however, as I have before observed, it is of any importance to procure general confidence, and national content, not a living creature, whether in ermine, lawn sleeves, or buff jerkin, not a living creature, not a king, a prince, a peer, or any of their appendages should be exempted. So impartial a proceeding, would convince the country, that while they are piling new loads on *our* backs, they are not meanly shrinking from the burthen themselves. Nor ought they, on any princi-

ple, either of reason or justice, to complain. Are those, whose battles we are fighting, or contributing towards the fighting; are they to be reposing and battenning at their ease on beds of down, whilst thorns and briars are every moment shooting up under *our* pillows; and sharp flints on every side, wounding the soles of *our* feet? If they will not themselves ply the oar, or handle the musquet, let them not grudge a share of public contribution, proportionate to the immense mass of property they have at stake, to those who do.

In a late debate on the subject of this article, I cannot refuse to Mr. Pitt, the tribute of praise and strong impresson, towards the conclusion of his animated address.

"I hope and trust," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking of Mr. Fox and his friends, who had observed, that peace would render such an odious measure unnecessary, "I hope and trust we are not less anxious for peace, than these honourable gentlemen; but however desirable

table it may be, we will not prostrate the present interests, the future safety, the honor and independence of Great Britain, at the feet of an insolent and insidious foe. Can those who would advise so execrable a measure, be true friends to their country? Besides, he must be a very shallow politician, who could expect honourable peace, by so base and unmanly a submission.

"It is not yet, I thank God, that these kingdoms are to learn such humiliating lessons: In what encounter have our foes had reason to think us degenerated from the spirit of our ancestors? In what conflict with Englishmen, have they not experienced defeat and disappointment?"

"To proclaim to the enemy that our resources are exhausted, that we want the union and ability necessary for making an effectual resistance; to view with kindness, the principles and proceedings of our adversaries, to traduce every measure taken to oppose them; to extol with zeal and enthusiasm, the resources of France; to depreci-

ate and ridicule the energy and efforts of their own country, are I confess, singular methods of bringing our foes to reason; methods creditable neither to the heads or hearts of those who adopt them.

"I appeal to the House, the nation, and the world, whether men with predominating biases like these, if they succeeded to our posts, could or would make any but a most humiliating and disgraceful peace."

At the moment of delivering this article to my printer, a politician, *who roars too loud to be heard*, will give me no rest, unless I promise to mention a description of men of property, which he insists, is as yet, almost wholly untouched by public burthens, THE GROUND LANDLORDS OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER. While their tenants and under-tenants are crouching almost to the earth, under the iron rod of taxation; he describes these wealthy individuals, as enjoying princely revenues, subject to no one drawback for repairs or parochial rates, and contributing in a proportion very slender,

slender, if at all, to the emergencies of the state, which protects them.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE, a rock on which many modern political societies have split into discordant fragments; a point on which, after making every allowance for argumentative evasion, and political legerdemain, I have scarcely found two persons exactly agree.

In a former volume, an article was assigned to Thomas Paine, whose opinions on this subject I believe are very generally known; having been diffused by the zeal of his friends, and more by the industry of his opponents, who in their diligence to counteract the poison, have, I fear, propagated some of the most mischievous of his tenets.

This unlucky effect has been produced in a manner similar to, but with principles and purpose very different, from the villainous proprietor of a certain detestable preparation, once famous in its way. After expatiating on its efficacy, the quack used to conclude with an insidious caution, in capitals, by way of N. B.

Persons in such and such situations, must not, *on any account*, make use of the medicine, as it will infallibly procure ***** the very effect for which the rascal wished the public to understand it was meant, and pointed out, and for which he ought to have been suspended on a gibbet twenty years ago.

Amongst the most violent supporters of the doctrine of Universal Suffrage; on more closely examining some of their political creeds, I have observed, a sort of conduct equivocal, if not contradictory; a blending of opposite systems, an Amalgama of Republican and Monarchic ingredients, which cloathed the nauseous pills of Democracy in an Aristocratic gilding. In a word, by the dexterity of art, the violence of this inflammatory spirit has been so lowered by explanatory superfusion, that the virulence of the Gas has either wholly evaporated, or been rendered inert and harmless: I attribute these phenomena to a struggle in the human breast, a natural struggle between a fondness for popularity, and the

the strong impulse of internal conviction.

Hopeless of, though not despising popularity, if I could honestly attain it, and fearless of censure for declaring my opinion on any speculative point, I have ventured to give it towards the conclusion of the present article; but I first present to my readers, part of a speech of Thomas Paine's, on our present subject, read in French to the Convention, by Lanthénas, on account of the author's deficiency in the Gallic language,

“Persecuted in England, and weakened by a long confinement in the Luxembourg, for defending the people; I could not resist the desire I felt to give my opinion on the important subject, which now occupies your attention; principles depend not on circumstances, they are elastic, and beyond the reach of controul, they flourish when the man who promulgates them, is crushed to atoms.

“The plan which has been presented to you, will alienate from you the affections of the laborious

classes of society. The constitutional act prescribes, among other conditions, of being classed among your citizens, that of *paying contribution*; this is clearly a violation of the three first articles of the declaration of rights; I wish to know what name you will give to those who pay no contribution?

“You acknowledge, that the common good is the end of all society, and that government is instituted for the purpose of guaranteeing to all, the enjoyment of their rights; but, according to the article in discussion, the end of society is only the happiness of those who pay contributions. If the article be decreed, the rich will ultimately be the only citizens; an inconsistent line of demarcation will be drawn between the rights of man and the rights of the poor.”

My readers will perceive, that the author of this speech has not abandoned his principle, though he has quitted his country; as it contains more of argument, and less of virulence, than *some* of his productions,

ductions, I was tempted to preserve it in the present collection; and because it is the foundation of a great portion of the opposition, which has been raised against Thomas Paine, by his adversaries in this country.

It would, however, be difficult in any civilized country, to point out a class of men who do not, in some way or other, contribute to the exigencies of the government under which they live; if they do not pay visibly and avowedly in assessed taxes, they consume some necessary article of life, which at the Custom House, or Excise Office, helps to augment the public revenue. Besides, as hath been often observed, every man's labour is his property; and he who exerts his faculties in any constant occupation, manual or mental, pays his quota, and often in a species of bullion, the most valuable of all others, to the public treasury.

In solid argument, and debated as a question of right, I confess I cannot see the shadow of a doubt with respect to the equity of universal suffrage; but

tried on the touchstone of general expediency, and social utility, I am compelled to hesitate on the propriety of establishing it.

Every form of government hitherto established, has, in a longer or shorter space of time, lapsed into abuse and corruption;—these have at length called forth the correcting hand of melioration and reform, and no establishment yet invented, has been found powerful enough to resist the interference of such a controul, when guided by truth, zeal, and good sense. But if once a government was established on the broad basis of universal suffrage, it would be composed of materials so imperishable, its strength so enormous and omnipotent, that nothing on earth would ever be able to check or correct it. It would be a Briareus with ten thousand hands, an Argus with millions of eyes; and however oppressive, mischievous, or mistaken it might prove, on any occasion, there would remain no *dernier* resort to appeal to; the only mode of resisting or amending such a government,

ment, would be to subvert, and destroy it; and history gives us no right to suppose, that absolute democracies are not, or have not been subject to the same infatuation, delusions, and errors, as other modes of administration.

To universal suffrage, therefore, as tending to establish a form of government, which admits neither check or controul, so necessary in every institution, where a creature like man is concerned; to universal suffrage, which places the people, that most formidable and irresistible of all weapons, in the hands of artful and unprincipled men, I give, without reserve, an unqualified negative.

With the same hand, and precisely on the same principles, that I would plant a dagger in the heart of an oppressive blood-thirsty monarch, who trampled on all laws, human and divine; I would apply the lighted match to a culverin, charged with grape shot, against democratic despotism, and the iron sceptre of republican tyrants.

VOL. III.

VAILLANT, JOHN, a French antiquarian of acute intellect, and indefatigable application, who becoming an orphan early in life, might have suffered the various evils entailed on that helpless state; but the loss of parents was amply supplied by a maternal uncle, who receiving the infant into his own house, reared it with tenderness and affection; and as the boy grew up, saw, with delight, his efforts more than repaid, by the gratitude, correct conduct, and literary progress of his nephew.

At the age of twenty-four, he took his degree as a doctor of physic, which science he practised a few years as a profession; but returning to Beauvais, the place of his birth, for the purpose of recovering from the effects of a violent fever, a circumstance happened, which presented a new, an interesting object to his mind, and determined his future destination.

Soon after his arrival, the tenant of a little farm he inherited from his uncle,

cle, called, and on being told that M^r. Vaillant was in bed, and indisposed, insisted earnestly, that wherever he was, he must directly see him. After a short delay, and many urgent intreaties, the peasant was admitted.

Desiring the attendant to withdraw, and carefully locking the door, he drew from beneath his garment, a bag, from which he poured on the bed, in which the astonished Vaillant was lying, a large quantity of gold and silver coins, which he had discovered in tilling the ground; "I considered them as my landlord's property, and shall now be able to sleep in peace, since I have got rid of such dangerous commodities." Uttering these words, he immediately quitted the house.

Surprized at the singularity of this address, and affected by the honesty of the rustic, whom he properly rewarded, Vaillant passed several days in examining the subterraneous produce of his farm; a branch of science which

had never before occupied more than a casual portion of his time and attention. The precious relics afforded an agreeable relief to the tedious hours of a convalescent; his curiosity was irritated, and as his health improved, the pre-disposing sparks of genius were gradually drawn forth.—That which accidentally offered as a temporary relaxation, became, by a union of habit and inclination, the leading point of his studies; and, finally, the principal occupation of his life.

Similarity of pursuits, brought him acquainted with Monsieur Seguin, author of several ingenious *Dissertations on Medals*; by this gentleman he was introduced to the Minister Colbert, to Messrs. Lamoignon and Harlay. He was sent, by the first, into Italy, Sicily, and Greece, for the purpose of enriching a collection which had been presented to the King of France, by Gaston, Duke of Orleans.

A person better qualified could not easily have been found, nor, had he been per-

permitted to chuse, could Mr. Vaillant have selected an employment more exactly consonant to his own wishes; for he had now acquired the enthusiasm of an antiquarian, an enthusiasm, which occupying and absorbing the faculties of its votaries, has been so much ridiculed by the unenlightened, but to which we are indebted for much valuable knowledge, and the solution of many important historical doubts.

In the course of his travels, he viewed, with delight, the matchless remains of antient art, in that store-house of antiquities, from which such considerable exportations have been lately made, by Republican Commissioners from Paris.

Having procured large additions for the Royal Cabinet, collected information, and improved his taste, Vaillant returned, with impatience, to France; and soon after published his "Coins of the Roman Emperors, from Julius Cæsar to Posthumus," a useful referential work, indeed an indispensable article in the library of every collector.

This publication established his reputation; and the minister had so much reason to be satisfied with his first voyage, that our traveller was not suffered to take a long repose. In 1674, he was dispatched on a second mission, in which his researches were eminently successful; but on his return, the ship being unfortunately taken by a Corsair, poor Vaillant, with a valuable cargo of medals, and heavy laden with hopes and fears, was plundered; and sinking under the horrors of perpetual slavery, carried into Algiers.

As France was then at peace with these marauders, and the usual contributions, which civilized society submits to be levied on them by these assassins, had very lately been sent; there could be no possible pretence for this outrage, but downright robbery.

The collector was detained several months in this nest of pirates, which is a reproach to the supineness, the impotence, or the jealous spirit of the maritime powers of Europe.—Notwithstanding the repeat-

ed reclamations of the French Consul, he might have passed his life in captivity, had not his friends, by a well applied present, prevailed on the barbarians to set him at liberty; and he was permitted to *repurchase* the most valuable part of his coins.

Eager to return, and anxious to leave a country hateful to God and man, he seized the first opportunity of embarking in a vessel bound to Marseilles; but two days after his departure from Africa, a *Salè* rover bore down, and in spite of all their efforts, gained fast upon them.—Our traveller now experienced that blasting of renewed hope, so peculiarly galling, and which has been described as making the heart sick.

Determined, at all events, not to be deprived of those treasures which he had taken such pains to procure, and bought at a double price, he retired to the cabin, and selecting the most valuable of his coins, proceeded to swallow them, considering his stomach as the safest and most inaccessible of all repositories.

He had scarcely finished his unpleasant repast, when the savages approached, hailed, and were in the very act of preparing to board them; but a brisk gale suddenly springing up, effectually separated the ships; a violent storm came on, the waves rolled mountains high, and after running before the wind, several days, in a tempestuous sea, they were driven on the coast of Spain.

Drenched with sea-water, half dead with fatigue, terror, and cold, and extremely incommoded with what he had taken into his stomach, Vaillant was carried on mens shoulders through the surf; and, but for the well-timed hospitality of a friendly Spaniard, would have perished under his sufferings.

The moment his health permitted, he returned to Paris, and consulted several medical friends on the subject of his *hidden treasure*, which he had reason to fear would be productive of injurious effects on his constitution.

He was disgusted with the conduct of the faculty, who so far from agreeing in

in opinion on his case, recommended opposite modes of treatment. He determined to leave his cure to nature, who gradually producing the coins, restored his health.

The patient frequently observed, that an Otho, a scarce piece, and I believe an unique, proved the most obstinate and troublesome, as well as the most valuable of his inmates.

So keen was our adventurer in pursuit of knowledge, or so earnest were his patrons in employing him, that after a short interval, he visited the remotest parts of Egypt and Persia. Without experiencing the perils of his former voyage, he considerably augmented the Royal Cabinet, added to his own intellectual stores, and imparted the fruit of his labours to the public, in a Medallie History of the Syrian Kings; a work replete with sound erudition, and (what is rare on subjects of antiquity) with new information.

Scantily furnished with materials, and obliged cautiously to pick his road through intricacy and ob-

scurity, but occasionally assisted by Josephus, and the book of Maccabees, he has filled a chasm in a perplexed dynasty of kings who reigned from the death of Alexander, 'till Syria, finally subjugated by Pompey, became a Roman Province.

On the unerring evidence of inscriptions and medals, he has produced the names, and accurately fixed the duration of the reigns of several kings, concerning whom history is wholly silent.

It is not my intention, in the present article, to mention every work for which the republic of letters is obliged to Mr. Vaillant, whose life appears to have been almost wholly occupied by scientific travels, and literary research; who was as much valued for the qualities of his heart, as his antiquarian knowledge.

He became the personal favorite of Cosmo the Third Great Duke of Tuscany, and was annually supplied by that prince, with the best wine his dominions could afford. Generally respected, and so fortunate

as

as to pass through life without experiencing that envy and opposition which eminence, particularly literary eminence, so often excites, Mr. Vaillant died at the age of 75; and I conclude this hasty outline with a little trait in his domestic history, not generally known.

When a young man, he had been introduced, in his medical capacity, to a respectable family, of which two amiable daughters formed a part.

The beauty and good qualities of the youngest made an impression on the physician, who flattered himself that his attentions were not disagreeable.

But the delirium, the delicious delirium, of a first passion, was interrupted by Vaillant's perceiving that he had undesignedly attracted the regards of the elder sister; who imprudently yielding to an impulse, which so few of us are able to resist, seriously alarmed her parents, but particularly the lovers, when they found there was no alternative for the unhappy woman, but hopeless death, or Vaillant's

sacrificing his inclinations to benevolence and pity.

With a laudable self-denial, which few men in such a situation would imitate, he led to the altar the sister of his first love, who nobly suppressing the struggles of contending passion, repeatedly assured him, she should consider his saving her sister's life, as the most convincing proof of his attachment to her.

He survived the object of his duty, rather than choice, whom he treated with tenderness and attention; but again a single man, found it impossible to prevent the recurring tide of his earliest hopes, which, though yielding to the honorable impulse of pity, had never subsided.

He still saw, and still loved the sister of his deceased wife; this lady felt the purest, and most ardent affection for a worthy man, who, in obedience to her earnest, oft repeated, but heart-breaking intreaties, had yielded the first wish of his heart.

Such circumstances, not often paralleled in real life, or even in romance, promised to render two excellent

lent persons miserable for life; sacrifices to canonical regulation, the innocent victims of severe destiny.

Their situation powerfully awakened the sympathy and feelings of all who knew them; the affair was submitted to the good sense of Julius Rospigliosi, who at that time presided in the Chair of St. Peter, under the title of Clement the Ninth. The rigor of the ecclesiastic was conquered by the tenderness of the man. A dispensation was granted by the Pontiff, and the authority of the church sanctioned a union, prompted by nature, and hallowed by mutual inclination.

VANINI, a minister of the gospel in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and in the opinion or the declarations of the alarmists of that period, (for opinion and profession sometimes are at variance) a reputed Atheist, for which he was BURNT ALIVE.

Yet, after a revolution of two hundred years, a cool and unprejudiced enquirer, will hear with horror and surprize, that a man so unmercifully sacrificed on the bloody altar

of irritated superstition, was a poor Neapolitan priest; a preacher, and a fierce disputant on the entities, the quiddities, and the universalities of the schools, against whom a charge of nonsense, rather than infidelity, might have been brought with considerable propriety.

We may form an opinion of the innocence, the depth, or the unintelligible nature of *some* of his disquisitions, from the following sentence, which was the subject of many an elaborate discussion, and occupied a number of his pages; for he was an itinerant divine, who composed, travelled, and held public disputations, for a subsistence.

The extract of which I speak, were it in my power, I would willingly translate, *ecce signum*: — “UTRUM CHIMÆRA BOMBINANS IN VACUO POSSET COMEDERE SECUNDAS INTENTIONES.”

Yet when he shook off scholastic trammels, and dropping the jargon of Duns Scotus, the irrefragable doctor, and Thomas Aquinas, ventured on the *terra firma* of reason and com-

common sense, he *could* be clear, explicit, and philosophic, as appears from the following description of the Almighty Creator of the universe, in which the *atheist* Vanini is pious, rational, and almost sublime; it is not easy to quote the passage, without indignation against the wretches who so cruelly destroyed him.

GOD EXISTED FROM ALL ETERNITY, HE CREATED ALL THINGS, AND GOVERNS ALL THINGS; OMNIPOTENT, IMMUTABLE, AND INFINITE; TO WILL, WITH HIM IS TO DO.

To prevent any suspicion of this being only an outward time-serving compliance, in order to make his peace with the church, it may be necessary to observe, that the passage I produce, was written several years before he was accused of irregular opinions, and at a time, when it was impossible to suspect him of heterodoxy.

The work from which it is taken, was published with the privilege and approbation of the University of Paris, and the following eulogy, written by a Doc-

tor of the Sorbonne, prefixed,

Vaninus, vir mente potens
sophiæque magister
Maximus, Italiæ decus, et
nova gloria gentis.

He indulged, and openly avowed the visionary theory of Plato, 'that there was a regular chain of created beings, from the greatest to the least,' from Jehovah to a mite, forming an unbroken link between the Creator and his creatures; an idea perhaps more beautiful than true, but as far from Atheism, as existence is from nonentity.

Vanini appears to have been a man of strong sensibility, and in the warmth of dispute, often lost his temper; on these occasions, overleaping the bounds of moderation and propriety, he lapsed into culpable grossness and rude personal invective. In one of these unfortunate disgraceful moments, to which the best and wisest of men are sometimes liable, he quarrelled with Franconi, a furious bigot, with more zeal than good sense, but, as in such persons is frequently the case,

case, with a considerable share of low cunning.

The arguments of his antagonist were treated with strong ridicule by Vanini, not only as futile and weak, but as absolutely contradictory to the very doctrines and positions he wished to establish. Unable to cope with his adversary on the fair ground of truth and rational deduction, the cowardly, mean-spirited Francini, determined to be revenged in an unjustifiable, but more cruel and effectual way.

Aware that his opponent had created many enemies, by the freedom of his discourses, and taking advantage of certain unguarded and equivocal expressions, he cited him before an inquisitorial tribunal, on a charge of Atheism.

Vanini appeared, and being asked by the judges, his opinion concerning the existence of a God, answered, "that he believed and adored as the church did, a God in three persons."

"The very straw on which I have been treading," said the priest, or rather the philosopher, taking one from the ground, "the very

straw on which I have been treading, is a proof if any proof were wanting, that there is one great, superintending Almighty Creator of the universe."

He then proceeded to expatiate on vegetation, the laws of gravity and motion, and the indispensable necessity of ONE SUPREME GREAT FIRST CAUSE, WITHOUT WHICH, NEITHER MOTION OR VEGETATION COULD TAKE PLACE.

Religious persecution in this, as in other instances, seems to have been converted into an engine of private malice; on any other principle, it is difficult to judge how a man *professing* such tenets, (for it is an attribute of the Almighty alone, to read the heart) it is difficult to say how a man, avowing such sentiments, could be convicted of Atheism. Yet this was his fate, and he expired in the devouring flames. His unrelenting and exasperated persecutors insisted that the declarations he made before the judges, were to be imputed to fear, and by no means the offspring of inward conviction.

They also alledged against him, the criminal indecorum of keeping a mistress, and what in *their* eyes was a still more heinous transgression, the practice of witchcraft: in proof of the latter charge, a large toad was produced, which Vanini, having a turn for experiments in natural history, and being a dabbler in physic, kept alive in his room several years. We may form a judgment of his accusers, as well as his judges, when the poor toad was declared to be the demon he worshipped, and committed with him to the flames.

Much hath been well, and much ineffectually said on the *manner* in which Vanini died; by one party he hath been described as expiring with exemplary firmness, and in the calm dignity of injured innocence; by others he is said to have confessed his crimes, acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and to have perished in the agonies of contrition, uttering dreadful shrieks, and piteous groans.

I consider the point in

question, as wholly unconnected with, and independent of the truth or falsehood of the cause in which he suffered; it seems to me a business entirely depending on constitution, and strong nerves; I can easily conceive, a Newton or a Lock, enduring pains, tortures, and burnings, with a secondary degree of fortitude, in cases where they would be eminently excelled in this species of decisive argument, by a coal-heaver, or the fire-eater of an exhibiting conjuror.

VERROCHIO, ANDREA, a Florentine painter, a man of general science, and the master of Leonardo Da Vinci.

Being employed on a picture of St. John baptizing Christ, he directed Leonardo, at that time a young artist, as well as a young man, to paint an attendant angel in the back ground.

This task the pupil executed with such facility and excellence, that Verrochio in a moment of candid irritation, immediately quitted the pallet, and gave Leonardo his pencil, confessing that it was not in

his

his power to communicate instruction, or suggest improvement to him.

VERÜE, JOHANNA BAPTISTA, Countess de Verüe, daughter of the Duke de Luynes, a woman of extraordinary beauty, intellect, and accomplishment, but an unfaithful wife; a gross defect in duty, to which her husband is said to have undesignedly contributed.

Not content with possessing such excellence, joined to a love of retirement, and a turn for domestic life; dispositions, not always united with elegant manners and a bewitching form, but highly desirable in a wife and a mother, for she had several children; the thoughtless and imprudent Count de Verüe, was perpetually speaking of her charms to his royal master, Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia and Duke of Savoy, the subject of an article in a former volume of this collection; a sovereign, who with many good qualities, was alternately a prey to female art, capricious infatuation, and unavailing repentance.

Hearing so much of the Countess de Verüe, and her husband frequently boasting how much she excelled all the ladies of his court, the king asked why he did not bring her to Turin; as if impatient under the happiness he enjoyed, in an unlucky moment, he introduced her to the royal family, and the queen more particularly noticed her; little suspecting that she was encouraging a rival in the affections of her husband.

Amadeus was immediately struck with so much grace and beauty; and, taking advantage of the Countess being a favorite of his wife, passed many hours with her alone, in the queen's apartment, whenever her majesty was absent; and soon became passionately fond of her.

It hath been said, that princes and kings make rapid strides in love; and every day's experience proves, that the sunshine of a court is a dangerous climate for female chastity. The Countess, fascinated by royal attentions, irritated by some real or imaginary neglect on the part

of her husband, sacrificed her duty and reputation; a separate establishment, guards, and other accompaniments of royalty, soon proclaimed to the indignant public, her splendid infamy.

The injured queen, was for a long time the only person not acquainted with their amours, 'till with a design of shewing the height of his regard for the fair favorite, and in that peculiar fatality, which often accompanies guilt, to become negligent and shameless; Victor actually invited his royal consort to a public entertainment, given in honor of the birth of a child he had by the Countess. It was not 'till the company sat down to table, that the eyes of the unhappy wife were open to the cruel and unfeeling conduct of her husband. The Countess was adorned with some of the most valuable of the jewels, which had been presented to the queen on her marriage; naturally provoked at such indecorous treatment, she arose, and after reproaching the guilty pair, for thus adding

insult to injury, immediately quitted the room.

For the honor of the Count, it ought to be recorded, that the moment he perceived the consequences of his folly approaching, he could not reconcile it to himself, to remain a silent and contented spectator of domestic dishonor, though he had been instrumental in bringing it on himself; he repented a thousand times, as we all do, of our indiscretions, *when it is too late*, he repented having ever brought the Countess to court.

Having demanded an audience of the king, which as guilt is always a coward, was denied; in a short interview with his infatuated wife, he pointed out the ingratitude and baseness of her conduct; spoke of the frail texture of royal attachments, and unlawful love; professed himself ready to forgive what had passed, if she would directly separate from her seducer, and with her husband, that husband whom she once professed to love, quit Turin for ever.

Their

Their conversation was interrupted by a messenger from the king, who probably dreaded the result of so trying a struggle; but the lady shewing no symptom of returning duty, the Count left her in agonies; and after indignantly rejecting a pension of two hundred thousand livres, settled on him by the king, whose conduct would have excused assassination; the Count quitted Turin, and repaired to Paris.

In the blandishments of unhallowed pleasure, and mutually forgetful of their nuptial vows, three years passed quickly away. The Countess at length perceiving diminution of royal favor, stimulated by compunction, and a return of suppressed affection for her absent husband, and probably disgusted, as every sensible and delicate woman must be, at her degraded condition; which excepting the thin, ineffectual veil of royal favor, differed in no one essential, from the odious and obscene solicitations of a prostitute who walks the streets; the Coun-

less determined to leave the king.

Taking advantage of his absence, on a journey to Chambery, and assisted by her brother, who resided at Paris, with whom she had corresponded on the subject, relays of post-horses were provided at short distances; she departed from Turin, and was half way to Paris before Amadeus was apprized of her departure. A messenger for this purpose, was dispatched, with a letter for the king, found on her toilette, in which she apologized for her conduct, imputing it to the anguish of repentance for her sinful life; she expressed the warmest sense of his kindness and attentions, and concluded with earnestly entreating his majesty to be reconciled to the queen, as it would add considerably to her peace of mind, to hear that she was no longer the occasion of separating him from so good and worthy a woman. Victor, chagrined at her abrupt departure, and apparent want of tenderness, bitterly cursed

curfed the whole sex, in a tranfport of rage, but impelled rather by neceffity than inclination, reluctantly followed her advice.

The Countefs, unhappy, although confiderably enriched by regal generofity, and ftill feeling the impreffions of her firft love, that love, which however faithlefs or unworthy the object of it, or we ourfelves may prove, we never wholly forget; the Countefs, in the hope of being able to compensate for her failure, by future good conduct, and probably wifhing to emerge from the infamy of her condition, planned a reconciliation with her husband.

This purpofe ſhe wifhed to accomplifh without fubjecting herfelf to the mortification of a notorious refusal; an opportunity ſoon offered, of putting her ſcheme into execution, and in her own way.

A public entertainment, with a grand mafquerade, was announced to be given by a prince of the blood; a few louis d'ors to his valet, enabled the lady to find out, that the Count de Verüe was to be there;

having minutely afcertain'd the drefs he was to wear, ſhe could not help detaining the ſervant, an old and faithful domeſtic of the family, to ask him a few queſtions concerning his maſter; the life he led, and the company he kept. The feelings of the Countefs may be gueſſed at, when the valet informed her that his maſter was worn to a ſhadow, that he had neither had health nor ſpirits, ſince he left Turin; that his ſiſter, alarmed at the ſtate of the Count's health, had inſiſted on his conſulting a phyſician, who ſaid, the diſeaſe was of the mind, and entirely out of the reach of medicine. He recommended company and diſſipation, and on this principle the patient had been prevailed on to promiſe to accompany his ſiſter to the mafquerade in queſtion. The valet added, that the Count ſaw little company, but ſpent the greateſt part of his time alone in his room; that his chief attention ſeemed occupied by a picture, on which he frequently fixed a melancholy eye, for hours together. "A picture," replied

replied the Countess, with augmented emotion, "a picture; and of whom?" "Of yourself, Ma'm," said the valet, in an emphatic expressive manner, and immediately quitted the apartment. The adulteress, as if a dagger had pierced her vitals, instantly sunk on the floor, in the agonies of bitter repentance.

Whilst she had been passing her unhallowed hours in chambering, riot, and wantonness, her deserted husband, the object of her earliest love, and for whom, even in the moments of infidelity, she was not able wholly to suppress her affection, her deserted husband had been solitary, disconsolate, comfortless, and unhappy; still doating on the unfaithful blaster of all his joys.

These reflections, altho' they embittered her hours, stimulated the Countess to pursue her purpose with more eagerness; she prepared for the masquerade, where she resolved to appear in the assumed character of Diana. The day which was to decide her fate at length arrived; and as midnight approached,

being conveyed to the festive spot, she was literally, what she appeared to be, the goddess of the night.

Her splendid and expensive dress, ornamented with jewels, which were not within the reach of common finances, and her superior air and deportment, attracted general attention; but it was some time before the Count appeared. When, at last, he entered the rooms, supported by his sister, his debilitated appearance, and slow pace, soon caught her eye, he was

THE GHOST OF DEPARTED JOY. Having placed himself near where she sat, the Countess soon contrived to enter into conversation with him, in that kind of audible whisper, which, on such occasions, is the general vehicle of folly or of crime.

From the state of her feelings, she found herself unable to exhibit external gaiety and unconcern, while discontent sat heavy on her heart. Affecting, or actually experiencing indisposition, and hinting a wish to retire, she mentioned, with regret, that her carriage was sent home, with orders not to return

till

'till a late hour. The Count feeling, he knew not why, interested in the fate of the fair stranger, offered to attend her home in his own coach, which he had ordered to wait, designing to make a short stay; with apparent reluctance, but inward satisfaction, she accepted his offer; and they were driven to a house, in magnificence, nearly approaching to a palace, in the Faubourg St. Germaine.

The Count, though ill able, insisted on handing the lady from the coach; as she descended from the step, the mask, by accident or design, dropped from her face, and discovered that countenance he had so often looked on with tenderness and rapture, drowned in tears. He paused for a moment, distracted by love which was still ardent, and resentments proportionately keen—the latter were predominant; and, in the anguish of a husband irreparably injured, he turned from the woman he once adored, without uttering a word.

The Countess, sinking under the situation, was conveyed by the attend-

ants to her apartment; and de Verüe, though less guilty, equally miserable, notwithstanding the state of his health, joined a regiment on actual service, in the hope of dissipating chagrin, or meeting with speedy death. — Voluntarily joining a party sent on a forlorn hope, he soon met with the fate he seemed so ardently to wish for.

VOLUMINOUS BOOK, a curious reason against publishing one, particularly if it is written on a subject which may expose its author to legal penalties.

“While I was at Moscow,” says a pleasant traveller, “a quarto volume was published in vindication of the liberties of the subject; a singular topic, I confess, considering the time when, and the place where it was printed. In this work, the conduct of the Czar was severely scrutinized, and freely blamed; the iniquity and venality of the administration of law described in strong language.

“Such a book, in such a country, naturally attracted general notice; and the

the offender was soon taken into custody. After being tried in a summary way, his production was determined to be a libel, and the writer condemned *to eat his own words*.

“The singularity of such a sentence, induced me to see it put into execution: A scaffold was erected in one of the most public streets of the city, the imperial provost, the magistrates, the physician and surgeon of the Czar attended; the book was separated from its binding, the margins cut off, and every leaf rolled up into the form of a lottery ticket, when taken out of the wheel at Guildhall.

“The author was then served with them, leaf by leaf, by the provost, who put them into his mouth, to the no small diversion of the spectators; and was obliged to swallow this unpalatable food on pain of the Knout, in Russia, a punishment more dreaded than death.

“As soon as the medical gentlemen were of opinion that he had received into his stomach as much as at one time was consistent

with safety, the transgressor was sent back to prison, and the business resumed the two following days; after three very hearty, but unpleasant meals, I am convinced, by ocular proof, that every leaf of the book was actually swallowed.”

A great book, is a great evil, said an antient writer, an axiom, which the unfortunate writer in question felt to his cost.

VOLUNTEERS, the method of raising them in Scotland, communicated by a Highland farmer.

“Your lease expires next year, if your son does not immediately enlist, remember that I give you notice to quit.”

WAKEFIELD, GILBERT, a seceder from the forms and doctrines of the Church of England, a man of learning, and considerable mental acuteness; but whose defects, in worldly prudence and pliancy of principle, have, I fear, irreparably injured his temporal interests.

He is noticed in the present page, for the purpose of remarking his arguments against social worship,

ship, neither consonant with immemorial custom, moral utility, or public instruction.

Yet in spite of early education, parental precept, and strong example, I confess, with regret, that in the discordant noise, unceasing repetition, and negligent routine of a crowded congregation, I feel not that devout abstraction, that heart-felt compunction, and prostrate humility, which the solitude of a closet produces, and which is so natural and so necessary in an intercourse, between omnipotence and imperfection.

When salutary contrition, overflowing gratitude, and predisposing habit, impel me to address the Throne of Mercy, I confess myself strongly inclined to retire with *one* of the men, who, as scripture records, went up to the temple to pray. On such an occasion, I hope and trust I should not approach my Creator with a falsehood in my mouth. Of all men alive, I could, with the least truth, and the worst grace, thank God, *that I was not as other men are.*

Considering religion as an operation of the heart, rather than a business of the lips, I would secede, with the parabled transgressor, to solitude and silence.— But if the fervor of self-accusation, burst involuntarily from my bosom, and the agonies of a bleeding Redeemer harrowed up my soul, I would merely say, “GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER.”

In reply it hath been said, that such a system of contemplative devotion, may be, and is calculated for the refined feelings of the moralist and the philosopher, but that it is not suited, either in theory or practice, to the gross conceptions, and uninformed minds of the multitude; who, constantly employed in providing for the wants of the moment, and without stated intervals of secession, prayer, persuasion, and religious instruction, would inevitably lapse into a state of barbarism, indifference, and vice.

WHAT ARE WE DOING? An obvious, an important question from every man we meet; a useful interrogatory, at a moment,

moment, when our political horizon is shadowed with thick clouds, and our national credit, shaken to its very foundations, by the earthquakes of war, is tottering over the yawning abyss of a devouring volcano, which it is not in our power to extinguish.

At such an interval, when the only ray of light, which pierces through our Egyptian darkness, is derived from the splendor of our naval victories; at such an interval, notwithstanding the patriotic glow which every Englishman must feel at the glorious achievements of the British navy, it is natural to demand, WHAT ARE WE DOING?

To this momentous question, after rendering a well-earned tribute of applause to our brave defenders, a ready answer may be given. We are persevering in a war, in which, without entering on its justice or necessity, five campaigns have convinced us of the utter impossibility of dislodging the enemy from their enormous and alarming territorial acquisitions.

The French Republic, already too extensive, and too populous for the peace, happiness, and safety of Europe, or herself; the French Republic has acquired the maritime provinces of Flanders; intersected by navigable rivers, peopled with wealthy and industrious inhabitants, and thickly planted with cities, towns, and strong holds; which have been for centuries, the great marts for English manufactures; a valuable and regular vent, for the productive commercial genius of Great Britain.

By so alarming an addition to her dominions, France has made, and will still continue to make, rapid strides to the universal monarchy of Louis the Fourteenth; that bugbear of our forefathers, against which it should seem, that Nassau contrived, and Marlbro' conquered in vain.

Indeed, 'after accurately surveying the past and present state of France, her regular inveteracy against this country, either by open violence, or insidious art, under every form and every succession of parties;'

onal bankruptcy, and an insolent enemy on either side of the precipice; are we united sufficiently to resist, with effect, an invading enemy? Is every man in the kingdom prepared to contribute nineteen shillings out of twenty, of all he possesses, to the public treasury? Are we qualified, *one and all*, and if qualified, are we inclined, to take the field, and shoulder the musket, at a moment's warning? Is there a spirit of co-operation and contribution, *proportionate to the magnitude of their stake*, in the wealthier classes of society? Will Mr. Pitt insult the country, and degrade himself, by calling sinecures and salaries, abominably enormous, *free-holds*; at a moment when the insolent Gaul, with the author of the Rights of Man for his tipstaff, and Buonaparte, his grim serjeant, is at our doors with an *ejection*?

An earnest consideration of these questions, may stimulate to useful exertion, and lead to salutary discussion; for it is only by looking our situation boldly in the face, by antici-

pating and preparing for emergencies, that we can enable ourselves to meet the dangers which await us. The extremities of undue alarm and torpid insensibility, are equally unpropitious. But whatever be the upshot of our present contest, whether we are destined to ride out the storm, or to sink beneath contending elements; the part we have acted is conspicuous, and I trust not dishonorable to the spirit and resources of the country.

Although, in many instances, we have failed; our campaigns in the East and West Indies, and on every sea, have been brilliant. Whole fleets of the enemy are reluctantly waisted into our harbours; we have peace and plenty around us; while several of the regular kingdoms of Europe have been humbled or dismembered, and the Germanic Empire is to be pounded, triturated, and sifted into an impalpable powder by Gallic empiricism; we have, as some think, ascended in the scale of nations, at least we continue to hold, unsubdued, our

cess, in any attempt is proved to be impossible, it is absurd and wicked to persevere; that it is far safer to yield from prudence and foresight, that which we must be obliged to give up from necessity at last; that long continued ineffectual efforts, like the convulsive strugglings of a delirium, only tend to diminish our abilities of bearing up under the pressure of future calamities.

We have made an experiment of a most costly kind; perhaps to a certain degree, it was right to make it;—but for the fleet, and the treasures of this country, Europe, nay the world would have been swept down, and devastated by revolutionary tornadoes. Neither men nor money, neither force nor stratagem have been spared; English messengers and English guineas have traversed the Continent in every direction; our glittering rouleaus were poured into the lap of the late King of Prussia, who, during his alternate paroxysms of sensuality and mysticism, condescended to accept, and put them in the

same pocket with his treaty with the Gallic Republic.

We subsidized Sardinia, 'till the French were in full march to Turin; and the Catholic King was our ally, 'till Madrid trembled for its safety; the venerable Empress of Russia, (peace to her ashes) condescended to repair her ships in our ports, and occasionally favored us with a well-penned manifesto. The last and *most faithful* of our allies, to whom we are indebted for the humble luxury of port, remained with us, 'till a momentary interval of reason, flashed on her mind; and she instantly dispatched a heavy laden messenger to Paris, with treasures to purchase peace.

But, with all our toil, all our efforts, and all our profusion, the precious metals we have so lavishly poured forth, have been *decomposed* by lead and steel, assisted by a certain tertium quid, industriously dispensed by the fertile adroitness of the Directorial laboratory.

Placed on a narrow and sharp ridge, with the unfathomable depths of national

in the Oporto trade; who since the additional tax, have been more than usually assiduous in their vocation. Should these *inventors of Port*, obstinately persist in their ineffectual, and I fear, unwholesome methods, of improving the flavour, and adding new tints to the juice of the grape, gentlemen know their remedy, and if they think it of consequence to have good wine, are at liberty to act accordingly.

Since powder and pomatum have become an expensive luxury, it has become a fashionable, and I think a justifiable policy, to abstain from using them; I recommend it to the worthy professors of NEAT AS IMPORTED, to be careful, least they push their refinements so far, as to establish a similar mode among *their* customers.

"You are an excellent packer," said a *bon vivant*, to a waiter, who brought him a bottle of wine, of very scanty measure, "I don't understand you, Sir," replied the attendant. "You have contrived to pack a quart of wine in a pint decanter."

WRITERS, of a certain kind, thus described by an eminent author.

"It is the unhappiness of those who conceive suddenly, not to be able to go out their full time; to be particularly subject to miscarriage and abortion; they can bring nothing perfect or well-shapen into the world. They are not however, the less fond of their offspring, which in a manner they beget in public.

"Though often retired, they never are by themselves, they have always in view their characters as authors; they are always considering how this or that thought would serve, to compleat and furnish out their COMMON PLACE BOOK, from whence, their treasured riches flow on a necessitous world."

YORKE, PHILIP, the son of an attorney at Dover, afterwards Chancellor of Great Britain, and Earl of Hardwicke; of whom the following anecdote is related on good authority.

During his education for the law, which by the advice of an excellent judge, commenced

commenced by his serving a clerkship with an attorney, he was frequently teased by the wife of his principal, a notable housewife, with trifling errands, as foreign to the circumstances of his profession, as they were inconsistent with propriety and decorum.

He soon took an opportunity of checking the lady's readiness in asking, what as a good-natured and polite man, he was unwil-

ling, peremptorily to refuse.

"As you are going by the green-grocer's, Mr. Yorke, will you be so good as to buy me a cauliflower?" was the last request he was troubled with. At his return the cauliflower was produced, which he observed cost one shilling and six-pence; six-pence for the cauliflower, and a shilling for a chair to bring it home in.



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